GREECE IN EVOLUTION

Edited by G. F. ABBOTT

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GREECE IN EVOLUTION

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STUDIES PREPARED UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF THE FRENCH LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENCE
OF THE RIGHTS OF HELLENISM

BY

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

WITH A PREFACE BY
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PREFACE

I HAVE been asked by my friends of the French "League for the defence of Hellenism" to contribute a few words by way of preface to an English translation of their book, *La Grèce*, saying publicly that which I had privately written to them on the appearance last year of the original volume. In this country a Greek Committee, having the same object as that uniting the friends of Greece in Paris, has shown activity on three occasions in the last thirty-two years, and will doubtless be reconstituted. It has at least prevented political disregard of modern Hellenic civilisation. The selfish interests of the Great Powers and the territorial claims of pushing peoples have stood in the way of Greece, hampered as she is by the narrow limits assigned to the independent nucleus of the nation at the moment when international recognition of existence could no longer be denied. Independence had been won by her dauntless heroes, and was indeed at first curtailed through the intervention of the Powers. Since that date the Greek Kingdom has begun to grow, and, now, to thrive. The protected Republic of the Ionian Islands passed to Greece at the desire of the citizens, and by the consent of Great Britain, the successor of Russia in the occupation of Corfu and protection of the scattered "group." It is to be hoped that Turkey may ultimately consent

that Crete, until recently garrisoned by us and our allies, should also come into the national life. Our own country, filled by imaginary fears, and over-cautious, after the manner of the rich, now lags behind in recognition of plain facts.

The occasion is half forgotten when the Greek Committees of London and Paris rendered their best service to the Hellenic cause—once felt to be that also of those chief among the Western European Powers, France and the United Kingdom. Considerable works of history, including one by a distinguished French Academician and former Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Republic, have seemed to suggest that, after 1878, France grew lukewarm towards her own proposal for wide extension of the Greek Kingdom. The gift to the Hellenic kingdom of that plain, which forms, in fact, the most Hellenic part of continental Greece, was proposed at the Berlin Congress through the influence of Gambetta, and was cordially supported from this country by those who, like Lord Rosebery and Lord Lansdowne, were opponents of the less friendly Government of Beaconsfield. Our speeches of 1880-81, and our Blue-books, show that Gladstone's second Administration, formed in the spring of 1880, endorsed the renewal of the full French proposal. Epirus was kept back from incorporation in Greek territory by the hostility or indifference of the other Powers. It was not our fault, and it was still less the fault of France, if a more lasting settlement was not effected in 1881.

"The Greek nation" is a phrase which bears two meanings. There is the little kingdom starved by Europe and sometimes actively bullied by European fleets, and there is that much more ancient creation of the Turkish conqueror of Byzantium, who, knowing that he was unable, whatever his military power, to rule the Hellenic race, placed under the Phanar, administered by the Œcumenical Patriarch, "the Government of the Greek nation." Gennadius was respected by Mahomet II. as its honoured head. "The Greek nation" historically consists of those who speak, as their ancestors have always spoken, the Greek tongue, and belong—as almost all Greeks do—to the Greek Church.

The Hellenic kingdom, within the ridiculously exiguous boundaries allowed to it by Europe, could not have lived through the last three-quarters of a century had it not been for the magnificent support to its present, and recognition of its future, by Greeks of Asia Minor, of Turkey, of Roumania, of France, of England, of the whole civilised world. These men have made Athens the home of their dreams, and have contributed to its growth, to its palaces, to its university, to its museums. Thus has the spiritual idea of Hellenic influence and culture been kept alive. The Greek Kingdom has now recovered from the exhaustion of war, from the strain of the effort to support hunted Cretans and starving schools in all parts of Turkey, as well as from the results of some mistakes, unavoidable in the confusion of the early years of political life under the circumstances described.

No one desires to cause fresh disruption in a part of Europe torn during long ages by conflicts of creed and race. Of the ethnological maps of the Balkan peninsula and the coast of Asia Minor no two agree. But all men know that in the eastern Mediterranean it is Greek maritime and commercial enterprise, Greek genius, Greek culture, that everywhere stand first and present elements of future government so admirable that no political arrangements can prevent their triumph. No one desires rapid change, for the sound reason that no one who knows the facts can entertain a confident belief that any particular arrangement, other than that produced by gradual growth, can prove lasting.

Of this volume all the writers are men whose names carry weight among Continental Europeans. In Great Britain we are somewhat outside the reign of Continental thought. But even here we know something of the literature of the French Academy, something of the science of the other branches of the Institut de France. In this book a distinguished historian of the Académie Française, several professors of the University of Paris, the Deputy of Savoy—brother to two other close friends of Gambetta and of Greece—the chief literary critic of the *Temps*, the son-in-law of Renan, and several equally well-known writers and friends of Hellenic culture, joined in producing a body of doctrine approved by the committee of the French Hellenic League. The late Prime Minister of France is one, and the best representative of Roman Catholic thought in the French political world another, of the four Vice-

Presidents of the League. No more eloquent words in favour of the Greek cause have been penned than those written by M. Clemenceau just before he attained to his last Premiership. He did but repeat the language of Gambetta, who of all modern statesmen should stand first in the Hellenic memory. M. Clemenceau pointed out that support of the Greek cause is not only a tradition of France under all Governments, but also in happy harmony with French Oriental policy. We may say exactly the same thing of ourselves. The two greatest among the rival nations of Western Europe, now happily united in recognition of the community of their interests and ideals, will maintain this tradition and cherish these hopes for the future that are based upon it.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

GREECE IN EVOLUTION

I

WHY WE LOVE GREECE

A CLASSICAL education and personal predilection turned me at an early age towards Greece; my scientific researches and the duties of my career have caused me to live in the country, and for the past thirty years Greece has been to me almost as much of a home as France itself: by the sympathy of its inhabitants and by the vote of three towns, Athens, Delos and Delphi, I have become a Greek citizen. The members of the League have thought that my long intercourse with Hellenic lands, and the bonds of a friendship so ancient and so intimate, give me, more than anybody else, the right of serving as a witness in the cause of Greece. After having elected me president they have to-day delegated me to come before you and to explain who we are and what we desire—in other words, to place before you the reasons which attach us to the cause of Greece, reasons which, we are confident, will lead you in the same direction: for your presence here, and the reception you have so kindly accorded me, do they not prove that you already turn thither of your own accord?

The League for the defence of the rights of Hellenism has been in existence about two years. It came into being after a very modest fashion, at the appeal of one of the most ardent patriots of Greece, one of the most distinguished professors of the University of Athens, Neocles Casasis.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century had not been very fortunate for Greece. She saw, with pain, that European opinion was turning away from her and bestowing upon the Slavonic races the favour which she herself had been accustomed to receive. Even the Liberals, formerly the devoted admirers of Greece, now abandoned her. Wounded by this coldness and—as, with bitterness and not without reason, he said—this injustice, M. Casasis undertook a tour in France and England for the dissemination of his views; he became the leader of a pious and ardent crusade in favour of Hellenism. When he called together, in November 1904, at the Hôtel Continental, the faithful friends of Greece, we were less than twenty. The smallness of the number furnished, as it seemed, but too clear a proof of the crisis through which philhellenism was passing. Still, we had the satisfaction of knowing that in this small battalion none were indifferent nor useless: statesmen, diplomatists and men of letters, artists and economists, professors and barristers, our earliest adherents, represented the most diverse careers, and opinions the most widely opposed. It was thus shown that Greece unites all men of culture and intelligence without distinction of party, clique or sect. M. Clemenceau was there with MM. Denys Cochin, Henry Houssaye, Croiset,

d'Eichthal, Joseph and Théodore Reinach. The old members of the French School of Athens, who furnished the most compact contingent, showed that sympathy for Greece is nourished and strengthened by prolonged relations with the Greeks.

Since that date we have, unobtrusively, lived and grown; to-day we are more than one hundred, and with the subscriptions that we have collected, and those which have come to us from grateful and ever-generous Greece, we have formed a little fund of £1000. We have judged that the moment has come for us to advance into the light of day and to appeal to public opinion—the only force with which we have to do and from which we demand support.

Our principles, even more than our strength and our resources, forbid intrigue and violence. We put our trust neither in brute force nor in the power of money; we obey no passion except a passion for justice and truth; we cherish neither hatred, antipathy nor prejudice. Our love of Greece is profound; but it is founded on reflection that it may be solid; on equity that it may be efficacious; to sum up our position, we are "Philhellenes," but our reason is as sane as our conviction is sincere.

That title, to which the course of events and the evolution of ideas and political feelings have imparted to-day a somewhat out-of-date appearance, is one of those that can be confessed without shame; for it can boast a great past and a glorious ancestry, and it has not ceased to be justified by the facts of the actual situation. Were they not Philhellenes, those eastern

monarchs, who, six centuries before our era, ruling despotically over a people of slaves, were yet seduced by the brilliant qualities of the freest among men? They were and they avowed it. Greece excited the admiration of Crœsus and of Amasis by the shrewd and cultivated intelligence of her citizens, by the commercial genius and enterprising courage of her sailors, by the valour of her soldiers, by the acuteness of her statesmen, by the wisdom of her philosophers, by the charm of her art and of her poetry, by the loftiness of her idealism, and by the serene majesty of her gods. She conquered them by her very misfortunes. When the temple of Delphi was destroyed by fire, and when collectors were sent throughout the world by the Amphictyons in order to gather together the three hundred talents necessary for the rebuilding of the sanctuary of Apollo, nowhere did they find a warmer welcome and richer offerings than in the courts of those sovereigns.

The Romans only knew the Greeks after foreign wars and civil strife had impoverished them, at a time when defeat had humbled them and the habit of flattery had demoralised them. Accordingly the Romans despised them and called them in derision *Græculi*. A man of the old school, like Cato, abominated their vices and even their good qualities, for they were alien to the Roman character. Yet Rome had her own Grecomaniacs—Scipio, Lælius, Flaminius—and soon public opinion came over entirely to their side. It was not long before a complete and refined education for young Romans could be had nowhere except at Athens. The Greek spirit penetrated the

philosophy of Rome, transformed her religion and inspired her legislation. Such was the irresistible force of the Hellenic current.

Byzantium knew days even more painful than those that Athens and Corinth had known. The conquest of the Osmanlis scattered through the world the last heirs of antique thought—the guardians of the treasures of literature, philosophy and science. Nevertheless this period was a period of a new moral triumph for the miserable and outcast Greeks, a period of a new conquest of Europe by Hellenism. To the Philhellenes of this epoch we give the name of Humanists, so true is it that without Greek culture humanity cannot reach its true and perfect type!

The opening of the nineteenth century saw Greece in chains, crushed, devoured by flames, at her last gasp; and yet, unconquered, she roused the admiration and affection of Europe. A wave of enthusiasm, starting from the Archipelago, brought into being a whole generation of poets, artists, painters, statesmen, soldiers, and swept them towards Greece, which once more became the symbol of independence and the hope of liberty. That was the heroic age of philhellenism, full of passion and of rapture, ignorant of reticence and innocent of reserve.

Note that through all the vicissitudes of the philhellenic sentiment there runs one characteristic trait, admirable and pathetic. Other nations have called forth professions of affection, excited by vanity or interest, when at the height of their power. Monarchs, for example, have proudly worn the title of " Friend of the Romans." But this was only a manifestation of

servility towards a master they feared. The Greeks, whose privilege it has been to be loved so long and so sincerely, have never won more affection than in their moments of adversity.

And we, who had somewhat forgotten Greece, once she had won her independence—we, who did not spare our strictures for the errors or the faults which she, like other states, did not fail to commit when mistress of her own destiny—are we not once more rallied to her cause by the injustice she has suffered, by the violence she has undergone, by the obstinate resignation or by the heroic resistance of which the communities still under the yoke in Greece *irredenta* have shown themselves capable? We all are once more Philhellenes. We love the Greece of antiquity from gratitude—the gratitude due to one who has educated humanity; and we love the Greece of to-day, with all the hope of which we are capable, as the elected heiress of the Greece of old.

The claims that ancient Greece has upon us are so well known that they have become commonplace. The calmest, the most subtle of the pleasures that art can give still come to us from her poets and her sculptors; our philosophical systems are full of the ancient conceptions from whence they have issued; the political or social reforms which seem to us the most original and daring, the steps forward of which we are the proudest, all have been foreseen, attempted or realised by this marvellous race that has thought so delicately and so deeply, that has felt, understood and said everything.

Yesterday I read once again the funeral oration delivered by Pericles in honour of the Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian War. When he defines democracy as being that government in which each one has a place, and from which none is excluded but only idlers who are useless to the State, does he not trace for us a model, is he not pointing to us an ideal which has not yet been attained; and is not that Athens which he calls " the school of Greece " to-day the school of Europe and of the New World? For the singular, the unique marvel of the Greek genius is its eternal youth. We are permeated by it; we feel it live in us, and the works formed by it preserve for ever their freshness and novelty. Renan was right when he spoke of the " Greek miracle." It is, indeed, wonderful, that creation of beauty, perfect and imperishable, that indefatigable curiosity and that continual progress of thought which, from the Ionians, inventors of science and philosophy, down to the Greek scholars and moralists of imperial Rome, has never interrupted its labours in the pursuit of truth; which has accomplished the two great moral revolutions of the religion of Apollo and of the Christian faith, and which in Byzantium itself, that town fallen into such disrepute, has remained neither inactive nor unfruitful.

We might well call this miracle " the Greek blessing," for every generation of men has felt its generous and all-powerful effect as we ourselves feel it to-day; and so it comes to pass that there is no one who has not contracted towards Greece a sacred debt of gratitude. Therefore we love ancient Greece, or rather we cannot cease to love her without rejecting what is best in

ourselves. To turn away from Greece, to forget her or to disown her, the human mind must be entirely changed, so firmly are the laws of reason and the principles of art founded on Hellenic tradition, and so closely are they interwoven with it.

And if this blessing lasts still, should not, in justice, our gratitude continue, extending itself to the descendants of the Hellenes? Should not the Greece of to-day reap the benefit of the feelings which the Greece of yore inspires in us? Is not that a first and legitimate reason for sympathy in her favour?

I am well aware that it has been said of the contemporary Greeks that they are not true Hellenes; that the race has been drowned beneath the floods of Slavonic and Albanian invasion so often let loose upon it. Do not believe it. History affords us no example of a civilised nation destroyed or effaced by barbaric conquerors. The Dorians, earliest invaders of Hellas, did not suppress the populations of Achæan or other stock which had preceded them, and when, after a long eclipse, civilisation shone forth again it was thanks to the awakening of ancient traditions, which slumbered but were not dead. The Romans, far from dominating the Greek genius, succumbed to its influence. Nor did Rome stifle the germs of the Celtic race, powerful though her imperial organisation might be and profound the traces she left behind; nor did Germany change the character and language of Romanised Gaul.

Thus in spite of mixtures of race, in spite of massacres and slavery, the Greeks, too, have kept the language, the type and the character of their forefathers. I

appeal to all those who have visited Greece, who have lived there, who have gone through the provinces and mixed with the people: have they not recognised in many a poor villager the features of that beauty that Phidias and Praxiteles expressed? have they not recognised, by the curiosity, the mobility, the suppleness of mind, the easy brilliance of speech, by the taste for discussion, argument and paradox, the descendants of Ulysses, Themistocles and the Sophists? by the instinct of sociability, by the generous sentiment of pity, the sons of the Athens of old? by the passion for adventures and distant voyages the heirs of Miletus or of Phocæa? By their qualities as by their defects have not these 'Ρωμηοί appeared truly Greek?

I have told you that my acquaintance with Greece dates from thirty years back, that it has been kept up and developed by frequent visits and by lengthy periods of residence; I have lived in the town and I have lived in, practically, the desert; I have known citizens and peasants, islanders and men of the mainland, Greeks from the South and from the North. I owe them my testimony and I bring it here to-day. Permit me to introduce you to them, though somewhat hastily; let me place before you a brief summary of the efforts I have seen them exert during that third of a century, of the progress they have accomplished, of the sympathy and sometimes even—for the word is not exaggerated—of the admiration they have merited.

Athens was no more than a large village, and the Piræus comprised nothing but a few fishers' huts, when Greece came forth free, but exhausted, from the

revolution of 1821. At my first arrival in Greece, in the year 1876, the capital had already 70,000 inhabitants; the Piræus was beginning to wear the aspect of a town and of a port. To-day the two together number 200,000 souls, and the two cities, each stretching its arms towards the other, can look forward to the day when they will be re-united—not as formerly, by the Long Walls of a fortification, but by an uninterrupted line of factories and shops, of houses and villas. This is a remarkable phenomenon of rapid growth, such as, we are accustomed to believe, is only possible in the young countries of the New World.

And progress in comfort, in elegance and in luxury, has been equally rapid with progress in population. Athens is one of the cleanest and smartest towns in the East, one of the best laid out and one boasting the best means of communication—she has her underground railway and her tramways, both steam and electric; none is better supplied with provisions, none does a better trade in articles of taste; none, certainly, will be more delightful to live in when it has become entirely European and easy of access by the junction of the Piræus-Larissa line with the Orient Express; when a mayor[1] who wishes to see Athens thoroughly modern—as healthy as she is beautiful—and who knows how to carry his wishes out, succeeds in giving her the treasure she needs—water; and with water the verdure of boulevards, parks, squares and private

[1] M. Mercouris, Mayor of Athens for the second time, was lately the guest of the city of Paris, where he had come to seek, as at Vienna and London, suggestions and models for his beloved capital.

gardens, the freshness of streets without dust and the salubrity of houses without microbes.

The transformation which is being accomplished at Athens may be remarked from one end of Greece to the other, in the towns of secondary importance and even in the villages. I have seen houses like those at Athens taking the place of thatched cottages and of huts; for if it has not been possible to rebuild everywhere, as at Delphi, all the habitations in a single day, yet everywhere renovation is in full bloom. M. Fougères, who has explored Greece step by step, with the attention of a traveller who makes his own guide-book instead of consulting one, will introduce you later to the provinces, will describe to you the landscapes, the inhabitants and their customs. Meanwhile, I may remark, such changes are the outward signs of economic prosperity. And, in truth, Greece, despite her barren mountains, despite her political crises, the errors of her diplomacy, the failures of her army and the disasters of her finances, is a rich State. She is rich because she is ever working with steadiness and perseverance, with courage and shrewdness. Behind the Greece of the politicians, noisy, excitable, and sometimes only too much in evidence, there is a silent Greece, which is somewhat overlooked—a Greece that acts and thinks, repairing the faults of the other and preparing the future. Her efforts, her exploits, her economic hopes will be recounted to you, with all the authority of a specialist, by M. Théry; to-day I can only hastily touch on the most striking points of a very vast subject.

Such is the power of wit and the tenacity of habit

that, since the days of Edmond About, it is an accepted axiom that the Greeks have no land to cultivate and no taste for agricultural pursuits; that only an infinitesimal portion of their territory is susceptible of cultivation, that the soil is poor and either little or not at all exploited. Now it is true that in too many districts the earth is "stony and barren," as Apollo says, in the Homeric hymn, to his faithful followers; but one must not lose sight of the rich fringe and the fertile table-lands of the Peloponnesus; of the lovely valley of the Eurotas; of luxuriant Messenia with its mulberries and olive trees; of Elis, of Achaia, green and covered with the vines which produce that source of wealth, the currant; of Arcadia with its flocks and its harvests. One must not forget, either, that the waters and the ooze of the Achelous bring down and deposit fruitfulness; that the plain of Crissa is no less enviable now than it was in the days when it supplied a cause of strife between the riparians and the rest of Hellas. One must reflect that Thessaly, home of coursers, of cattle and of corn, has already begun to liberate the Greek market from dependence on the breeders and farmers of Roumania and of the black-earth districts of Russia. Further, there is a rich reserve for the future in Crete, whose annexation is already morally accomplished and only awaits official sanction by diplomacy.

There are, besides, some small details, whose importance, however, is out of proportion to their size. When I took up my abode in Athens in 1891 my wife brought from France, in order to decorate our table in winter, artificial flowers; and they were necessary.

At that date, but for exquisite grapes and delicious figs, for enormous peaches which were somewhat hard, and for apples and pears of wild stock, insipid or coarse, fruit was rare. Vegetables, too, were scarce. Now the florists in the suburbs of Athens cultivate the orchid, compose a bouquet or decorate a table just as do our florists in France. The market gardeners of Kephissia grow asparagus as good as that grown at Argenteuil, and green peas as those grown at Clamart. The orchards of Mount Pelion are full of savoury fruit. Such cultivation is significant. It can only rise and prosper through the support of rich and refined classes; it needs a heavy investment of capital and the care and art of skilful and diligent gardeners. With this let us contrast the obstinate and meritorious persistence of the mountaineers, who struggle with a thankless soil. It is wonderful, indeed, to see them utilise the smallest corner, and bank up, by means of walls rising one above the other on the mountain side, the most insignificant plots of vegetable mould. The Greek peasant loves the land and he cultivates it with intelligence and profit.

In the time of Themistocles the mines of Laurium formed the fortune of Athens and were the sinews of its maritime power. You know how from the slag and *ecvolades* of the ancient workings a French company has extracted lead and silver, and has created in Greece the metal industry, one might say industry in general. At the present day, having ceded surface products to a Greek company, the original society is working those of the subsoil, especially calamine, of which the ancients took no account. Around these two great companies

have arisen swarms of small ones; they appeal for capital and obtain it, following up the slenderest of veins. Mining-shafts and washing-houses, furnaces and smoking chimneys multiply in a close-pressed throng; the workmen are to be counted by thousands; Laurium has had its great strikes. But why do I speak of Laurium? The whole of Greece has been seized by a kind of mining-fever; after lead, iron has been sought for on all sides and discovered nearly everywhere. At the same time the emery of Naxos, well farmed-out and methodically exploited, has become a notable source of revenue for the island and for Greece; the quarries of Pentelicus, from whence came the Parthenon, furnish materials for the white walls of Athens, and serve to adorn the palaces of American millionaires; the statuary marble of Paros, the coloured marbles of Laconia and Carystos, have once more been offered to sculptors and architects.

Nor is Greece contented with extracting and exporting her ores; she knows how to deal with and transform the raw material. She has her factories and her workshops, her weaving-works, her cotton and wool-mills, her iron foundries, her shipbuilding yards. When I was a student at the French School of Athens I used to laugh at the naïve admiration of our good consul at the Piræus for the first factory chimneys which arose—to the great scandal of the artists—in the blue sky of Greece. He used to talk somewhat pompously of " his little Manchester." The expression is still exaggerated, but the Piræus is a real manufacturing town and it is not the only one in Greece.

It would have been impossible to accomplish all that

without attracting and associating capital, and so I must mention, too, financial and banking concerns. But we all know that in that department the Greeks excel, and I will simply remind you *en passant* of the prosperity of the National Bank, a model of prudent and skilful management, and of the hardy enterprise of the Bank of Athens, founded by Pesmatzoglou, of which the rise has been so swift and which has extended its operations and established its branches so far afield, like a sort of eastern Crédit Lyonnais.

I prefer to call your attention to another manifestation of the financial power and commercial genius of contemporary Greece. Although it does not seem to have attracted here all the attention it merits, it has filled with astonishment all those who have had the opportunity of watching its progress at close quarters. I mean the extraordinary, almost incredible, advance made by the Greek merchant navy. The creation, about 1860, of the Ἀτμοπλοϊκὴ ἑταιρία of Syra was quite an event. How distant and how small it seems now! It consisted of a few tiny steamboats, uncomfortable and slow, whose activity was confined simply to the coasting trade between Greek ports; and that they shared with better and more rapid foreign vessels! The Transvaal War, distracting for a time the attention of the English marine from the Mediterranean trade, excited in a wonderful manner Hellenic initiative. The Greeks, seizing with admirable promptitude and resolution this transient opportunity, were able to strike a blow for fortune and patriotism. The movement was, no doubt, already prepared and begun, but at that time it quickened its pace and hurried on

with prodigious rapidity. At Cephalonia, at Andros, at Hermopolis, at the Piræus powerful companies suddenly arose. One learnt with admiration the name of the Moraïtis and Embiricos, and the names of the ships of from two thousand to five thousand tons which they bought, fitted out and launched on all sides. Men spoke of the intensity and of the wide sphere of their action, of the profits gained, of the dividends distributed, of the increasing share conquered by the Greek flag in the ports of Smyrna, Constantinople, Salonika, where it competed victoriously with the ancient navies of Europe; of the development of the Greek ports, of the work of the engineers who deepen and enlarge them, of the farmers, workmen and merchants who stock them, of the work, also and above all, of the shipowners and captains who crowd them with sailing and steam vessels. Thus the Piræus rose to the third rank amongst Mediterranean ports, and prepared for that world-wide *rôle* (as our modern phrase has it) for which it is undoubtedly destined, thanks to its wharves, its depôts, its yards, its building slips, its dry-docks, and above all, the railway which is to unite it with the European system and make it the terminus of a long and busy trans-continental line. At present people are talking—and these are perhaps no idle words—of trans-oceanic traffic, of ships of ten thousand tons. And why not? Such ships will surely find, wherever they may go, rich and patriotic Greeks. And will they not have human freight—the emigrants who every year leave their country for the two Americas?

This brings me to another and highly characteristic phenomenon. I mean the colonial movement; and

certainly nothing is more thoroughly Greek, given their commercial and maritime instincts, than the taste, the need, and I will say the *art* of emigration. They delight in pursuing fortune in foreign lands; they excel in overtaking her. Ionians, Æolians and Dorians vied with one another in this pursuit in former days, and the Ionians especially succeeded; thus did Miletus, Phocæa and Corinth and Calchis send their swarms afar. The Greek is a coloniser because land is lacking at home, and because he loves adventure and riches. He has his own fashion of colonising. He does not conquer nor overcome by mass, but gently, unobtrusively, modestly and individually, he filters in. When he comes his purse is not heavy—he comes to fill it; he brings his hands and his energy, his spirit of order and economy, his patient, gentle, but tenacious determination, his intelligence, enlightened and alert, open to all ideas—πολύτροπος, like that of Ulysses—his acceptance of all callings, even the humblest, his aptitude for all employments. To begin with, he will sell flowers, black boots, wait in a *café*; he will become gardener, domestic servant or clerk; then he will open a little grocer's shop; he will lend and change money, and one fine day he will found a business house or a flourishing bank. He went forth Yannis, Dimitris or Yorghis; his dream is to come home Syngros,[1] or to imitate the Rallis, the Sinas, the Zappas or the Rodocanachis. Few realise such aspirations, no doubt, but most of them succeed, some brilliantly, others honourably; very few come entirely to grief, for they

[1] M. Syngros was a rich Greek banker who distinguished himself by his munificence.

are prized for their punctuality, their temperance, their good-nature and their wit.

You meet them everywhere; nothing frightens them, neither distance nor climate. Do you remember (I will admit, for my part, that, well though I know the Greeks, I was astonished at reading it) that the English armies found the Greek *bakals* before or beside them in the veldt and at Khartoum; that the Russian armies in Manchuria were glad to have recourse to their skill and invention, which, in some remarkable manner, procured everything, no matter where? Was it Gordon or Kitchener who confessed that without them he would, more than once, have been extremely embarrassed? The Great King, the Alyattes and the Pharaohs must have sometimes made the same reflection centuries ago. After all, Bactriana, India and Nubia, or, in the West, Gaul and Spain, were not less distant in those days than are, in our time of rapid transport, of steam and electricity, the Far East, South Africa or the Americas. But, far though he may roam, the Greek remains Greek, and in that again he resembles his ancestors. The ancient colonists carried with them a little of their maternal earth and fire from the city hearth. The colonists of to-day group themselves together, form associations, and as soon as they have the means build a church. They remain attached to the fatherland by their recollections, their language and their religion, by the homing-spirit, or, if they do not come back, by the ties of family and of birthplace, by generosity and by devotion.

Certain districts in Greece, Arcadia especially, have given so many of their sons to other lands that in

some villages there are hardly any but women, old men or children to be seen, and one would imagine that the effect would be impoverishing on the whole country. But, disconcerting though the phenomenon may be, it tends to its enrichment, so faithfully do those who are absent send a part of their gains, little or great, to those whom they have left behind, and so numerous are the small streams which carry back to Greece the savings amassed abroad. The influx of gold coming from the Hellenic colonies is to be counted by millions. Economists consider that this has contributed, more than any other cause, to the rise in the rate of exchange which followed so closely and in so wonderful a manner on the misfortunes of the war. Is it not truly a touching feature, this humble generosity, this sentiment of national solidarity? Even more touching, perhaps, though not more worthy of esteem, is the princely liberality of the great bankers and rich merchants of Marseilles, Manchester, Liverpool, London, Alexandria, Odessa, Bombay, still Greek at heart in their adopted countries, to whom Athens owes its University, its libraries, its laboratories, its School of Art, its medical institutions and its hospitals. The moral qualities which thus claim our attention are very noble and beautiful, as well as efficacious and fruitful; and if the maxim, " Take care of the pence," may well be applied to Greece, one must admit that it stimulates an energy, calls forth an initiative and inspires a devotion for which one has a right to claim sympathy above the ordinary.

That the Greek nation is remarkably intelligent no one denies; but it is more than intelligent, it is

intellectual. Edmond About was almost inclined to regret this, and he reproached the Greeks with having turned too much of their attention at once to the study of literature, of medicine and of law to the detriment of a more practical apprenticeship to trade and agriculture. I have shown that the Greeks have amended this fault, and I may perhaps be allowed to praise them now for what they have done for their schools of every degree, for their university, for archæology and art, and for the disinterested but not fruitless works of higher culture. And who will dare to assert that the money spent and the efforts consecrated—not always, perhaps, with perfect judgment or the best of methods—since the birth of the Greek kingdom, to systems of instruction which might have been better planned and co-ordinated has counted for nothing in the striking material and social progress accomplished? Prosperity and riches require foundations and supports; these are to be found in the intelligence of the people and are based upon education: *mens agitat molem.*

Curiosity, eagerness for study, a passion for discussion, even when it is simply for the pleasure of discussing, love of eloquence, even when it leads to nothing but empty words, love of knowledge even for the mere glory of knowing, these are qualities of the Greek, and I am not ignorant that they are susceptible of pedantic display; yet they form, in great part, the charm and the living strength of Greece.

It was late in the day before we ourselves awoke to the duty of bestowing, or rather of imposing, an elementary education on all; before we grasped the true conditions of technical, professional and commercial

instruction. We must not then blame too severely the irresolution, hesitation or slowness shown by the Greeks. Moreover, the ability to read and write has long been fairly general amongst them; and as to regular professional instruction, an early and practical apprenticeship to different trades, in a country where it is the rule to know a little of everything, has long supplied the deficiency. The recent Congress of Teachers at Athens, and the Exhibition which completed it, the administrative commissions, the educational laws, so carefully prepared by MM. Eutaxias and Staïs and by the parliamentary committees, prove that popular education is one of the first of national preoccupations; the attendance in the schools and the widespread success of the publications of the Society of Useful Books, founded by the late M. Bikélas, the well-known philanthropist and man of letters, show with what eagerness the people responds to these efforts.

It is evident that in the country of Hermes and Apollo, where a healthy mind has never existed apart from a healthy body, and where the boys' schools still bear the name of *gymnasia*, physical culture could not be forgotten, and such has been the progress made in this direction that—thanks in part, perhaps, to the influence of antique tradition—Greece has twice been able to call together in the Stadium of Athens the athletes of the world, and to take worthily her place in the new Olympic Games.

As to the University of Athens, often accused of turning out too many lawyers, doctors, pedants and nondescripts, I venture to say that it is the ornament

of Greece and a centre of enlightenment for all the East. There, indeed, the heart of Hellenism beats; thence shine forth to the most distant communities still under the Ottoman yoke notions of science, law and liberty, and the consoling truths of the Orthodox religion, the symbol and firm bond of nationality; thence spread to the farthest limits of the Hellenic world the practical benefits of useful knowledge, of hygiene and medicine, of the spirit of law and justice, by means of those διδάσκαλοι, those διδάκτορες, those δικηγόροι, so much depreciated in certain quarters.

Nor must we despise the question of language, which forms an object of passionate contention between the University and Greek society, and which we are somewhat too prone to relegate to a place among the empty questions of mere form scornfully called "Byzantine." Do not forget that we, too, had in the seventeenth century our purists and vulgarists, our grammarians and *précieuses*, our champions of the antiquated and our defenders of the low forms of popular speech, and that if, in this strife of words, no blood was shed, as has happened at Athens, much ink. at least, was wasted. Reflect, too, that behind these words the Greeks see not only their literature yet to be born—a matter not wholly to be neglected—but also a social bond, a sacred, intangible symbol of nationality. M. Psichari will tell you, with the ardour of a combatant, the sensibility of a writer, and the authority of a scholar, all the scientific, literary, historic and national importance of the question. For our part, we understand more easily and appreciate more naturally the fervour shown by the Greeks in the cult of their ancestors,

The University, by preserving and animating this fire, fulfils its true, its highest function towards the country, and acquires its best right to universal gratitude. The nation, in seconding and sharing in these efforts, shows a proper sense of its duty towards humanity and of its own interest; for this inheritance of glory and of beauty is an eternal, unique and incomparable treasure of which none can dispute the possession with Greece, of which none can deprive her—a jewel which no nation can do without, but which none but she has the right to wear. Such was the sentiment which, at the very moment that saw the second birth of Greece, animated the patriots and *savants* who founded the Archæological Society, and assigned to it the task of discovering, in the ruins of the ancient edifices, in the works of plastic or coloured art, in the documents written in stone or bronze, the memories and titles of nobility of Hellenism; such was the thought which inspired H.R.H. the Crown Prince when he accepted, not the honorary patronage, but the working presidency of the association; this same feeling sustains the indomitable energy of that good citizen and eminent administrator, M. P. Cavvadias, who has devoted his life to the work of the excavations and of the museums; and, lastly, it was this that suggested the calling together, in April 1905, of the first International Congress of Classical Archæology at Athens.

Greece was worthy to convoke and to preside over that assembly; worthy, by the splendour and extent of the discoveries made by Greek *savants*, and by the liberal spirit with which she has permitted, encouraged and given her assistance to the discoveries of other

nations. The Acropolis and the whole of Athens, Epidaurus, Vafio, Eretria, Thermon and twenty other places tell of what she has done herself for the resurrection of the past; Olympia, Delos and Delphi, Sparta and Milos, Sicyon and Corinth of what she has left to be done by Germany, by France, by England and by America. Whilst other ancient lands close their gates in narrow jealousy to the foreign explorer, Greece has thrown hers wide open, and thus, while helping forward, by her generosity, the work of exploration, she has legitimately gathered all its fruits and won at the same time a harvest of gratitude. Greece has not forgotten that her ancestors were proud of the title of φιλόξενος and she has merited it herself.

Nothing is more becoming or more advantageous to Greece than these great scientific reunions, in which she appears before the world decked in the aureole of her past and in the grace of her youth, and fascinates her guests at one and the same time by her fidelity to tradition, by her laborious zeal, and by the charm of her simple and cordial welcome; a triumph which costs less than those of war and is far more profitable to her. The Greek people have charming ways which are particularly their own; ways entirely spontaneous and not to be acquired; ways which are to be met with in the peasant's cottage and in the town streets alike. The Greek is full of an affectionate and winning simplicity; and he practises a rare virtue—that of gratitude. Let us not forget that in our dark moments and hours of weakness Greeks have remembered Navarino and have fought at our sides. For that, too, we must and do love the Greeks.

And we love them, besides, for their sufferings; for there are still many who suffer beneath a foreign yoke, from despotism, tyranny and persecution. Let us look beyond the happy kingdom which obeys King George and which is far from being the whole of Greece; let us look upon the islands of the Archipelago, on the coast of Asia Minor, on the valleys and the mountains of Macedonia—a country of which the newspapers do not always speak with impartiality or with sufficient information—we shall find there much misery, much injustice, much suffering, both physical and moral; there we shall see Christians, brothers in religion but rivals in ambition, often more enraged with one another than with the Turk himself, although he is far from a tender-hearted master. Above all, let us look towards Bulgaria. From a land where the Greeks might well have believed that they were secure, where, trusting to the faith of treaties, they lived as good and obedient citizens, cries of pain have arisen. Without any provocation, robber-bands, which none attempted to repress before their criminal work was achieved, have pillaged shops, burnt houses, taken churches and monasteries by assault. The names of Philippopolis, Anchialos and Stenimachos have sadly resounded in our ears; in the midst of peace deplorable crimes have been committed, treacherously, by Christians against Christians, under the eyes of authorities appointed to protect the victims, but which let them be outraged and despoiled, and which, in the end, kept the booty.

Is it not natural for our League to be roused by such contempt of right, of diplomatic conventions, of religious liberty and of property? Must we not

resent such an outrage perpetrated on a peaceful, enlightened and industrious population, whose efforts contributed to the general well-being? But it is their very intelligence and prosperity which the poor Greeks have had to expiate! Enough. I will not dwell on these causes of distress; still less will I risk adding, by the least allusion to the painful struggles in Macedonia, a note of vehemence to an exposition which should be impartial and calm. I prefer to turn my eyes towards the plains of Thessaly, where the fugitives from Eastern Roumelia are welcomed as brothers, where they find food and shelter, where they are provided with land, seed and agricultural implements. The ancient Athenians were considered to have been the first to raise an altar to Pity. That altar is still standing; the Cretans took refuge at it after each of their revolts and each of their defeats, and to-day the Eastern Roumelians have access to it. There they have been clad and fed, and there they have found a tenderness still more precious, a consoling and healing smile. I have seen them camping in the schools which had been handed over to them, and it was then that I realised both the force of the fraternal solidarity which unites the whole of Hellas and the touching gentleness of Greek hearts.

As to Greek heroism, it may be seen in the dangerous expeditions of those bands which a burning patriotism flings upon Macedonia. The devotion of men like Paul Mélas—young, handsome, beloved, happy with his wife and children, yet sacrificing all to the Hellenic idea and to the defence of his oppressed brethren—should prove to you that the blood of Leonidas and

of Diakos still runs in the veins of the Greeks. But I must again remember that our League is a peaceful association. My reference to this incident is but intended to complete the portrait of the race; it was needed to give the finishing touch to that likeness which I proposed to set before you and to make you love. After all, it is not on these frontier incidents, which are more interesting than useful, nor on brilliant exploits, which have no political bearing or tangible results, that the Greek Government counts to solve the inextricable difficulties of the Macedonian problem. The Greek Government deplores as much as it admires these heroic sacrifices which are all the more painful from being unnecessary.

If to have the same likes and dislikes is the basis of solid friendship, the political programme of Greece resembles our own sufficiently to enable us to find in such harmony a new and valid reason for our sympathy. But, national sympathy apart, our association is, I repeat, a league for justice, right and equity, and so, when we formulate and advocate the rights of Greece, we affirm, by that very advocacy, the rights of other nationalities; for there is no right which is not limited by that of others. The Greek Government fully recognises this. M. Romanos expressed not long ago these very ideas in a public interview, and such are, moreover, the declarations which I gathered from himself when I had lately the honour of conversing with him. The policy of Greece is founded on the respect of treaties. The vows she may form, as well as the hopes she may nourish, are limited by the legitimate claims of neighbouring nations—nations that race and

history may have made rivals but religion has made sisters.

And now if, as I hope, I have made myself clearly understood you are in a position to form a judgment on us, our programme and our friends; you can decide with a full knowledge of the case and give us, if my persuasive powers have equalled my conviction, your adhesion and your support. We come before you frankly and simply. We appeal to your reason and to your hearts: we do not wish to beguile them by the artifices of eloquence, but to gain them surely and honestly by the value of our proofs and the power of facts. The task which I have attempted to-day, according to the measure of my strength and of the time granted to me, will be continued with more leisure by my colleagues, in a series of lectures which will follow one another, month by month or fortnight by fortnight. The lecturers will place before you, each in a subject of his own choice and of which he is master, information verified with care. They will set forth, with the precision of specialists and the sincerity of witnesses, with the method of men of science and the enlightened curiosity of publicists, the moral and economic state of Greece, her progress in the past, her condition at present, her aspirations for the future. They will explain the conflict of the Balkan populations and the solutions foreseen or imagined, attempted or longed-for. They will speak as friends of Greece; but, above all, as friends of truth. They will convince you—of that I have no doubt; and thus we will begin and complete with you the conquest of the intelligence

and good-will of all; we will rouse in favour of Hellenism the force of public opinion, and we will prepare for it, as far as our means permit us, the attainment of the objects which we desire for it and of which it is worthy.

These objects are such as one can openly avow and legitimately lay claim to, for they redound to the prejudice or detriment of none: they are, for the present, a loyal and equal observance of religious toleration, liberty and justice; for the future, should political conditions be modified, an equitable division of territory between the rival nationalities, to be carried out by the arbitration of Europe, with the free consent of the peoples and after honest consultation with them, so as to assign to each nationality the part that falls to it in proportion to its numbers and with due consideration of the historic rights inherited from its ancestors and of the services it has rendered to mankind.

Théophile Homolle.

II

THE GREEK CHURCH AND HELLENISM

On 4th April 1821 Germanos, Archbishop of Patras, proclaimed the insurrection of Greece against the Turks, and, raising the symbol of the Cross before the church of Saint George, he made the assembled people swear to fight for fatherland and religion. A fortnight later, at Constantinople, on 22nd April, the eve of Easter Day, the Œcumenical Patriarch, Gregory IV., was arrested by order of the sultan as he came out from the midnight service in the cathedral. Next morning he was rapidly deposed and hanged, still clad in his pontifical robes, at the door of his palace. There his corpse remained three days, exposed to insults of every kind; after which it was handed over to the populace, ignominiously dragged through the streets of Constantinople, and finally thrown into the Bosphorus. At the same time several high dignitaries of the Greek Church, the Metropolitans of Ephesus, Nicomedia and Anchialos and, some days later, the Metropolitan of Adrianople, shared the fate of the Œcumenical Patriarch. Thus, at the very moment when the struggle for Greek independence was beginning, the indissoluble ties which united the Greek Church and Hellenism received a striking and tragic confirmation.

For the prelates who knew so well how to fight or die for their native land were the continuators of an old and glorious tradition.

In the days when Byzantium was the great Power of the East, in that vast Empire where so many different races and so many discordant elements were grouped beneath the sceptre of the imperial master, the Church formed the cement which kept the different parts of the colossal edifice together. The Byzantine Monarchy could claim neither unity of language nor unity of race, but she found her unity in religion; and the Orthodox Church was for her as a nationality.

It is enough to note by what means the Imperial policy, from the shores of Italy to the deserts of Mesopotamia, passing through the districts of Macedonia, Epirus and Thessaly, succeeded in assimilating the dissident and refractory elements which encountered one another in that vast Empire. By colonies, composed of men of Greek language and race, it introduced Hellenism into new lands. By its ecclesiastical organisation, which ever marched step by step with conquest, it spread at the same time Christianity and civilisation. Wherever annexation took place, however temporary or ephemeral the occupation of the country might be, bishoprics were at once created and an active propaganda carried on. And note well the results obtained. Greek, which was at once the language of the administration, of the Church, and of literature, ended by becoming for all a sort of national language. Further, in the profession of a common faith, in the unity of the Orthodox Church, the Empire found its cohesion and its strength. But even outside

the Empire and beyond its frontiers the Church was also the great pioneer who led to the light of civilisation the diverse peoples of the East. Its missionary work is undoubtedly one of the most characteristic features and one of the greatest glories of Byzantine policy in the Middle Ages. In this work the priest collaborated with the diplomat; like him, and to a greater degree, he was an agent of civilisation. For was it not the Byzantine missions which carried the Orthodox religion to the depths of Armenia and to the remote corners of Russia, from the mountains of Abyssinia to the plains of the Danube? Was it not the Byzantine missionaries who, amongst those savage nations floating in oriental chaos, amongst the Slavs, the Bulgars, the Wallachians, the Magyars, carried civilisation and religion and thus prepared the existence and future grandeur of modern Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Hungary and Russia? Remember that the great apostles of the Slavs, Cyril and Methodius, were Byzantines. Remember that Croats and Serbs, Bulgars and Russians, owe to the Orthodox Church their introduction to the civilised world. In a word, for the Slavonic and oriental world, Byzantium—and by that I mean essentially the Byzantine Church—has been what Rome was for the occidental and Germanic world.

It is true that in its efforts to lead souls at once to Orthodoxy and to Hellenism the Greek Church has not always been over-scrupulous as regards the choice of its methods. Like all churches of the Middle Ages, it affected a somewhat rude style of discipline and order, and willingly drew the sword or kindled the fire when it

was necessary to subdue heretics. Its prelates, too, have certainly had their faults, faults to which we will refer again later, for they are of all time; but what is more essential, and perhaps more peculiar to this Church, is that it has had, strange though that may seem at first, a real spirit of conciliation, of tolerance, and I would say even of liberalism.

Unlike the Roman prelates, those of Byzantium realised that men, when converted to a new faith, need to understand what one comes to preach to them. Therefore they did not hesitate to translate the Scriptures for the benefit of converts into their vernacular. They did not hesitate to endow them with a liturgical language, the Old or Church Slavonic, in which to this very day the mass is chanted in all Orthodox Slavonic churches. Those prelates realised, too, that some respect is due to men and to nations. When the famous Emperor Basil II. destroyed the kingdom of Bulgaria, he did not consider, it seems, the tremendous surname of *Bulgaroctonos*, or "Slayer of the Bulgarians," sufficient for his glory, and the destruction of a nation a fashion of solving a problem. And so, at the head of the Bulgarian Church, to which he left its independence, he placed a national clergy; he seated a prelate of Bulgarian nationality on the metropolitan throne of Ochrida. He confirmed, and even extended, the privileges that the prelates of the conquered country held from the Bulgarian Tsars of past ages. And in the same way, when a second Bulgarian empire was founded beyond the Balkans in the thirteenth century, the Œcumenical Patriarch had no hesitation in advancing the Archbishop of Tirnovo to the dignity of independent

Patriarch for the whole of Bulgaria. Thanks to this wise toleration, the Greek Church made itself accepted, nay, more, it made itself loved. From within his patriarchal palace, built under the shadow of Saint Sophia, the Œcumenical Patriarch, true Pope of the Oriental world, governed Orthodox Christendom for the greater glory and profit of Hellenism.

Thus, during ten centuries, as long as Byzantium itself lasted, the Church was the great protectress of Hellenism. When Byzantium fell, the Church rendered to Hellenism a yet more eminent service: she preserved with the religion, the nationality and culture of the Greeks. Immediately after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, Mahomet II., more from policy than from a spirit of toleration, united all his Christian subjects in an organisation of somewhat peculiar nature; this the Ottoman Porte called the *roum-milletti*, that is to say, the Byzantine nation—an autonomous organisation of which the sultan entrusted the government to the Œcumenical Patriarch. Thenceforward the Christians, foreigners in some respects in the Mussulman state, excluded from all participation in public functions and public life, had no other duty towards the sultan than that of paying taxes, and the taxes were very heavy. But it was precisely because of this that they enjoyed the compensation of preserving their religion and their national existence. Thus, by the *firman* granted to the Greek Patriarch, Mahomet II. maintained him and his bishops in the privileges formerly bestowed on them by the Byzantine emperors, and the Patriarch, reorganising his Church on the basis of

ancient Byzantine law, became at once the religious and the political head of his people.

The Porte had no desire to be worried with the details of Christian affairs. Consequently the Church had its own tribunals, which exercised jurisdiction over all matters of dispute between Christians. The Church had its own schools, and these the Patriarch and his bishops had the sole right, according to Ottoman law, of opening and directing. And although all Christian propaganda was severely prohibited, the construction of new churches forbidden, the very bells not allowed to be tolled, and although the Patriarch himself, absolutely at the mercy of his master, was often nothing but the delegate of the Government in respect to the Christian communities, it was still, and in spite of these considerations, a very great point that, in the midst of the Turkish power, the Christians were able, thanks to the Church, to preserve their cohesion and their existence.

Thus the Patriarch became in reality for the Christians the successor of the dethroned Emperor of the East. He inherited from him not only the external prestige but at least a part of his real power; from his palace in the Phanar, to which he removed towards the end of the sixteenth century, the Greek Patriarch governed all the Christian Churches in the Ottoman Empire. And thus the Orthodox Church became at once the sanctuary of the Christian faith and of the Hellenic nationality.

I must insist especially on one of the means by which this nationality was preserved, for it should assuredly count as one of the chief titles of glory that the Greek

Church can claim, and as one of the greatest services that she has rendered to the Greek cause.

By the *firman* granted by the sultan, Mahomet II., as I have already stated, the exclusive right of founding and directing schools was conceded to the Greek Church and its Patriarch. Now it was precisely in these schools that the Orthodox Church found a marvellous instrument for maintaining and strengthening Hellenism.

Gennadios, the first Patriarch after the Ottoman Conquest, chosen by the will of the sultan, was a learned and distinguished man. His first care was to reorganise the high school in the Phanar, that school which bears to this day, for it still exists, the glorious name of "The Great National School." It is now a kind of training college from which issue most of the professors who teach in Greek schools. Beside elementary classes, in which a primary education was given, there was instruction in the origins of Greek literature and of philosophy. For a long time this National School of the Phanar was the only one in existence, but, little by little, the patriarchs and their bishops, with the patriotic assistance of the heads of the Christian communities, with the assistance, too, of the lay Phanariots, employed by the Porte as head dragomans or as governors of the Danubian principalities, established on all sides schools by means of which they continued as best they might the instruction of the nation. As time went on, especially when, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the East came once more in touch with the scholars of the West, the Church extended its circle of studies and developed its admirable educational mission.

No doubt, to our modern eyes, the elementary schools established in the cloisters of the East seem remarkably insufficient and poor, and it is certain that they resembled in many ways those Koranic institutions of the Turks in which the teaching consists chiefly in the reading of some religious book aloud to the pupils. Only in the case with which we are dealing the religious books were written in Greek, and so, however mediocre, and however poor the instruction, it preserved at least the Hellenic tongue. And that is why all these Eastern Christians showed such a touching zeal and ardour in resorting to these schools, an ardour of which we discover evidence even in some popular songs. Here is a portion of one:

"Bright little moon, light my way,
That I may go to school and there learn my letters—
Lessons and letters—things from God."

On a higher level, above these primary schools, there were to be found, of course, colleges and *gymnasia* in which the instruction was far more advanced, and that, too, always under the protection and thanks to the action of the Church. We read in an act of the Holy Synod of 1593 this characteristic passage:

"The Holy Synod commands the bishop of each diocese to have a care for public instruction and to make the necessary expenditure in order that sacred and divine literature may not cease to be taught; he shall give assistance to those who are willing to teach and to those who desire to learn but have not the means."

In this great work of scholastic propaganda certain names especially merit to be remembered: that of the Patriarch, Cyril Loukaris, who, in 1627, founded within

the very precincts of his palace the first printing press seen in Turkey; that of Alexander Mavrocordatos, first professor, then director of the National School of the Phanar, who, becoming later chief dragoman of the Porte, obtained, thanks to the favour he enjoyed at the palace, authorisation to open a certain number of schools in Europe and Asia; the name, too, of Eugenios Boulgaris, who in the eighteenth century earned the title of "The great *Didascalos* of the nation"; he was professor at the school of Jannina, then at that of Kotzani in Macedonia; next, director of the great school on Mount Athos, and then of the National School of the Phanar. By his teaching Boulgaris trained a whole generation of schoolmasters, and finally became, by the grace of Catherine II., bishop of Tauride and Cherson. Nor must we forget Dorotheos Procos of Chios, who came to France at the end of the eighteenth century to complete his studies (he figures, curiously enough, in one of the first promotions of the *École Polytechnique*), returning later, in 1799, to Constantinople, where he directed the school of the Phanar, and finally, as Metropolitan of Adrianople, perished brutally at the hands of the Turks in the troubles of 1821.

Statistics of the middle of the eighteenth century, which are extremely interesting and precise, show us that in 1757 there existed two public colleges at Constantinople, three at Jannina, two at Salonika, two at Bucharest, one at Jassy, one at Adrianople, one at Philippopolis, one on Mount Athos, one at Castoria, one at Schatista, one at Moschopolis, one at Kotzani, one at Serres. There were schools in Smyrna, Chios, Patmos, Mitylene, Samos, Kydonia, Trebizond and in other

places. And if you desire to have figures as to the population of these establishments, I may tell you that there were in 1780 three hundred pupils at Missolonghi; seven hundred at the school of Chios; two hundred at Patmos; and at Kydonia, in 1817, three hundred. For all these establishments books and translations were composed in Greek. A patriarch of the eighteenth century encouraged the learned of his day to translate into Greek *Le Siècle de Louis XIV.*, *Le Contrat Social*, *L'Esprit des lois* and the principal tragedies of Corneille and Racine. A little later the great Coraïs undertook his *Greek Library*, of which the books were to be distributed gratis to the pupils of the higher schools.

All this movement was suddenly cut short by the great crisis of Hellenic independence and by the persecution which, in Turkish territory, naturally followed it. But soon, as the crisis passed away, the Patriarchate recommenced its great scholastic work. This work has been continued during the whole of the nineteenth century and up to our time, with the help of laymen, and especially with the assistance of the Literary Syllogos of Constantinople, of which a patriarch has justly said that "it has assumed silently but efficiently the intellectual government of the country." Primary schools and training colleges, higher schools and gymnasia, the commercial college of Halki and the college at Péra, the theological school at Halki, and the college for girls opened at Pera in 1876, and other educational institutions of all sorts, are multiplying in all directions. And with the co-operation of generous benefactors—Zariphis, Zographos, Zappas, Areroff and others—there has been a prodigious, a gigantic advance.

In one province alone, that of Monastir, in Macedonia, there were, in 1877, according to statistics which seem reliable, 5361 pupils in 111 schools; ten years later, in 1887, there were 333 schools and 18,000 pupils; that is to say, in ten years the numbers of the schools and of the pupils had more than trebled. In 1904 there were in that region more than 500 Greek schools, with more than 25,000 pupils.

It must, of course, be confessed, for that is but just, that if, in this latest and most recent part of the work, the Orthodox Church has had a very great share that share has not been exclusive. I alluded a moment ago to the patriotic assistance she has received from so many of the great benefactors of Hellenism. But we must not forget this, that it is still impossible to-day, according to Ottoman law, to open or carry on a school in Turkey without the co-operation of the Church. Nor must we forget that these schools are actually working on the responsibility, and under the control of the Patriarchate. In the regulations of the Mixed Council—which assists the Œcumenical Patriarch—we read that "it is one of the functions of the Mixed Council to supervise the working of the national schools." And on more than one occasion the firm action of the Œcumenical Patriarchate has been responsible for the maintenance of the privileges conceded to the Greek schools in the Ottoman Empire. In any case, at the present day, if we refer to the official document actually deciding this matter, I mean the Grand Vizier's Circular of 1891, we find that the curricula in all schools are to be settled by the Patriarchate and the Metropolitans, the diplomas of teachers are to be

legalised by the Patriarchate and the Metropolitans, and that the Turkish Minister of Education can only close a class or remove a teacher after an agreement with the Church. *A fortiori*, through all the period which preceded the nineteenth century, through all those dark ages from the capture of Constantinople by the Turks till the re-awakening of the Hellenic nation, it is incontestable that the Church has truly been for that nation the sacred ark in which were preserved its language and traditions.

It cannot be denied, as I have already said, that these Phanariot prelates had their faults; but it must be recognised that they have rendered magnificent services to the cause of Hellenism, services far surpassing their weaknesses. To sum up, it is thanks to them that during so many centuries the union between Hellenism and Orthodoxy has been maintained. It is they who have kept alive through the ages and throughout the whole of the Balkan peninsula a sentiment of Christian patriotism. Thanks to them there were all over that peninsula, but a century ago, only two parties face to face—Greeks and Turks, Christians and Mussulmans. It is thanks to them that until a century ago the names of "Christian" and "Greek" were still absolutely synonymous. Let us not forget that, thanks to them, everything was Greek but forty short years ago in that country of Macedonia which is to-day torn by the disputes of so many races and nationalities; the Bulgarian writers themselves admit it. And let this, too, be added, to the greater honour of that spirit of tolerance and liberalism which I mentioned before, that if the Greek Church has undoubtedly

devoted all its efforts to developing and propagating the Hellenic sentiment, yet other nations have found, in the shade of the Orthodox Church, strength to live and to wax stronger; their recent awakening is the best proof of my assertion. And thus, during four centuries, throughout Eastern Christendom, for all, Slavs and Greeks alike, the Greek Church has truly been the last refuge of humanity.

I purposely insist on these points, for it must be plainly understood that the Greek Church is in no way a Church like those we know and see before us in the West. She has devoted all her energy, nay, more, her very existence, to the service of the national cause. She has given more thought, perhaps, to Hellenism than to religion. And she has done so in a country where, as you know, religious conceptions rank in many ways above national conceptions. It is, therefore, obvious that the Greek Church, faithful to her traditions, can and must continue to play an important part. What is the part she has to play? That is the question we have now to consider.

At the present day, let it be said at once, conditions are very different from the period which I have just set briefly before you. The Patriarch who still bears the title of *Œcumenical*, that is to say "Universal," is no longer universal, save in name. Russia has long ago broken loose from obedience to the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Again, in the course of the nineteenth century, as the different Balkan nationalities awoke one after the other, as new states were formed out of the shreds torn from the Ottoman Empire, each of them has claimed for itself an independent Church and—to

employ the terms of the Eastern Church—an *autocephalous* organisation. The Patriarch, interpreting liberally—too liberally, perhaps—the canons of the Councils, has willingly recognised the independence of these Churches—the Churches of Roumania, of Servia, of Greece, even of little Montenegro.

Nor is that all. In the Ottoman Empire itself—in the lands which are still subject to the sultan's authority, and which should remain likewise subordinate to the authority of the Patriarch—the Patriarchate has suffered considerable diminution of power. It has voluntarily renounced the greater part of the jurisdiction it exercised in Bosnia-Herzegovina, and in 1870 it had to submit, involuntarily this time, to the consequences of the Bulgarian schism. This last was an extremely severe blow, since the schism removed from obedience to the Patriarch the whole of Bulgaria and part of Macedonia. Add to this that at the present moment a new agitation—that carried on in Macedonia by the Roumanians—threatens fresh losses to the Patriarch's domain and influence.

At the same time, while the sphere of the Patriarch's influence shrinks, his means, too, diminish. In the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the princes who governed the Danubian provinces had given to the Christian churches of Constantinople and elsewhere liberal endowments in Moldavia and Wallachia. Now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Government of Roumania confiscated these estates, and as the Patriarch, by an action noble in itself but perhaps unnecessarily proud and uncompromising refused the pecuniary compensations offered, the

result was a considerable loss of revenue to the Patriarchate.

When we think of the great services rendered by the Orthodox Church to the cause of Christianity in the East, we may well see in these successive desertions something of ingratitude. We are here treading on delicate ground, but the point is essential, and if we are to judge correctly the present policy, and if we wish to define precisely the part which belongs to-day to the Greek Church, it must be examined. I will consider it briefly, yet with absolute impartiality and freedom.

It must be admitted that the Patriarchate is responsible for certain blunders, certain serious faults even, which date from several centuries back in its history. No doubt these faults and blunders may be explained by the very conception which the Greek Church has always had of her mission, and by the long tradition that she has gradually established of working for the propagation and extension of Hellenism. Nevertheless, the question arises whether she has not, in fulfilling that mission, been at times somewhat wanting in tact. I am not speaking simply of recent times. What I have to say is applicable to all periods of her history. In the time of the Byzantine Empire the custom of conciliatory tolerance I have already mentioned—the custom of leaving in charge of dioceses prelates of the same race as those to whom they ministered—was not long maintained. In countries of which the people were almost exclusively Slavonic, bishops, either Hellenic by birth or completely Hellenised, gradually superseded the native prelates, and there were thus placed at the head of these dioceses pastors

who were absolutely foreign to their flocks and who naturally had little or no sympathy with them. Of this mental attitude, which was to have grave consequences, we possess a curious and significant example.

At the end of the eleventh century, the epoch of the Comnenus, Theophylactus was Archbishop of Ochrida in Macedonia. He was a very honest and intelligent man, only he had lived too long at Court. His education had been that of a prince, and his tastes were those of a gentleman and a scholar. Therefore when, as a reward for his services, the archiepiscopal see, which gave him supremacy over the whole of Bulgaria, was conferred on him, the poor man's despair knew no bounds. Those of his letters which have come down to us are full of his groans. He ceases not to lament in Ochrida—that veritable "vale of tears"—a place of exile; a place whose very air, as he says somewhere, "is wafted into his face, even before entering the streets of the town, as a deadly breath exhaled from Hades." An elegant writer and literary purist, he revolts against the barbarous names of the Slavonic dioceses—Glavinitza, Viddin, Sthlanitza. A fastidious courtier, he suffers morally and physically from living among the none too clean Bulgarians—"men who smell like the hide of some ill-scented beast," and whose contact seems to him to leave a stain. He can hardly endure these boors whose society seems to him to render him also boorish. He detests this barbarous country where, as he writes in another place, "Nothing good is to be learnt." He has nothing in common with people who are so far from appreciating his literary culture, and who listen to his eloquence, he says, "like donkeys listening to the

lyre's notes." We can understand that, under such conditions, the prelate had no sort of tenderness or indulgence for the Bulgarian parishioners under his care, for " these monsters," as he calls them, amongst whom he was condemned to live. According to him, the people " were rich in nothing but vice." In another passage he writes that " the Bulgarian character is the natural source of all kinds of wickedness." And with the greatest heartiness our bishop consigns all his flock " to the gulf for which they are fit," that is to say, to the devil.

You will easily imagine that, in the circumstances, the parishioners could have no more tenderness for their archbishop than he had for them, and that between the two parties it was a case of open war. And yet Theophylactus was a very worthy man. Only he was a Greek; he was a polished prelate and felt not the least desire to interest himself in the barbarians who had been committed to his charge, whom he did not understand, and by whom he was not understood.

Now the case of Theophylactus, Archbishop of Ochrida, has been that of more than one Greek prelate. Much evil has been spoken of the Phanariot clergy: its spirit of intrigue, its avidity; the conduct, often reprehensible, of the higher, the extreme ignorance of the lower orders, and so forth. But we must take care not to exaggerate these matters; especially let us not generalise them. Only the Phanariot clergy has, perhaps, committed a yet greater fault. After having at first carefully retained native prelates at the head of the non-Greek dioceses, in the seventeenth and especially in the eighteenth century, at the very moment when,

thanks to the work of the schools, the great revival of Hellenism was manifesting itself, the Greeks felt the temptation of laying their hands on all the episcopal sees. In 1765 the Œcumenical Patriarch, Samuel, imagined that he was accomplishing a master-stroke in obtaining from the Grand Vizier the abolition of the Servian Patriarchate of Ipek, and in 1767 the suppression of the Bulgarian Patriarchate of Ochrida.

Undoubtedly, from the point of view of Hellenic interests, such a course was intelligible, and it must be simply considered as a very politic solicitude for the Hellenisation of the faithful. But in that case the Greek prelates, who occupied all the sees and who had no national ties with their flocks, had need at least, and as a compensation, of extremely high qualities. Now these eminent qualities were too often wanting. Let me hasten to add that not all the Phanariot prelates were of this class, and it is not to be denied that the inferior orders of the clergy were still recruited from the natives, or that, amongst the priests of Servian or Bulgarian origin, several rose to episcopal honours. Yet there was here an initial mistake, a fundamental misunderstanding, whence there arose a crowd of accumulated ill feelings. It is thus that, in our own day, the Christian bond which up to the second third of the nineteenth century had united all the Orthodox Christians around the Œcumenical Patriarchate has been torn asunder.

These explanations had to be given because they are true; but incontestable though they may be, it is but right to add that both the Greek Church and the Greek nation have terribly expiated the consequences, and

true though they may be, they must not make us, on the one hand, forget the services rendered in the past, or, on the other, prevent us from recognising the great part which belongs to-day, in a domain more limited, doubtless, but still extremely vast, to the Orthodox Church.

To-day when, voluntarily or involuntarily, the Greek Church finds herself disburdened of the greater portion of her Slavonic dioceses—which have become her rivals and foes—she appears to us as the pre-eminent representative and the official champion of Hellenism; and this is for her at once a weakness and a strength. It is a weakness in this sense, that from his very position the Œcumenical Patriarch is passionately and actively engaged in the struggle of nationalities and the conflict of races, and no longer reigns as formerly supreme over the Christian communities of the Ottoman Empire. It is a strength, because from his situation the Patriarch's part is now defined more clearly, and his action gains in vigour and precision. At the present time the Œcumenical Patriarch is, for all Greeks, the undisputed head in Mussulman territory of the Hellenic race; and you know how deep is the attachment of the entire Greek people to this Church which, during so many centuries, has shared its joys and its sorrows, its triumphs and its trials, and which has thus become the most conspicuous interpreter of the national Hellenic sentiment.

We have here then a force which must be reckoned with, a force which is ceaselessly at work, and before which the authorities of the Ottoman Empire have had more than once to give way. Now a force capable of

thus displaying itself cannot be trifled with. And as a matter of fact, in the vast dominion administered by the Œcumenical Patriarchate, in the Greek parts of Asia Minor, and in the Ægean islands, in Macedonia and in Roumelia, the Greek Church has given definite proofs of her strength by the part which she has never ceased to play. There she has continued, with indefatigable and admirable energy, the traditional task which has filled her whole existence: the furtherance of Hellenism by means of education.

Let us glance at some statistics published in 1904 by the direction of the Œcumenical Patriarchate—statistics which, I hasten to add, have not been compiled with reference to the interests of the Greek cause in Macedonia, for they embrace the whole of the dioceses dependent on the Patriarchate. I find that at the date mentioned there existed, in the whole of these dioceses, 4211 Greek schools, attended by 270,423 pupils of both sexes. And we may take these figures as being inferior to the total numbers, seeing that from the statistics before us thirteen dioceses are excluded, amongst which are some that would have been of the highest interest to us at present, more particularly those of Anchialos, Mesembria, Maronia and Silybria. Even more instructive as a measure of the progress of Hellenism is a detailed examination of these statistics. On the coast of Asia Minor the diocese of Ephesus has 146 schools with 14,200 pupils; that of Smyrna has 72 schools with 11,761 pupils. In the interior the diocese of Aïdin has 52 schools with 4370 pupils, and the distant diocese of Cæsarea 59 schools with 5810 pupils. On the Black Sea, in the diocese of Trebizond, we find

66 schools with 4600 pupils, and in that of Amasia, 225 schools with 8925 pupils. In the great islands off the Asiatic coast Chios has 99 schools with 7460 pupils; Mitylene, 46 schools with 6950 pupils. If we cross to Europe, in Epirus, the diocese of Jannina counts 184 schools with 7603 scholars; in Macedonia we have Castoria (153 schools, 6925 pupils); Monastir (67 schools, 3830 pupils); Vodena (72 schools, 4282 pupils); Salonika (40 schools, 6404 pupils); Serres (61 schools, 4395 pupils); Drama (67 schools, 3682 pupils). In Eastern Roumelia the diocese of Philippopolis has 45 schools with 4408 pupils; in Thrace that of Adrianople has 88 schools with 8243 pupils; that of Heraclea 120 schools with 6599 pupils. And, finally, Constantinople has 71 schools, of which 7 are higher-grade schools, the whole containing a population of 11,798 pupils.

These figures are worthy of attention; they prove that I did not exaggerate when I said that the results accomplished are truly wonderful. And these results cannot be without effect in a country where, let me repeat, religion and language are concepts of infinitely higher importance, and far more fundamental than the idea of nationality; in a country where, moreover, by the terms of Article 10 of the *firman*, which created in 1870 the Bulgarian Exarchate, it is public opinion, it is the plebiscite, it is the desire expressed by a majority of two-thirds, which decides whether a Christian community shall pass over to the Bulgarian Exarchate or belong to the Greek Patriarchate; in a country, lastly, where so many Slavonic populations, Hellenised by the Church, are still to be retained or regained by her. And, to conclude, such results constitute without any doubt

solid claims, founded on facts and confirmed by public documents and diplomatic, official and international engagements.

It is, perchance, well to remark at this point that, contrary to what has often been said, the Œcumenical Patriarchate has, in this conflict of races and nationalities, been sometimes less inflexible than is usually believed and more usually asserted. In the midst of the Bulgarian crisis of 1860-70 the Œcumenical Patriarchate offered in 1861 to create a Bulgarian seminary and Bulgarian bishops. In 1867 it gave permission for the institution into an independent ecclesiastical province of the whole vilayet of the Danube. And if it is true that, since then, this tolerance has given way to other sentiments, and that to schism the Patriarchate has replied by excommunication, we must not forget that, on the other hand, in his relations with other Slavs—the Serbs, for example—the Patriarch has shown that spirit of conciliation and tolerance of which I have already spoken. In the diocese of Uskub the Patriarch, Constantine V., installed in 1899 a prelate of Servian nationality, and at the present day, in the church of Uskub, the liturgy is chanted alternately in Greek and in Slavonic, while in the Slavonic villages of the diocese the priests and the liturgy are entirely Slavonic.

The Patriarchate, having shown such respect for the rights of others, can legitimately demand some respect for its own rights wherever such rights are clearly established, wherever they are incontestable, and particularly, in Eastern Roumelia, where Article 385 of the Organic Law formally guarantees to the different

religious communities the use of their own language in the educational institutions supported by them. In spite of these indisputable facts there is hardly need to remind you how furious is the assault on all sides, how impassioned it is not only in Macedonia and Eastern Roumelia—there you know how tragic are the sufferings of the Greeks—but in other regions too, where, apparently, there should be more calm and peace.

Everyone knows the Holy Mountain of Athos and its old monasteries, the oldest of which—Lavra, Iviron, Vatopedi—go back to the tenth century. At an early date Slavonic princes and Greek emperors vied with one another in their eagerness to found convents in that holy land. During the eleventh century Bulgarian communities were established at Philotheou and at Xenophon, later at Saint Paul's and at Zographou. In the twelfth century the Servian tsar, Stephan Nemanya, built Chilandari; about the same time the Russians took possession of Saint Panteleëmon. Insensibly, however, at Athos, as elsewhere, the Greeks gained the predominance; in the eighteenth century all, or nearly all, the monasteries were Hellenised. But here, as elsewhere, the national spirit awakened and a sharp struggle began between that spirit and the Greeks. The Russians returned to Rossikon in 1839, and since 1871 they are the masters there. Now, in contrast to the old Greek monasteries, Rossikon is the modern convent, powerful by the number and discipline of its monks as well as by the wealth and prestige accruing to it from the crowds of Russian pilgrims. It is a rival force with which Hellenism must reckon. Add

to this the two Russian *skites* of St Andrew and St Elias, the ill-dissimulated sympathy of the other Slavonic monasteries, such as Zographou and Chilandari, the Russian pretensions, discreetly manifested, on Vatopedi, and you see all that the Greeks have to fear and to cope with. To make matters worse, owing to the weakness produced by intestine discords, the resistance offered by Hellenism to these hostile forces has hitherto been but feeble. It is true, attempts are now being made, somewhat late in the day, perhaps, to recover lost ground, but the struggle against Slavonic energy, tenacity, wealth and diplomatic resource is unequal and the result uncertain. In another of Hellenism's holy places the same perils are to be feared. At the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem the Russian protectorate tends to encroach upon the Greek Patriarchate. Thus on all sides the conflict is the same and the Orthodox Church equally threatened.

Is there any need, after these other holy places of Hellenism, to remind you of the most illustrious, Saint Sophia? The old church of Justinian is associated with a beautiful and symbolic legend which deserves to be related as an epilogue to this discourse: "When"—says Theophile Gautier, from whom I borrow the narrative—"the doors of Saint Sophia opened beneath the pressure of the barbaric hordes which besieged the town of Constantine, a priest was at the altar celebrating mass. At the noise made on the flagstones of Justinian's temple by the hoofs of Tartar horses, at the cries of the soldiery and the terrified shrieks of the faithful, the priest broke off his

holy office, took with him the sacred vessels and proceeded, with calm and solemn step, towards one of the side aisles. The soldiers, brandishing their scimitars, were just about to overtake him, when he disappeared into a wall which opened before him and then closed again. His pursuers at first imagined that there was some secret exit, a hidden door; but no. They examined the wall; it was solid, compact and impenetrable. The priest had passed through a mass of solid masonry.

"It is said that sometimes faint chanting may be heard issuing from the thick wall. It is the priest; he still lives and mumbles in his sleep his interrupted liturgy. But when Saint Sophia has been once more restored to the Christian faith, the wall shall open of its own accord, and the priest, coming forth from his retreat, will complete at the altar the mass begun four hundred years ago."[1]

Is the event predicted by the pious legend ever to become a reality? Will the priest of 1453 ever come forth from the wall and mount, with phantom pace, the steps of Justinian's altar, or, to speak in less legendary style, will the Œcumenical Patriarch ever re-enter the "Great Church"? That is the secret of the future. But I cannot, I think, do better than wish for the Greek Church a successful continuance of the mission carried on through so many centuries.

Yes, we must wish for the Greek Church that, faithful to her long and glorious part, she may pursue with success, but also with wisdom, reasonableness and tact, the peaceful struggle that she has so long

[1] Th. Gautier, *Constantinople*, pp. 275-6.

sustained for the cause of Hellenism. We can, we must wish that the Greek Church, conscious of her rights, conscious also of her duties and respectful of the rights of others, may reach at last the goal she has always set before her—I mean the equitable acknowledgment by all of the just rights of Hellenism.

CHARLES DIEHL.

III

HELLENISM IN TURKISH ASIA

THERE is a widespread error which confounds the Greek Kingdom, whose boundaries have been traced in such precarious fashion by treaties luckily subject to revision, with Hellenism in general, that is to say, with the whole of the Greek race. I will not be rash enough to formulate myself a definition of the Greek nation; I will borrow one from one of the most illustrious statesmen of modern Greece, an eminent diplomatist, who joined to an intellect of infinite delicacy the strength of a heart ever ready to second it. I find in the correspondence of Count Capo d'Istria, who was in some ways the earliest promoter of the modern Hellenic movement, the following passage:

"The Greek nation is composed of those who, since the conquest of Constantinople, have not ceased to profess the Orthodox religion, to speak the language of their fathers and to obey the temporal or spiritual jurisdiction of their Church, no matter the part of Turkey they may inhabit."

That is dated the 16th of October 1827, and is taken from a letter addressed to Mr Wilmott Horton.

Were it necessary to show by other documents to what extent this definition of the Greek nation has been always held, since those heroic times, by the men who have had the honour of speaking in the name of

Hellenism, I would refer to a circumstance the memory of which is very dear to the Greeks—I mean the solemn act by which the Ionian Islands were, in 1863, reunited to the Kingdom of Greece. The Parliament of the Ionian Islands, in the terms of the decree of 1863, thus expresses itself:

"The islands of Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, Saint-Maura, Cerigo and Paxos, with all their dependencies, are united to the Kingdom of Greece, to form for ever an inseparable portion of it in one and indivisible state, under the constitutional rule of His Majesty, George I., king of the Greeks, and of his successors."

And as if this assembly feared, at first, that the provisional satisfaction accorded to it might be considered a sufficient concession to its Hellenic aspirations, the same Parliament, in its reply to the message of the High Commissioner who represented, on this occasion, the Protecting Powers, added:

"May Christian Europe, appreciating the services that the Greek nation has rendered and is yet called to render to humanity, complete the work so generously begun by aiding in the complete and definite reconstitution of that nation, in the interests of civilisation and for the full accomplishment of the designs of the Almighty."

Here then we have the spectacle of a nation which has hardly begun to recover consciousness of its own individuality stating its indelible rights, describing its claims on the future and demanding its complete and definite rehabilitation. It is not for us to say if it can expect to see its hopes realised at a very near date, but we can associate ourselves with the national desire

expressed, with such deep feeling, by the representatives of the Parliament of the Ionian Islands.

That day, the 16th of October 1863, was the occasion for a joy of which I have been privileged to hear the echoes in the conversation of old men, eye-witnesses of it. On that day the guns of the fort at Corfu resounded, and the national anthem was sung in the island which was at last given back to the motherland; that day all hearts were joyful; in the gladness of music, colour and perfume all hearts opened to an infinite hope; but on the eve of that never-to-be-forgotten day the souls of Greek patriots were especially touched when, beneath the first stars of advancing night, were seen on the opposite coast the bonfires lit by the mountaineers of Acarnania. Then they understood, by that distant signal, that Greece in chains was answering Greece free and taking her part in the unconquerable hope.

For there are two Greeces: one has reconquered her independence, the other hopes to reconquer it one day. These two Greeces, Greece liberated and Greece in durance, are but one. It is necessary, however, to establish a distinction between them, and this the Greeks do by an expression which I have often heard from their lips or seen in their writings: Interior Greece and Exterior Greece—ἡ ἔσω, ἡ ἔξω Ἑλλάς.

In what way and by what effort these two Greeces seek to accomplish their reunion history would show us, had we the leisure, in the short time at our disposal, to travel through all the stages of that long road towards liberty which, with many a painful halt, has been one of the most frightful, most tragic of Calvaries.

But what is especially admirable to note in the documents which have come down to us from remote times, and which bear witness to the antiquity of those claims that have, at present, official representatives, is this: that the men who formulate these hopes never falter for an instant. At the moment when the horizon seems darkest, when it appears that these hopes must surely prove chimerical, it is at that particular moment that they set forth with a glorious naïveté all the splendour of their national aspirations. For example, I find in the writings of a little-known Greek geographer named Meletios, who wrote in 1728, this sentence so touching by its combination of humility and of invincible confidence in the future:

"Hellas, that name formerly great and glorious, now humble and miserable, is called Greece by Europeans and Roumelia by the Turks and other nations. In its widest sense it includes Epirus, Acarnania, Attica, the Peloponnesus, Thessaly, Ætolia, Macedonia, Thrace, the Greek islands of the Ionian and the Ægean Seas and all Asia Minor."

Had the statesmen of 1728 had the leisure to think of these things, of which they were immeasurably ignorant, they would have smiled perhaps at the naïveté of the good Meletios. What they did not know, what they could not know, was all the force which lies in the unconquerable hope of a people who will not die.

All politicians, even those who should have been the best informed, were deceived as to the past, the present and the future of Greece. This Asia Minor to which Meletios alludes, and which is the special

subject of our discourse to-day, was hardly known; it was so distant! It was divided from Europe, not only by differences of language and religion and by all sorts of misconceptions, but still more by pirate-ridden seas which it was perilous to cross. One of our most remarkable ambassadors at Constantinople, a correspondent of Racine's, the Count de Guilleragues, scarcely attempted a description of this country of Asia Minor when he wrote to Racine, from the French Embassy at Pera, on June 9th 1684, these extraordinary lines:

" The Scamander and the Simoïs are dry ten months out of the twelve; their beds are simple ditches. The Hebrus is a fourth-class river. The twenty-two kingdoms of Anatolia can never have furnished half the men mentioned by ancient historians. . . . The land is nearly everywhere stony, dry and riverless."

He adds this remark:

" Modern Greek is a language as corrupt and miserable as ancient Greek has become."

That is all that could be said about the Greece of that day by the celebrated correspondent of Racine, that poet whom we may consider as one of the greatest men of our country and as one of the most illustrious French disciples of ancient Hellenism! Not one of them, not one of these men, could imagine that one day Hellenism would again flourish, that it was already reflourishing in that land of Asia Minor where Greek wisdom had said its first word by the mouth of Thales, where philosophy had blossomed in the genius of Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, where so many sculptors, painters, orators and musicians had enchanted the

ancient world. No, they did not know, they did not care to know, and, curious to note, at the very moment when M. de Guilleragues wrote the astonishing lines which I have just quoted, one of those numerous *evergets*, or benefactors, that Hellenism has never been without, was founding at Trebizond colleges destined to revive, in those lands which seemed at the time everlastingly doomed to barbarism, the national, the Hellenic sentiment, whose claims were to find elsewhere interpreters so eloquent and defenders so efficient.

M. de Guilleragues did not care to know, or could not know, what was going on. Had he looked a little more closely around him, had he listened to the conversations of the common people in the outskirts of Pera or Galata, had he even talked more with the dragomans of his own embassy, perhaps he might have foreseen what would be said some years later by one of the modern historians of the Ottoman Empire, by Demetrius Cantemir, prince of Moldavia. Here we have not a Greek; the historian of the Ottoman Empire whom I am quoting has no direct interest in defending the Greek cause. Yet this is what he says:

"I will beg the reader not to look on modern Greece, as do most Christians, with an air of disdain. Far from being a home of barbarism, we may affirm that, during this last century, she has produced geniuses comparable to her ancient sages, and without going farther back than our own days three patriarchs, one of Constantinople and two of Jerusalem, have attained a great reputation, as a just reward of their merits." This passage was penned in 1730. But it was not until the end of the eighteenth century that Europe began to

observe, to know and to understand better what was passing in the Hellenic portions of the Ottoman Empire. The tragic veil which hid the Eastern drama was raised here and there, and I feel great pleasure in showing you that at the dawn of the French Revolution, to which is refused all character of generous initiative, we see a French official envoy in the Levant giving his testimony in favour of the Greeks in a very instructive report. This Frenchman was sent, in 1792, especially to Chios, but he also went through all the Ottoman Empire, to Egypt, and finally to Persia. He took six years to complete the mission entrusted to him by the First Republic, and this is what he writes at one stage of his journey, from the island of Chios, on the very threshold of Asia Minor:

"The Greek here is honest, a good citizen, courageous, hard-working, witty, educated and rich. . . . The inhabitants of Chios are distinguished by a strong propensity for business, a lively taste for art, a spirit of enterprise; their turn of mind is cheerful, amusing, epigrammatic."

And at this point the author of these lines, who prides himself somewhat on his psychology, enlivens the solemnity of his official report by mentioning an especially amusing trait in the character of the people of Chios:

"They have," he says, "a kind of gaiety which has given rise to the following proverb (on which I am unable to throw any special light): 'A green horse and a sensible Chiot are equally rare.'"

The author of the report resumes immediately a more serious tone; he seems to be under the apprehen-

sion that he has shot an epigram at his new friends, and he hastens to withdraw anything that may seem unfavourable in his judgment by the following reservations:

"However true this proverb may be in its widest sense in respect to some of the inhabitants of Chios, a great number of them know how to unite the most circumspect prudence to the liveliest and most amiable gaiety. No other town in the Levant offers so large a sum of learning; no other contains so many men exempt from prejudice, full of good sense and judgment."

It was thus that the citizen Olivier expressed himself; he was astonished to find in the countries to which his government had sent him, instead of the barbarism which had been foretold to him, a state of civilisation, not simply renascent, but one that seemed to have been always flourishing in places so long abandoned by an ungrateful and forgetful Europe. About the same time there were at Cydonia, on the coast of Asia Minor, very prosperous schools. This little town of 15,000 inhabitants was able to maintain most adequate establishments for public instruction. On this point we have the evidence of a celebrated Philhellene, M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot, who has written some very instructive pages on the scholastic organisation of Cydonia. But of that organisation I will say no more at the present moment, for we shall have later on an opportunity of considering more closely these schools of Asia Minor which uphold so bravely the standard of Hellenic claims in that part of the Levant.

Nearer our own day, in 1850, I find, from the pen

of an historian who weighed very judiciously and very delicately all the words of his speeches and writings, the following passage:

"We must follow the example of the Chiots themselves and consider the Turks as non-existent in the island. Chios is a Greek state, with its own government, laws, finance and policy."

These lines are signed Fustel de Coulanges; he wrote them in 1850 in the island of Chios, where he had been sent by the French Government as a member of the French School at Athens. And the mention of this school will allow me to make a natural transition from a period which we can only know by written testimony, and know it very imperfectly, to another period which we can judge with our own eyes, a period in which Hellenism in Asia Minor appears before us clear and precise, thanks to the foundation of the French School at Athens.

The foundation of that school was one of the results of that French Philhellenism which showed itself in literature, in art, in politics, in so many different ways.

The French School at Athens, founded by royal decree in 1846, has enabled a certain number of Frenchmen to be sent to Greece during their youth, before they had yet formed too many prejudices or disillusions. With their fresh young eyes, newly opened to life, they have in that country seen sights so beautiful, so consoling, that they have never forgotten them; and they, like myself, are fully conscious of the combined sweetness and admiration which make up the memory awakened in our hearts by our travels in

Asia Minor amongst our friends the Greeks of Turkey in Asia.

I hasten to add that we were not sent there to busy ourselves with politics, not even with politics in a theoretical and generous spirit; we were sent to do our best to discover ancient inscriptions and statues. But, whilst we performed our duty with all possible conscientiousness, nothing prevented us from noticing what there was around the inscriptions, from turning our eyes to the scene which framed them in and the people who peopled that scene—from seeing, by direct experience, by every-day conversation, by a kind of intimate penetration into the very soul of Hellenism, the complexity and the beauty of the effort by which these Greeks of Asia Minor, surrounded on all sides by barbarism, still find a way of remaining themselves, of not renouncing their soul in a land no longer their own, and of showing every day how true is the fine saying of a former director of the school at Athens, M. Albert Dumond, that to whatever place on earth a Greek may emigrate, his heart, at least, never leaves his native land. We journeyed from stage to stage, seeking hospitality each night at the villages found on the road, and though by no means ungrateful to our hosts of other nationalities, we keep, however, an especially tender memory of our Greek hosts, those good people of the little Asiatic hamlets—the hospitable grocer, the warm-hearted *bakal*, who loved to stand at the door of his shop; the fluent lawyer, who loved to talk of Paris and of the Latin Quarter; the learned doctor, who had not forgotten the dancing-rooms and the *cafés* of the Boulevard St Michel—a recollection of

past gaieties which did not prevent him from pursuing his studies and the practice of his profession with the greatest conscientiousness. Nor must we forget the schoolmaster, the village pope, and other yet more important personages; all these are eminently representative and will permit us to study presently every stage of Greek society in its Asiatic *milieu*. We will now visit Asia Minor in the company of some young Athenians, who, have started from Nicea with the intention of penetrating towards Bithynia and Galata.

Here we have one of the gates of Nicea, and you see two horsemen about to set forth along the paved road in search of inscriptions and impressions. You get an idea of the aspect of these towns. Each of them consists of an amalgamation of every age, in which classical marbles are mingled pell-mell with other ruins of obscure origin; altogether a most picturesque effect, a very lively recollection of which remains in one's mind.

The second picture shows you another gate of Nicea; the inscriptions are still visible. The third exhibits a mosque of the same town; a glance at it will give you an idea of the incessant contrasts furnished by a journey across Asia Minor, where so many races and religions rub elbows, presenting a phenomenon unique in history.

Next we have a Roman bridge at Aesani, over a river called the Rindakos. And here is the temple of the Æsanitic Zeus. It is most impressive to discover thus, amidst the mosques and tombs, the ruins still standing of this ancient vestige of Hellenism; mute witnesses to a splendour that is past, to ruin heaped on ruin, to luxury, battles and mourning.

It is not very ancient; it belongs to the period of Augustus, that is, to a time when Hellenism was extremely flourishing in Asia Minor, when schools of eloquence, art and science prospered in the land. Another picture represents the theatre of Aesani. We have before us a landscape such as is often met with on the roads of Asia Minor; a theatre deserted and overgrown with grass. Its stones have been stolen by all nomads who have gone by and who have needed something with which to build their fire; or again the villagers of the neighbourhood have taken them to make kerbs for their wells. And thus we have the spectacle of antiquity destroyed tap by tap, less through malice and wanton love of destruction than through carelessness and necessity; for these people, unable to procure the material they needed by their own efforts, took it from the temples and the theatres of their civilised predecessors.

Next we have a characteristic view of a Turkish village, almost a township; its name is Kutahiah. At one end of it stands a *castro*, as they call it, that is, an ancient stronghold. In the distance are tiers upon tiers of Turkish houses with their wooden galleries and, I might say—without wishing to attach too great a significance to the external aspect of things—their ephemeral appearance. The landscape is extremely picturesque and curious in its realism. If we took it into our heads to search amongst the houses we should find odd corners and bazaars such as M. Loti, for instance, might dream of; perchance it is there, beneath those roofs and behind those lattices, that dwell the disenchanted ones of whom he writes.

Now we see some Phrygian tombs. One is an anonymous tomb; the other was the tomb of Midas.

Here we have the town of Sidi-el-Ghazi in Phrygia. It is surmounted by a large building, a *tekké*, or Turkish convent. Beneath its domes dervishes are trained; I know not whether they are dancing or howling dervishes, but let them dance, or let them howl, they have little interest for us. Half-way up the hill is an official building, the palace of the *moutessarif*, or governor of Sidi-el-Ghazi—a functionary reigning over districts whose boundaries are none too well defined.

We enter into the Dervish monastery. This passage is precisely the one which leads to the tomb of the hero and saint in whose honour the convent was built, Sidi-el-Ghazi, which means, I believe, "Victorious Lord." There are other monasteries in the holy town of Sidi-el-Ghazi. Here, for example, is the *tekké* of the Bektachis.

Nothing was more curious from the point of view of daily impressions, than to plunge into these lands, each so different from the others, and where one felt so far from occidental civilisation. For a young imagination, at the age of twenty-five, it was a delicious intoxication. Very often the Athenians sat down under the trees and, like Alphonse Daudet's sub-prefect, discovered themselves writing verses, some of which have been published. Then they would start again on the path which led to Hadriani. The characteristic feature of this view is the skull, part of the skeleton of an ox. It is usual to find such amulets hung by the inhabitants on the trees and bushes along

the road to drive away evil spirits. Beside the ox-skull we find the extremely picturesque *zaptié* of our escort; there are, in fact, two *zaptiés*.

The mentality of these mercenaries is simple enough. Nearly always they are honest fellows, who, once in your pay, have a sort of canine fidelity to you; only sometimes, through excess of zeal, their hand is somewhat heavy, and if one did not stop them in time they would willingly use those savage-looking weapons they have in their hands. They are not, properly speaking, gendarmes of the Turkish Government; they are horsemen of the Imperial Régie of Ottoman tobaccos. Sometimes when we had difficulties with the administration and could not obtain *zaptiés* from the local government, the Régie, through one of its *nazirs*, for whom we had letters of introduction, gave us an escort of some of these picturesque personages. I remember one day seeing one of these fellows beating with might and main a miserable peasant, who had, as he averred, refused to point out the road. He was much amazed when I intervened and arrested the hail of blows that were falling on the poor wretch. For in those countries the right of the strongest seems to be the best right of all. When I said to the *zaptié*, "If you have to complain of this man go to the next town; there you will find a representative of the Government, and to him you can make your complaint," he answered, "It is not worth while; in the open country, with a good rifle, *we* are the Government."

Next follows a simple view in a valley. We have given it a place in our series in order to show you that very often one finds landscapes which have nothing

particularly foreign about them, and which sometimes awaken in the traveller's mind memories of home. From time to time one might imagine oneself in the south of France, but at a turning of the road you suddenly see a mosque, or the cupolas of a *tekké* rise before you, and the journey with its varied impressions begins once more.

Here again is another view of the Rindakos valley, which shows us how fertile these regions would be if they were cultivated; if man was not discouraged from ploughing the soil by the extraordinary administration to which he is subject. I recollect contemplating one day the sterility of a poor peasant's field which was lying fallow. I asked the Turkish peasant why he did not cultivate his land. He answered, "What is the good of cultivating? If I had any crop at all, a tax-gatherer would come and take the lot."

Now you see the interior of a house inhabited by a rich Turk. It is the *konak* of Achmet Bey. Here takes place the evening meeting; you swallow coffee in little gulps, you exchange, very slowly, remarks which have nearly always a philosophic turn. I should be sorry not to acknowledge the cordial treatment that both my comrades and myself received, in chance encounters, from persons like Achmet Bey. Men of his class often were so kind that one truly regretted being separated from them by so many differences of religion, race and culture, which make one feel, in spite of the greatest sympathy for individuals, that there is a gulf between them and us.

Here we see some natives of the country, little

Turkish children grouped against the wall, close to the sloping roof of a house. In the evening people often go on to the roofs of the houses to enjoy the cool. As you observe, the buildings are poor and neglected. They do not give an impression of stability and of a definite establishment.

Next we see a Turkish hospice, an *imaret*, and here we have the town of Istanos. Each day's march now is bringing us nearer to Angora, the ancient Ancyra, where M. Delbet and M. Perrot discovered the celebrated testament of Augustus. We are now in the track of some of the most illustrious travellers of the French School at Athens, and of the most eminent masters of contemporary archæology.

We are now in the town of Angora. And now at the Augusteum of Ancyra, the very temple in which the testament of Augustus was discovered.

We have now completed the series of views which I wished to offer for your contemplation. After having passed in review these landscapes, ruins and groups of people, you have got a good idea of the general aspect of Asia Minor. In doing that we have followed the roads of Bithynia. In the same way I might have led you to Ephesus or Cappadocia, and we should have seen everywhere the same sights: the vision of a land where humanity itself seems sometimes to be in ruins, a land where one feels that terrible scenes have been acted, frightful storms have passed, sowing on their path sorrow, horror and desolation. There are, in the history of Asia Minor, chasms into which the most clear-sighted of historians can throw no light; in that story there are gaps of darkest night, whole periods which,

in the powerful phrase of the German historian, are without history (*geschichtlos*). That is the most terrible word from historian's pen that I have ever met with.

How, in the midst of these upheavals, amidst this systematic destruction of their antiquities and of their houses, face to face with this ceaseless attack on their religion and nationality, how have the Greeks managed to survive? It is that which astonishes all travellers who venture on the roads of Asia, and which excites their admiration.

I promised you just now to examine, rank by rank, and as closely as time will allow us, this Greek society in Asia which has contrived, by a kind of miracle of endurance and tenacity, to maintain its position in its old home, laid waste with so much method. Let us begin at the bottom of the ladder, with that personage so often chanted in Romaic songs, and celebrated by many of our novelists and story-writers, the little grocer of whom I spoke just now, not " the grocer of Montrouge," but him of Pera or of Galata. He has come to this place, this division of Europe, in order to make a fortune, great or small, with which, on his return home, he will try to advance the national idea. I wish I could fill the gap in our series of pictures and show you on the threshold of his shop the little *bakal* of Asia Minor, our almost daily host. In general his hair is somewhat bristly, for the comb is not accustomed to pass too often through that scrubby and rebellious wig of his. He is always bare-headed, stoically braving the inclemency of the weather. He abounds in proverbs. He is full of philosophy, and, striking

feature in the midst of those desolate landscapes, he is always gay. It is curious, indeed, the gaiety of all this population, from the little *bakal* up to its most eminent representative, such as the priest or schoolmaster of the village. But to return to the *bakal*. He, poor fellow, generally leaves his native town of Asia Minor, be it Adalia, Adana, Trebizond, Broussa, Diarbekir, Cæsarea or Cappadocia, very young—about the age of twenty or twenty-one—and goes to seek fortune in the business quarters of Pera or Galata. Before sending him to the capital of the Ottoman Empire, to the ancient imperial town of Byzantium, his parents take the precaution of marrying him, so that he may not go astray in a city where so many opportunities for evil present themselves. All this reminds me, for at bottom these little familiar details are often full of poetry, of one of the most delightful elegies of your poet, Sully-Prudhomme. He brings before us people who, like the subject of our description, are leaving their native land to seek fortune elsewhere, and as he shows us in the harbour the vessel which is to carry afar these poor emigrants, he says:

> "And as from port the vessel sails
> Forth on the outward track,
> The soul of all she leaves behind
> Seemeth to draw her back."

Our little grocer of Pera or of Galata feels that in the depths of his Asiatic home there is a young wife and a child who will soon begin to babble his native tongue. And however humble may be his business, however small the profits, he feels that he is amassing day by

day a little hoard to carry to his distant home and use for the advance of the national cause of which he considers himself an outpost, a workman naturally bound to take his part in the inevitable task. The little tradesman, this small shopkeeper, wishes to be in his way an *evergetes*, a benefactor of his nation, and should he be asked some day for money, perhaps to found a school in the town he lives in, perhaps to contribute to the splendour of the Athens University, you may be sure that the collector will not go away empty-handed.

How many stories might one draw from the daily life of these poor provincials, these captives of Hellenism, who feel that far, very far from them, in a newborn kingdom, in a state which is the very pivot of Hellenism, there are being founded establishments from which shall shine forth the idea of which they themselves are the humble representatives. I recall an anecdote told by M. Albert Dumont. M. Albert Dumont was one day paying a visit to the bishop of one of the dioceses of Greece *irredenta*, of the Greece that still suffers in servitude. Whilst he was talking with the bishop an old countrywoman asked permission to come in. With the simplicity which characterises great personages in the East, the bishop ordered at once the old woman to be shown in. She entered and said to the bishop: "Listen, I will tell you why I have come. I am a poor old woman and I can neither read nor write; it appears, however, that it is useful to know certain things, and that it is to the interest of our nation that they should be known. I had a son, but he is dead; consequently all that I possess has now no value of any sort for me.

I have a cow and some sheep; suppose I give them to you? You will sell them and give the proceeds to the governing body of the University of Athens."

The narrator of this story says that he could not keep back his tears at the sight. And I think that he must be very hard of heart indeed who would not be touched by such zeal for learning from people who, though poor, humble and unlettered themselves, have yet a feeling of the bond which unites the liberty of their nation to the general progress of the human mind.

It is, then, by their religion and by their schools that the Greeks of Asia Minor, deprived of other means of action, seek to free themselves, little by little and century by century. As regards the *rôle* of the Church in this progressive liberation of a whole nation, I will add nothing after the study, so lucid and instructive, which my friend, M. Charles Diehl, gave us the other day. Let me simply sum up in a word what their Church and religion are for many Greeks—a homely word said to me one day by one of my Athenian friends, who in everyday life gave one rather the impression of a free-thinker, but who never allowed himself the smallest jest at the expense of the ministers of his religion, not even of those little village popes on whom, as you know, the rough wit of the common people sometimes exercises itself in good-humoured banter. One day this Parisian-Athenian, for although he is a Greek he is often in Paris, said to me, " Yes, I have infinite respect for the religion in which I was born and in which I hope to die. I have that infinite respect for it because it has aided to preserve the national idea

through centuries of mourning and anguish; it has preserved and purified the Greek nation." And then he tried to make me understand, by an illustration borrowed from seafaring life—that life to which the Greeks are so well accustomed—what he had in his mind. You will find no want of respect in this remark made to me in a *café* at Athens, in very familiar fashion, by my friend. "The fact is," he said, "the Greek people has been preserved by its religion just as a fish is preserved in salt."

By the side of these ministers of the Greek religion—of the bishops of the dioceses of Asia Minor, and of the village popes who, in the absence of a schoolmaster, take their share with praiseworthy zeal in the instruction of the little children and teach them the alphabet of their native tongue—we must place the schoolmaster properly so called, the teacher, the *didaskalos*. Many of these come, I believe, from that scholastic hierarchy of Cæsarea, half-lay, half-ecclesiastic, which is the nursery whence are supplied many cities of the East both with ministers of religion and with lay teachers. I have often talked with schoolmasters in Asia Minor; I have nearly always found them, not only deeply imbued with national sentiment, but also remarkably well educated. They interested me greatly, they knew many things, not simply from books, but also from direct experience, from reflection and meditation. As to their origin, nearly all of them came from an admirable institution which has developed and is becoming more and more prosperous at Smyrna. It is called the Evangelical School, and it is an establishment whose museum and whose magnificent library

I have had the pleasure of visiting. It is, as Elisée Reclus so admirably put it, a veritable home of civilisation and intellectual propaganda on the threshold of Asia.

M. Diehl quoted the other day a little homely song which the little scholars of Asia Minor sing, or used formerly to sing, as they went to school:

"Bright little moon, light up my way, that I may go to school and there learn my letters and knowledge of all the things that God has made."

Don't you think there is something pathetic, even tragic, in the spectacle of those little children going to school by moonlight, going at night, learning by stealth; for during long centuries it was impossible for them in many places to frequent school openly in the daytime?

I recall a city of Asia Minor where I was once profoundly touched. I mean the town of Isbarta. I was talking one day with an old schoolmaster of the place; his name was Carantonis. This excellent old man said to me, "Come and visit my class to-morrow; you will see there a sight that is by no means ordinary." I went.

Meanwhile I had talked with the people of the place and had been astonished to find myself unable to understand them. They were—it is a thing that at first seems almost revolting—they were Greeks who spoke Turkish! One of them, colouring with shame at having to express himself in a language not his own, and one which he had no reason to love, said to me, "It is not our fault; a terrible thing took place in former times

in our country: a whole generation of men and women had their tongues cut out so that they might not hand down their native language to their children. And so we can no longer speak Greek; it is frightful; it is a great grief for us, and we blush for shame before strangers."

It was just after this conversation that I paid my visit to the school where Carantonis was master. I saw in his class grey-bearded pupils, poor old men, fathers and grandfathers, who came to school to learn, with their grand-children, the alphabet of their mother tongue!—a spectacle truly worthy of admiration and one from which we may augur well of these worthy people who hold so fast, who cling so desperately, to the language of their ancestors, knowing, as one of our own poets has said, that when a people enchained preserves its native tongue it is as if it preserved the key of its prison.

You saw just now, amidst the mosques and the wooden buildings of the Turkish villages, those ruins of Hellenic antiquity which, in spite of the deplorable state in which they present themselves to our sight, still preserve enough beauty to excite the admiration of the passing traveller. Well, in Asia Minor, the Greeks, even the most ignorant of them, and *a fortiori* those who are educated, know what interest they have in safeguarding, in rescuing, in conserving these riches of ancient Hellenism, on which their most sacred rights and their most legitimate hopes are founded. Nearly everywhere, in all the towns of any importance, and still more at Smyrna, at Trebizond, at Nicea, there are associations (*syllogoi*) busied in research for antiquities,

or in the protection of these monuments which are exposed to acts of vandalism. At Smyrna there is a very interesting museum, and in many other places there have been established similar institutions, forming the delight of travellers. In those museums you find numerous objects of art saved from the inevitable destruction which threatened them.

Independently of these societies existing for the rescue of the monuments of the past, I have had several times occasion to observe in private individuals, kind enough to honour me with a friendship which, unhappily, owing to the shortness of my stay, was but ephemeral, a feeling of admiration for the things of antiquity which merits that I should, in passing, notice some of its features. I cannot help recalling, for instance, a figure which a very natural gratitude for cordial hospitality brings before my eyes at this moment as plainly as if the person of whom I am thinking was present here with us. I was in a Turkish town, whose name is Aïdin Guzel Hissar. My guide there was a charming man, an inhabitant of the country, of distinguished manners and most amiable; he seemed to have plenty of leisure, thanks to the temperance and simplicity of life which one often meets with in those lands. His name was Michael Pappaconstantinou. I had for him a letter from M. Aristide Foutier, whom everyone connected with the Evangelical School knows well. This introduction won for me the good offices of M. Pappaconstantinou, or rather of Mikalaki, as I used to call him familiarly after our first meeting. But Mikalaki was both gentle and terrible at once. The town of Aïdin is situated

on a rather rocky tableland, and to mount the hill in the hot hours of the afternoon is somewhat painful. There are to be found the ruins of ancient Tralles, with its marvellous arcades, and pieces of its walls still standing; all that served as a background for the existence of my friend, Mikalaki. He was obliged to live in the town of Aïdin, to walk through its bazaars, to buy things for his daily wants from the native merchants, but once Mikalaki had made his indispensable purchases in the town he lived in a dream; the Turkish town disappeared for him; he became once more a citizen of Tralles, and when, seduced by love of local colour, I proposed to go with him into some little Turkish *café*, to sit under a plane tree and look upon turbans, pipes, yataghans and pistols studded with gold nails, he would turn my eyes away from all these things and say mercilessly, whatever might be the heat of the sun, "Come, let us be off to Tralles" (λοιπόν, πᾶμε εἰς τὰς Τράλλεις). And, once on the plateau of Tralles, he spared me neither bas-relief nor inscription, no, not even a pebble. Every stone was sacred in his eyes. And, in truth, he was right to consider them so; for, after all, these ruins were the title-deeds of the nobility of his race. I seem to hear him even now . . . Once when I wished to point out to him a cupola, a minaret, a Mussulman tomb of some sort or other, he almost fell out with me. "Well, what is that? The remains of barbarism!" (λείψανα τῆς βαρβαριᾶς) he exclaimed.

My friend Mikalaki is legion in Asia Minor. They are numerous, those who, like him, try to find relief from the nightmare of the actual in the contemplation

of the ideal, and who work amidst the marbles of antiquity for the new birth of Hellenism. I should like to bring my talk to a close by giving you one more impression of my travels.

I remember being one day among the ruins of Aphrodisias in Caria, on a rampart of the town; in those ramparts the ancient work is side by side with clods of earth, suggesting the last desperate resistance to the final assault. Nothing is more ruinous, more broken, more rent in pieces than this once charming and attractive town of Aphrodisias. It seems as if hordes and hordes have swarmed over these marbles, tearing down the statues, overthrowing the columns, and leaving nothing standing except a few huts of shepherds or some shanties hastily put together by the surrounding husbandmen. Yet there are still some gates almost intact; one perceives the curve of paved roads, and one follows it in the vague hope of coming presently on some vision of civilisation. Well, in what seemed like the last entrenchment constructed by the last defenders of the town, I found a poor Byzantine inscription, naïve enough, in truth, and denoting a peculiar state of mind, but, nevertheless, interesting as the last expression of the faith of the poor people of that day in the power of the Invisible. It read as follows: " He who throws earth on this wall shall bear the curse of the Holy Fathers as an enemy of God." Who was the poor man who, with unsteady hand and shaky orthography, wrote on the last wall of one of the last living cities of Asia Minor that supreme anathema against the invaders? History will never know. Yet certainly the poor fellow who

thus expressed the last protest, and who, perchance, died on the spot immediately after, that poor fellow knew that all was not lost, that all was not in vain, because on that day might had overridden right. That poor man had confidence in invisible powers; he was a worthy representative of all those communities, of all those Greek Christian societies of Asia Minor which, though surrounded on every side by the invader, will not own themselves conquered. Their endurance wins for them a double claim: a claim to the intervention of the French League for the Rights of Hellenism, and a claim to the admiration of all those who can appreciate tenacity in the midst of misery and hope indomitable in the midst of misfortune.

As for the eloquent lesson to be drawn from this excursion into lands at once charming and desolate, it is a lesson that pledges us to a yet closer attachment to these remains of antiquity which, despite centuries of barbarism, form solid links between centuries of civilisation.

But the final and most essential lesson of all is one directly addressed to all peoples, whatever may be their nationality, which groan beneath a foreign yoke. From the spectacle of these Greeks of Asia Minor, unconquerably attached to their hopes, they may learn that right cannot be violated definitely and for ever, that the future belongs to those who do not forfeit their past.

My conclusion then is: that by their stubborness, by their attachment, continued from age to age, to their language, their religion, their traditions, their

customs and their title-deeds of nobility, the Greeks of Asia Minor, the Greeks who represent Hellenism in those lands that barbarism occupies, have deserved well not only of their country but also of humanity.

GASTON DESCHAMPS.

IV

PICTURESQUE GREECE—THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE

THERE are few men who, possessing a soul, have seen Greece without being struck by the lightning "of an eternal love in a moment conceived." And as the knight-errant of old sang the praises of his lady and the confession of his ethereal passion to all comers, so do the lovers of Greece delight in extolling their idol to the world. The sentiment sometimes oversteps the limits of mere literary enthusiasm and reaches the very depths of the heart.

Let me confide to you a little homely scene; the confession will not seem out of place in this society of avowed Philhellenes.

One October evening, twenty years ago, the table was none too gay in the little dining-room of the French School at Athens. Of the six young men gathered round the frugal board, one was to start for France on the morrow after a stay of four years in Greece. The frank comradeship of a free and adventurous life always rendered these partings painful. The young men, however, hid their emotion and managed to put a good face on the matter, hypocritically exchanging remarks on the pleasures of official life in a French prefecture. But suddenly, by the irresistible strength of sincerity, their masks fell. The "Athenian" who

was going away was the first to burst forth: "No, after all," he said, "I prefer to own that my heart is torn at leaving this country! I feel that it has taken entire possession of me! My departure is not simply the end of youth's dazzling dream; it is a physical wrench!" And then his friends, who had at first begun to hum ironically the celebrated air, "*Partir, c'est mourir un peu*," understood that departure was rather more like death than the poet says; they understood this grief which it would one day be their turn to feel, and their eyes filled with tears at the thought of the fate which tore this young Frenchman from Greece and exiled him to France!

What was the powerful spell which had enchanted souls so thoroughly French as these and which rivalled their homesickness for fair France? It was none other than the beauty of Greece, felt and contemplated during several years without weariness and without faltering. What are the charms that compose this beauty? We may examine them without fear of diminishing their force by analysis, for comprehension is still the surest means of arriving at a proper sensation.

First of all, the beauty of the land of Greece is original and without equivalent in any other land. It is not the beauty of Provence, nor that of Italy, nor that of the other Mediterranean countries. It is, doubtless, suggested, prepared, and roughly foreshadowed on our Côte d'Azur, in the mountains of Corsica, in the bay of Naples, in the neighbourhood of Etna. But there it is not complete. You must cross the Adriatic to see it shine forth in all its splendour.

It is a new vision which seizes on you as you approach Corfu and penetrate into the Gulf of Corinth. There you enter the true domain of Greek beauty—in that region for which geologists have invented the fine name of the "Ægeid," a region whose mythological name evokes a fabulous country of dream and unreality. It is, however, perfectly real, for its splendour is composed of brightness and relief. The beauty of the Greek coast has been best understood and best described, not by a man of letters nor by a poet, but by a German geologist, M. Philippson. I borrow from him a page where I find, instead of a superficial and personal impression, never quite trustworthy, a truly enlightening analysis, strong with that power of conviction which the gift of close observation sometimes imparts to a scientific imagination. For the grandeur of Nature is heightened still more, as Lucretius says, by a comprehension of the causes at work.

"In the Ægeid," says this German *savant*, "the characteristic feature is an extreme richness of articulation, the union, in close neighbourhood, of a baffling multiplicity of geographical forms and phenomena of every sort. Lofty Alpine masses are pierced by sheltered gulfs; little bays, where a southern vegetation exhibits all its luxuriance, are shut in by desert slopes or overlooked by crests crowned with firs. There is hardly a high point of view in Greece from which you cannot see, in some direction or other, the glitter of the sea; and in no part of the Ægean do you lose sight of the culminating summits of the coast or of the isles. This contact of boldly rugged mountains with creeks of deep blue water, this juxtaposition of the

strongest contrasts of waste and cultivation, the profile, the shadow of a rock visible from a surprising distance and hardly masked by thin vegetation—all this gives to the Ægean region the original beauty of its landscapes, a beauty which no other part of the Mediterranean world can equal."

There you have the splendid exterior of the Ægeid, full of colour. If we penetrate into the interior, the originality of construction is not less astonishing. Imagine a draught-board of valleys, like amphitheatres in form, each encircled by a chain of mountains. They are all formed on the same plan, but each has its own physiognomy: it is variety in unity, and one's first impression is that of order and of precision. Each of these little countries can be seized immediately by one glance round. Our eyes and our imagination are not accustomed to landscapes so clearly defined. In France we can scarcely gain an exact idea of the *ensemble* of one of our provinces, except on the map. We only take in the details; our artists often speak of a " corner of Brittany," of " a corner of Normandy," which has enchanted them; but they cannot see in their entirety the whole of Normandy, the whole of Brittany. In Greece, on the contrary, each region forms in the mind a complete image. I, who address you, can see clearly from here, like so many panoramas bounded by tangible horizons, Attica, Thessaly, Bœotia, Argolis, Laconia, Messenia and hollow Arcadia. All these landscapes, although they are distinguished by features peculiar to each, present the same complete structure, the same harmonious combination of plain and mountain.

If we examine this arrangement in detail, this is what we find: A plain from which spring up a few isolated, rocky knolls, and round it mountainous masses, layer above layer, waving, rising and falling in flexible lines so clearly drawn that the eye can follow all their sinuosities without ever losing its way and without conveying the least impression of confusion. The rocks stand out freely; you pass abruptly from plain to mountain. The modelling of the rock is nearly always vigorous, its contour pure and bold, its outline precisely marked; the masses stand out from the plain as sharply detached as are the wings on the stage of a theatre. The lines are never vague, never lost or hidden. There is nothing mediocre, limp, common, ordinary. On the other hand, there is nothing out of proportion, nothing exceeding the compass of the eye, nothing but what can be perceived clearly and distinctly and compared, to use a technical term, with the human scale.

The original feature, then, of these Greek landscapes is a harmonious and firm plasticity. Each object is frankly either plain or mountain. The intermediate, undecided slopes, tumultuous and confused, neither plain nor mountain; those earthy oceans in which the eye loses itself on a multitude of minor and accidental features—like our Vendean woods or the plateaux of Artois—are rare in Greece. Just try to form in your imagination a precise image of the country around Paris; you will only recall details, corners: a loop of the Seine at the foot of the hills of Saint-Cloud or the terrace of Saint-Germain; the *ensemble* remains confused and indiscernible; plastic harmony is wanting

here; you seize nothing but the diffuse harmony of a shrouded atmosphere.

In Greece the eye never loses the thread of the scenery. Each chain of mountains has its guide-marks. They are the isolated peaks, rounded into finely-chiselled domes, which stand out serenely against the blue sky. They tower above the Greek landscapes; they are, as it were, the terminal gods of each country. You see them afar, bright, transparent and crystalline. They resemble each other like the sisters of whom Ovid tells us; they all have a family likeness and yet each one is an individual figure. When you have seen them, you recognise them, you classify them in your memory. I see them before me now in a circle, lifting their ethereal chorus in the splendour of the air: they form the glorious diadem of Greece, its jewels sparkling in the luminous gauze of the empyrean: Olympus, Oeta, Parnassus, Helicon, Cyllene, Taygetus and others beside; they all are there, ever serene, accessible, majestic and graceful. They draw the eye and raise it upward without inspiring the terror of the infinite; their presence interests and reassures; you attribute to them intentions of curiosity or of protection; you imagine that they are there to look at you; you begin to imagine dialogues between them and you recite those pretty lines of the Romaic complaint:

"Olympus and Ossa, the two mountains, are quarrelling. Olympus, turning his head, says to Ossa: 'Do not speak ill to me, Ossa, you rascal, trod under foot by the Turks! For I am old Olympus, celebrated throughout the whole world; I have forty-two peaks and sixty springs, on each summit a banner and beneath each branch a klepht!'"

Now spread over all this relief that Greek light which lets nothing be lost, which makes the masses shine again, which searches out and shows up the detail; that vibrating light, living, palpable, and, as it were, material in its transparency. See how it penetrates into the hollow of the rocks, into the crevices, into the deeps of the sea, how it makes each gulf the mirror of the atmosphere, and you will have an idea of the magic of this scenery. You will not find any heavy, dead shadows opposing their impenetrable blackness in harsh contradiction to the brightness of the lighter portions. The shade is always impregnated with light; it is a vapour lightly tinted with blue, where the eye seeks and finds a haven of rest and mystery in the midst of the flaming ether.

And then, on this natural architecture, in this dazzling light, place with delicate hand the finest and most softly blended of colours. In that land the colour does not burst forth in bright and glaring patches, it is not localised as with us in little sharp tonalities, of which the intensity is rendered yet sharper by the unprecise greyishness of a soft sky; in our Western lands the natural setting is vague, flaky, velvety; beneath the vaporous veil a green meadow, a red roof, a shadowy wood stand out crudely. But there the colour is always diffuse; the intense light deadens and extinguishes, by absorption, all that would clash and, at the same time, gives warmth to neutral masses. The white patches of churches and houses alone harmonise with the tonalities of the whole. And this colour is shed and distributed by the blue of the sky; the blue radiation, meeting grey or tawny rocks, de-

composes into bluish mauve or violet reflections. An exchange of complementary tones is continuously taking place between the atmosphere and the screen of distant mountains; the rock acts as a prism, and so we get flat, broken tones, as of water-colour, fresco or pastel.

In the evening, at the hour when the blood of the dying sun commences to flow, the blue of the sky grows softer. Suddenly a red glow falls on the crests or on the great grey flanks of the mountains and colours them with lilac. It is the fugitive enchanted hour when Hymettus is tinted in mauve, when the peaks seem as amethysts on the mountain's brow, when the changing magic of colour gives varying nuances to the scene painted by the divine artist.

That artist is the sun. His brush animates and diversifies a background wonderfully chosen for the effects which I am attempting to describe: the admirable limestone rock of which Greece is composed. It is a rock which breaks up naturally into vigorous outlines, forming walls for decoration which seem erected especially to serve as screens for the luminous projections of Apollo.

Now, if you wish to understand at a glance the organism of the land of Greece, to grasp all its contrasts and contemplate at one view all its beauties, climb up one of these towering summits which are, as the ancients used to say, the " navels of the world." Let us ascend Parnassus. This summit, albeit Boileau declares it inaccessible to the rash author, is not so for the modern tourist if his efforts are seconded by a good mule and a vigorous muleteer or *agoyate*, careless, both one and the

other, of the difficulties of rhyme. Thanks to them, there you are! like a modern Apollo, floating in the empyrean at a height of more than eight thousand feet. Beneath you is spread a sight fit to charm the loneliness of a god.

First, you have the circular flash of the sea, whence emerge distant archipelagos adjoining the land of Asia; on the horizon rises the grey mass of Athos. The Greeks profess even to perceive Constantinople and the white dome of Saint-Sophia, but M. Foucart suspects that it is coveteousness which gives them such good eyes. The sea is furrowed by the breeze and by the *caïques* which leave behind them visible ripples; you catch sight of it again at your feet, pushing its way into the land, present on every side, glittering like a lake amidst the mountains. Then you have the white towns on the coast, dozing in the depths of the over-heated inlets. That is the Greece of the sailors, of the *karavia*[1] and the *scalais*.[2]

Nearer to you, on a higher level, are the hollow plains, the vast brownish steppe of the Copaïs and the delicate undulations of Attica; that is rustic Greece, the Greece of the vineyards, of the cotton, tobacco and maize fields with its big yellow-brown villages built of earth. Higher still is the chaos of ravines hid in shade, whence floats, dry and clear, the clanging of the goat-bells and the surly barking of the dogs. That is pastoral Greece, the home of the shepherds, of the scrub, of the *phrygana*,[3] of poor pasture. Lastly, a stage higher, at the very base of the Olympian pedestal which upholds your ephemeral divinity, is the mysterious silence of the

[1] Sailing vessels. [2] Landing-stages. [3] Mountain scrub.

great forests whence eternal springs draw their nourishment. By long circuitous ways the slender threads of icy water descend and distribute freshness and life to the labyrinth of ravines and valleys, running between a double fringe of mastic and tamarind trees.

From the top of these peaks, these observatories of Greek life, you can perceive the harmony of its organism in action, the rhythm of its functions and the solidarity which unites the mountain to the plain and the plain to the sea. The mountain gives life to the valley by its fountains and its torrents; the valley furnishes the life of the harbour; by means of the gulf, prolongation of the valley, the activity of the harbour spreads abroad to the capes and to the islands which mark out the sea routes and to the farthest coasts of the eastern and the western world. And the contemplation of this panorama sums itself up in a double impression of harmony: a plastic harmony of form and colour, and the active harmony of a living organism.

This beauty, which Greece owes to Nature, makes too, by the perfect harmony of the landscape with the works of man, the fascination of her ruins. It is a trite, yet ever true, saying that Greek art is the product of the Greek soil. Between them there is a pre-established harmony through the identity of material, the agreement of lines and proportions, the logic of arrangement. A Greek acropolis, with its rustic dressing in native stone, takes root naturally on its rocky base. The stone-work and the rock are so well matched that the eye cannot always distinguish the one from the other. A glance at the Madeleine or at the Exchange is enough to convince one of the miserable effect of

pseudo-Greek architecture transplanted to our climate. In such buildings the mind, undoubtedly, delights in theoretic qualities of lineal order good for all time and for all countries, but the imagination suffers at seeing the dream wax pale and wan and its glory finish in sadness. The harmonious geometry of the Propylæa and of the Parthenon, the airy flight of the colonnades of Ægina and Sunium need at their base pedestals fashioned by the demiurgi of the acropolis and of the promontories of Attica.

But there are in Greece other ruins than those of antiquity. There are also Byzantine churches and convents, the *kastra*, or strongholds of the Franks, Venetians and Turks. These constructions are not the least picturesque, but they are not daughters of the land; they are *metoeci* planted there by ephemeral conquests. The Greek soil does not recognise in them the simple, robust beauty of her children. But the sun of Hellas, amorous of unity, has made them Greek, generously draping their haughty misery in the same golden patina as that which covers her autochthonous marbles. And, last of all, over all this scene, over these jewels of Nature and of Art, let the light spirit of antiquity hover; and with it the mystic and turbulent spirit of the Middle Ages, and the uneasy soul of modern centuries; people these landscapes with all the memories of the civilisations which have saturated with history this soil beloved of men and of gods. You do not visit Greece as you visit Switzerland or Norway, with corporal eyes alone. You must have, too, the eyes of the spirit open upon a past which is omnipresent and of which the witnesses rise up before you at every step. The poet Lucan

tells us that, when Cæsar was visiting the Troad, his guide said to him, "Pause, traveller, you tread upon a hero's dust!" That sentence the *agoyates* of Greece, were they Lucans, might repeat to us at every turn of the road. It is that idea that Pausanias, ancestor of Guides, repeats as a refrain. There is no mount, nor vale, plain, brook, spring, grotto, rock, cape nor bay on which hangs not some memory, mythological or historical, which the poets, historians or guides like Pausanias have not marked for immortality. It is the privilege of the Greek race that its heroic exploits and its familiar concerns alike stand out on the background of general history in such vigorous relief: doubtless because the Greeks have struggled for ideas and sentiments common to all humanity. And thus the substance of this little land is, as it were, spirit transformed into matter; the rich memories of the past are there translated for us into general ideas for all time. The battle-fields of Thermopylæ, of Marathon, of Chæronea, of Mantinea symbolise the struggle for the defence of civilisation and liberty. The valleys of Athens and Sparta breathe forth quivering lessons of patriotism. The rocks, fountains and ravines are haunted by the presence of gods, the liberators, the educators of humanity—Athena, Apollo, Demeter, the Muses, all personifications of the lofty dignity of thought.

The more recent past reminds us, as Frenchmen, of episodes in our national history at which we have no reason to blush. The strongholds of Villehardouin, of Saint-Omer, of De la Roche, do not recall a hurtful or oppressive conquest. The Frankish princes founded

more than they destroyed. They have not disfigured Greece, nor have they played the tyrant over her people; according to the Greek rhymster of the *Chronicle of the Morea*, whose partiality is not so strong as to impair his veracity, they were more loyal and more just than the administrators of Byzantium in its decay. And then, beyond the more painful recollections of domination by Venetian or Turk, the story of the War of Greek Independence brings us down to modern times. Greece is built in such a way that whenever she wishes to defend her territory the same exploits are repeated on the same spots. The bones of the *armatols* sleep in the same cemeteries as those of the *hoplites* of old. At a few steps' distance from Thermopylæ, Diakos and the bishop of Salona died defending the bridge of Almanna with 700 Palikars against 4000 Turks. At a few hours from Chæronea is the poor *Khani*, or inn, of Gravia, where Odysseus with 180 men made a stand against 3000 Turks. Near Mantinea is Valtetsi, where Mavromikhalis and Kolokotronis, with a thousand men, put to rout the 6000 Turks of Mustapha Bey and Kiamil Bey. Popular prints have spread abroad a naïve symbol of this unity between the heroism of yore and the heroism of modern times by depicting the *armatols* in classical helmets adorned with crests ample enough to rouse to jealousy the shades of Leonides and Epaminondas. Solomos, too, has sung of this unity in the lofty verse of the Greek national anthem: "Risen again from the sacred bones of the Hellenes, hail! liberty, hail!"

In Greece, from all time, bravery has known how to accomplish great things with the smallest of means,

and it is to our honour that we can claim our share in the glory of these exploits. Wherever a generous cause has demanded victims, there France is sure to find her children. It was an admirable thought of the liberal government of Louis-Philippe to join to the 1400 men of General Maison's expedition a scientific mission of picked scholars such as Bovy de Saint-Vincent, Puillon-Boblaye and Abel Blouet. These men, by drawing up an inventory of the artistic treasures of Greece, were to make amends to European humanism for the long period of waiting to which the seizure of classical lands by barbaric hands had condemned it. I have never been able to see without emotion the engravings in the splendid atlas of the Morean Commission. In several of the pictures the artist has put into the landscape a squad of French grenadiers commanded by a corporal. You see them tightly strapped in their white buff belts, crowned with the tall shako, rifle on shoulder, climbing with light step the hard path of anonymous and disinterested glory. You guess how happy they were, those brave privates, to participate in a beneficent work in which the altruistic character of their country was proved by the collaboration of her soldiers and her scholars. If the traveller can to-day find his way amidst the labyrinth of the mountains of Greece, he owes it to the admirable map of the Morean Expedition. For a country, a good map is its first certificate of civilisation. In handing hers to liberated Greece, France has done one of her noblest deeds.

I have tried to sketch for you the general features of which the beauty of Greece is composed. I will now try to make you acquainted with the inhabitants. It

is not here, in this League formed to defend the actual rights of contemporary Hellenism, that we shall feel tempted to give all our attention to an exclusive contemplation of the physical and historical glories of Greece.

The Greeks of 1820 won back their native land. Let us see what aptitude has been shown by their descendants in another task: the moral and material organisation of the reconquered country.

Edmond About, in his *Memoir on the Island of Ægina*, wrote this sentence: "Of all the ruins of Greece the Greek people is not the least interesting." Of this flashy formula the first part is no longer true. The Greek people has ceased to be a ruin; it is a live, a very live, being. It aspires to personal activity; it would suffer were it to be for ever crushed beneath the glory of its ancestors. Since the time of Edmond About a marvellous metamorphosis has taken place in the country. The Greek nation has recreated itself. It is now a personality. The land of Greece has found its unity. It is a rational organism.

In this work of restoration the lion's share falls to Athens, at first the historical capital and then, by an evolution consistent with its traditional *rôle*, the economic capital of the kingdom. From the moment that Athens decided to become the brain of the new body politic life *had* to come back to it. Since the days of the Venetians and the Turks Greece had no longer any brain, heart or arteries left to her. Her circulation had stopped. A little life remained in the extremities only and in the periphery. The great places of Greece then were Arta, Corinth, Lepanto, Patras, Navarino, Coron,

Modon, Monemvasia, Nauplia, Chalcis. Ports of call for the Venetian fleets, they drew from Venice a life skin deep, independent of the internal organism. To-day nearly all of them are nothing but picturesque townlets. Thanks to the roads and railways which unite Athens to the provinces, the rural capitals have awakened, and have exchanged their barren torpor for a fruitful activity. Instead of mere places of refuge, valueless except as positions easy to defend, each province now has an economic centre necessary for the collection and first commercial handling of its products. Agrinion in Ætolia, Larissa and Karditza in Thessaly, Lamia in Pthiotis, Livadia and Thebes in Bœotia, Argos in Argolis, Tripolis in Arcadia, Sparta in Laconia, Meligala in Messenia, Pyrgos in Elis have supplanted Angelo - Kastro, Velestino, Pharsalus, Boudonitza, Dimitsana, Karytæna, Mistra, Khlemontsi and all the other retreats for oppression created by the conquerors, or against oppression by the natives. The new provincial capitals are the regular markets, the agricultural depots and already, too, the manufactories and workshops of the richest regions. Thence commodities descend to the district ports—Missolonghi, Volo, Stylida, Chalcis, Nauplia, Gytheion, Kalamata, Kyllene, Patras—whence the coast-traders convey them to the general depot of the Piræus ; the latter, in its turn, distributing them to foreign parts. Thus the national play of economic forces sets in motion that double solidarity which we saw concretely before us just now; the physical solidarity of the various districts, the social solidarity of their populations, shepherds, cultivators, sailors. On the collaboration of these

three classes depends the national prosperity. All three contain excellent material, but they have not grasped in equal measure their respective parts in the common task.

The maritime class deserves the greatest praise. The modern Ulysses have been the first to advance along new tracks, with a sagacity, a wealth of resource and a spirit of enterprise which, in the last fifteen years, have given to the young Greek merchant marine a prodigious impetus. Perhaps speculation has increased the trading fleet somewhat beyond the needs of the situation.

On the quays of the smallest ports rival companies contend with one another for travellers and merchandise; it is doubtful whether the traffic of so small a country is sufficient to assure a very long life to them all. Yet how can one deny that so startling a development of the merchant marine is an index to a general revival? Is it not because the country produces more that the means of transport have thus multiplied?

Let us wish good luck to these little vessels with glorious names, valiant ministers of national prosperity! They are indeed the image of the Greece of to-day, where a modest reality sails under the flag of past glory; they are the image of Greece, indefatigable and alert, consoling herself for her poverty by her activity, transporting and re-transporting, with the zeal of a busy ant, the light burden of her riches. Good luck to the flotilla of "Themistocleses," "Salamises," "Miaoulises" and "Bouboulinas"! Let us forgive them some terrible recollections as tourists! In the world of steam navigation the Greek *bambori* is a

thing apart, a local product of Greece, like the *alogo* (horse) and the *hamaxa* (carriage); that is to say, a deformation of a noble type to which want of care and excess of toil seem to impart an air of premature decay. But in this case appearances are deceptive: the trio, *bambori*, *alogo*, *hamaxa*, though it makes no show, is admirably adapted to conditions of work which would prove fatal to more pretentious organisms. Poor *bambori!* how many are the faults for which delicate tourists find it difficult to forgive her! First of all, her lack of looks and the somewhat rough hospitality of her hold and deck (to say nothing of her berths). She makes the mistake of welcoming miscellaneous cargoes of sour-smelling barrels, sticky goat-skin bottles, pitchy cans and superabundantly-populated bedding. Then she is never there when you expect her: sometimes she makes you pass the night in the cold blast of the quays, watching for her arrival; sometimes she goes by the port of call without deigning to stop; sometimes she takes it into her head to arrive and start again before her due time. The caprices of this fantastic creature teach the traveller philosophy: he who has cultivated the *bambori* knows resignation and can be astonished at nothing.

And yet, such as she is, what a precious servant of Hellenism! Her placid screw, notched by contact with the reefs, carries civilisation, life and hope to rocks of the Ægean Polynesia forgotten on the maps of Europe. The petulant Greeks who live there, excited with salt air and sweet, heavy wine, would not accept their banishment were it not for the weekly visit of the national steamer. Directly her trail of smoke rises on

the horizon there is immense sensation on the shores of Ithaca, Myconos, Anaphi or Skyros. With suppressed eagerness they all watch from afar her patient struggle against the Vorias.[1] Here she is at last in the tiny creek, anchored in the midst of an amphitheatre of little white houses and windmills, which the small arms of the quays hold in a loving embrace. First of all she has to undergo the effusions of joy caused by her arrival. A tumultuous swarm of boats assail her, enveloping her with cries and gesticulations. The *bambori* unpacks her presents, ever the same; an old woman, her head wrapped up in a black napkin, flanked by ancestral luggage; a pope, escorted by a red trunk adorned with transfers which give it the appearance of an iconostasis; a gendarme and his gun; three or four lawyers and doctors, their pockets bulging with newspapers. And whilst the winches in grating haste raise and let fall eternal barrels and afflicted sheep, the eyes of the entire island devour the faithful messenger who assures to them, once a week or twice a month, half an hour's contact with the world and one pulse-beat. And that is how the Hellenic sentiment, modestly retailed from isle to isle by hawk-eyed Ulysses, threads its way through the labyrinth of the Archipelago, carries from the liberated shore to the shore still *irredenta* a breath of life, and from the Piræus to Constantinople, from Volo to Cyprus, unites all hearts in the cult of the *ethnos*.

The same endurance, serving the same need of change of scene, is also the salient feature of the character of the peasants. They too are afflicted with

[1] North wind (Boreas).

the travelling disease: on foot, on horseback, on mule-back, the Thessalian, the Bœotian, the Arcadian is ever up hill and down dale. Indefatigable and temperate, a piece of cheese, a draught of water or a cup of resinous wine suffices him for a whole day's march. Under the futile pretext of carrying to market a handful of olives he will not hesitate to do his twenty miles. Now he pushes his knotty *alogo* or his crafty mule up mountain slopes as steep as ladders; now he gallops sideways on his wooden pack-saddle, careless of rocks and reckless of bushes. Perhaps his taste for the road does little good to the work in the fields; for that he has no liking. If agriculture in Greece disposed of as many arms as it does legs it would be in a more flourishing condition. But the traveller appreciates the sociable and sinewy *agoyates*, an admirable class of men from whom are drawn the *evzones*[1] of Greece—soldiers with legs like steel.

I will beg our Greek friends to allow me to treat less kindly their compatriots of the mountain. I think I have a right to do so for I have, if I may so put it, kept an unfriendly tooth for those ferocious dogs of whom, like the swineherd Eumæus, the shepherds of to-day recruit their guard of honour. Behold these Arcadian herdsmen afar, on the rock from whence they watch their goats and sheep, leaning on their long crooks, as still as statues. They are, no doubt, with their tanned skin, their scarf wound round their rebellious locks, their short tunic smelling of rennet, their goat-skin cap, their brawny legs encased in woollen gaiters, an extremely bucolic people: they have helped me to

[1] Foot guards in national costume.

understand Theocritus and the shepherds of the tragedians. But the thanks that the Greek scholar owes them the philhellene is obliged to withhold. For they have also made me understand the denudation of modern Greece; of this they and their goats are especially guilty. These people are a plague: unless they are kept in order they will make of Greece a bone on which there will be nothing left to eat neither for sheep, goats nor men.

Amongst these three classes of the working population the national sentiment is equally strong. But if they are to display usefully their maximum of energy in the development of the national property, the last remains of the spirit of clan and of that particularism which is so prejudicial to social solidarity must disappear. This task belongs to the cultivated classes, which themselves need to be instructed in the true interests of the community. Local politics, the fetichism of what are called the liberal professions, a passion for officialism, these are crying evils which do harm to the commonwealth. Education is too literary, not practical enough, too theoretical and professional. It is not indispensable, even in Greece, for everyone to learn to read Homer and Thucydides. That should be reserved for an intellectual *elite*. Like all modern countries, Greece needs well-trained farmers, business men and manufacturers rather than lawyers and doctors. The ill-taught peasant abandons too easily the land which dies before being invited to produce. Δέν μᾶς τρέφει ὁ τόπος, "the land will not feed us," is a phrase that serves as an excuse for an excessive emigration which will soon become a cause of exhaus-

tion.[1] It belongs to the University of Athens to counteract, by solid, economic teaching, the dilettantism which still sterilises the remarkable qualities of the Greek race. With his endurance, sobriety, frugality, activity and spirit of initiative, the Greek could turn to better profit the resources of his soil. But for that the University must disseminate amongst all classes of the *bourgeoisie* and of the people a general knowledge of the methods of rational agriculture and of the general interests of the country.

Among the qualities of the Greek people there is one for which all travellers in Greece, and Frenchmen in particular, keep a tender memory: I mean their hospitality, that virtue of ancient times and simple peoples. Merchants, doctors, schoolmasters, superiors of convents, humble village priests, peasants, rich or poor, they all place, with perfect disinterestedness, their house, their cottage, their time at the disposal of the passing guest. One and all they entertain him according to their means; here it is with a lamb *à la pallikar*,[2] there with a piece of white cheese or a loaf of maize bread. The guest is a subject of pride for his possessor; he rarely seems to be considered as a burden. But, in return for the kind treatment showered upon him, he has a duty: that of satisfying the curiosity of his hosts. In long talks the political map of Europe is changed and changed again a hundred times. The

[1] As in ancient times, so now, it is Arcadia which furnishes the strongest contingents of emigrants. There was a decrease of 4768 inhabitants since 1896, according to the census of 1907, and, disheartening fact, in Thessaly, the newest and richest province of the kingdom; there was a decrease of 5459 since 1896 in the district of Trikkala.

[2] Lamb roasted whole on a spit over a wood fire.

great Powers are matched one against another; secrets on steerable balloons and submarines are divulged. There is hardly need to remind you here that the name of France is honoured in that country as that of a faithful friend: the compatriots of Gambetta have a right to the title of brothers, of *adelphoi*. The excursions in Greece organised by the *Revue Générale des Sciences* were the occasion for a succession of triumphal ovations. And these manifestations of sympathy thus lavished on a few passing Frenchmen were addressed to France as a whole. The French public may accept them in all confidence; their impersonality—sole manner of assuring the arrival of these marks of appreciation at their proper address—authorises, nay, demands this. Time forces me to limit the number of my examples; but even a few instances will enable you to judge of Greek friendship, to understand the deep emotion that the recollection of certain scenes awakens in us. Greek hospitality has, when it wishes to celebrate a sincere friendship, a most delicate invention. With an innate sense of proportion, without any pretence to dazzling magnificence, without affectation or vulgarity of any sort, it touches by its cordiality and it charms by the grace of its simplicity. Let us not forget that our Franco-Hellenic feasts took place under the regard of the gods: from the majesty of the landscape and from the association of ancient memories there breathes forth, as it were, an unconscious ceremonial spirit which, without constraint and without solemnity, excludes vulgarity from popular effusions.

I shall never forget, for example, our glorious arrival at Ithaca in 1902. In a tearing squall, under a lashing

rain, our boat, the *Niger*, slowly found its way into the narrow entry which it filled with its mass. Before it had stopped, at the bottom of the harbour in which Ulysses was so discreetly deposited by the Phæacians, an immense acclamation burst forth from the circular quay. In spite of the rain, so feared by the people of the south, there, beneath the downpour, an enthusiastic populace surged. At the same time, from all the white campaniles swarming on the hills, peals of bells set up a deafening chorus, enough to silence the harsh northern wind; while under the cypress trees of the cemetery, as if to force the dead to join in the manifestations of the living, the cannon began to boom. Our arrival had imparted a frenzied vibration to the soul of the little city. Instinctively Ithaca welcomed in us not simply the philhellenism of our nation, but also the spirit of devotion which drew us to the land of Ulysses. At that epoch a learned German was seeking to dispossess Ithaca of its traditional titles to nobility, I mean to rob the little island of its sole wealth, the treasure of legend left to it by the genius of the immortal bard. Our visit proved to the anxious islanders that we, at any rate, were patriotic Ithacans. When we climbed to the Nymph's Grotto our visit was interpreted as an act of faith. For even were erudition incontestably right, yet her judgment will never prevail against the tenacious illusion of centuries, illusion which has become the moral framework of this little people and the justification of its existence. Never will modern Ithaca tamely accept to be a nameless, inglorious rock, from whence Ulysses, Penelope and Telemachus have been expelled. This need of glory

must surely be a sign of vitality in the Greek soul. How many nations are there which still consider even their legendary past as a condition of their present life and believe that, were they despoiled of it, they would die?

A few days later we climbed up to the ruins of Messene. In Indian file the two hundred tourists, ladies as well as men, perched on horses and mules, clambered cautiously along the narrow cornice of path which hangs around the flanks of Mount Eva. On the right dizzy slopes fall down towards the Messenian plain; on the left appalling crests overhang the column; before us Ithome's pyramid, grey and somewhat sinister, conjures up before the imagination reminiscences of the desperate resistance of Aristomenes and of the human sacrifices offered to Ithomian Zeus. A silence great and ever greater descends on the climbers as the equilibrium of our mounts appears more precarious. Suddenly, from a rock above our heads, springs forth a flash. A terrible crash reverberates in the deep ravines and dies away in distant growls on the flanks of Taygetus and the mountains of Arcadia. Then follow other detonations, implacable; a cataclysm seems to shake the mountain. Our column is bewildered, fearing that Ithomian Zeus is about to unloose all his thunders. Luckily our beasts, the *aloga*, the " senseless " by definition, remain calm: here and there ears are pricking, hoofs are slipping, sending pebbles rattling down the precipices. But it is a false alarm: it becomes clear that this friendly thunder will claim no victims. It is a mountain battery which, perched on the summits, announces thus, by

its salvoes, the welcome of the Messenian people. Somewhat agitated, we reach the pass, whence the eye looks down on to the vast basin of Messenia. There all is made clear. The Messenian authorities, ambushed on the ruins of the Laconian Gate, stop us at the entry of the ancient town. A crowd clad in fustanellas, or kilts, greets us with cheers. They address us with speeches in French and in Greek. We reply in a Greek that, at least, means well; the names of Aristomenes and Aristodemus fraternise with those of Vercingetorix and Gambetta; we associate the memories of two great peoples who would not die. These retrospective glances at the heroism of the past are mutually understood; the *entente* is completed at Mavromati, near the fount which juts forth from Ithome, beneath the kindly streamers of the triumphal arches and amidst hecatombs of lambs *à la pallikar*.

The reception that Thessaly gave us had an ampleness worthy of a province surrounded by Pelion, Ossa, Olympus, Pindus and Othrys. At every station, at each halt, there were tables covered with rural dainties, figs, bunches of grapes worthy of Canaan; melons, local brandy, mastic, raki, khalva,[1] loukoums,[2] pastry, coffee, Pharsalian tobacco; speeches, brass bands, choral societies, hurrahs, rockets and salvoes from blunderbusses. At Volo, champagne offered by the municipality; at Trikkala gastronomic and oratorical symposia; similar banquets at Karditza, Kalabaka and Larissa; and let us not forget Sophadès, kind-hearted Sophadès which called attention to itself by standing across the line to greet us. Vast Thessaly

[1] Soft sugared paste. [2] Turkish delight.

let us know by a thousand mouths that she is happy and grateful to belong to Greece; she counts on us to assure the same happiness to Macedonia.

But you must hear what was our reception at Pelion. So exquisitely fresh, so original, so idyllic in its grace. We drove in carriages from Volo to Portaria, along the flanks of the Iolkos Akropolis, the fatherland of Jason. Each time that a turn in the road brought us near to a ravine we heard shrill little childish voices, supported by the deep voice of a magister, wafting to us from the depths of the vale the notes of the *Marseillaise*. As untireable as a chorus of birds, the shrill voices pursued us for more than an hour, up to the entry of Portaria, where a double line of smart *evzones* awaited us.

At Miliaes the feast was of a Theocritian character. Miliaes is a delicious village, crouching in a fold of Pelion, in the midst of a little Mediterranean Switzerland, where olive plantations alternate with orchards of apricots, mulberries and walnuts. You reach this Eden by a delightful railway; the locomotive gallops like a young Centaur beneath the forest trees, springs across rugged glens and stops at clearings whence the eye may perceive the Pagasætic Gulf glittering in the sun. At the station of Miliaes awaited us the old *demarchos*, or mayor, dignified and kindly like Nestor, but less loquacious. With these grave Magnetes of Pelion, the smiling face, the frank and cordial goodnature, the courteous gestures supply the place of idle discourse. The brass band preceded us to a little open space, circular and paved with flagstones; on one side it was lined with *cafés*, the other formed a belvedere

whence one had a view of the gulf. An ancient plane tree, in the middle, entirely covered it with its shade; a stone bench encircled the enormous trunk; another bench followed the curve of the parapet. A charming rustic agora, home of freshness and peace, propitious to discussion tempered by contemplation. All around us was the murmur of running water: it came from the springs of Pelion, which trickle unrestrained from top to bottom of the village; they run as far as the agora, and then, like frolicsome maids, dash off on this side and on that, leaping down little streets as steep as flights of steps. There they sat us down at little tables and regaled us, in silent profusion, with coffee, cognac, loukoums and cold water. As zealous as Homeric servitors, slim youths with bare legs passed round tiny trays. If glasses ran short, the groups shared the same cup. All the youngsters of the village, hidden in the foliage, chattered above our heads, like the scoffing grasshoppers whose prattling mocked the drowsy idlers under the plane trees of Ilissus.

When the guests had quenched their thirst, visited the church with its smoky paintings, the school and its old library, they went down again to the station, charmingly saluted on their way by the maidens of the village, who decked them with sweet-smelling basil. The engine whistled to announce the departure; the travellers rushed to the doors to exchange farewells, and then came the final surprise. At a signal from the *demarchos* a band of fellows burst forth like Lapithæ and rushed into the carriages, bearing on their shoulders high baskets. From these they poured out nuts; they offered them to us by handfuls, they stuffed our

pockets, our hats, the ladies' handbags, they made paper bags out of our newspapers and filled them, and still the deep baskets were far from exhausted. Then amid hearty laughter they turned them upside down. A hail of nuts filled the racks; cascades of nuts covered our knees, the seats, the floor; nuts rolled down the steps of the carriages and on to the rails. It was impossible to move without crushing nuts in heaps. Our only resource was flight, otherwise the kindly giant, Pelion, in his good humour would have buried us under the outpourings of his cornucopia.

When our tourists were once more back at home, desirous of thanking such hearty friends by sending them some souvenirs of France, they hit upon the idea of despatching to their town halls, schools and clubs some engravings, books and school material. Amongst the party there had been M. Roujon, Director of the Fine Art School, and M. Bayet, the then Director of Elementary Education. They were good enough to place at our disposal, the former, some handsome portraits of Gambetta, Pasteur, etc.; the latter, some maps, pictures, etc. I was entrusted with the dispatch of these presents and with the necessary correspondence. With what affectionate gratitude our gifts were received the following letters, amongst many others, will testify. First, here is an extract from the letter of the *demarchos* of Kalabaka (Thessaly), announcing the arrival of the parcels:

" It is with the greatest joy that we have exhibited this masterpiece in the rooms of the demarchy of Kalabaka, and it was touching to see men, women and

children on the 25th of March, the day of the Greek national celebration, crowd to see this souvenir of travellers whose visit will never be forgotten."

Here is, next, a letter from the *hegoumenos*, or abbot, of the convent of Hagios Stephanos. He had sacrificed five or six lambs in our honour, and wished us to carry them away in our luggage. We had sent him a fine portrait of Pasteur. He thanked us in these terms:

"May God preserve France and her dear children.

"KALABAKA, *15th June* 1904.

"MY DEAR SON GUSTAVE,—"

(I read you the text in its affectionate, evangelical simplicity. I will own, ladies, without vanity, that I am Gustave.)

"I have the honour of informing you of the safe arrival of the portrait of the illustrious savant, Louis Pasteur, engraved by Desmoulins, which the French philhellene travellers have been pleased to send to our monastery as a souvenir of their never-to-be-forgotten visit, and I hasten to convey to you my most sincere thanks.

"This portrait is already installed in the reception-room of our monastery, and it is there exhibited in a handsome frame, so as to witness to the unchangeable bonds of friendship and sympathy which unite our two countries. On the day after the reception of your honoured letter a *Te Deum* was sung in our chapel, at which my brethren and myself offered prayers to God for the greatness and prosperity of France."

It is the first time, I confess, that a letter of mine has had as a consequence the celebration of a *Te Deum*, This shows you that the name of France is honoured, not only in the large towns where cultivated minds have brought back, as a result of their studies in Paris, the cult of French ideas, but also in the humblest vil-

lages, even on the solitary rocks of the Thessalian Thebaid—on those Meteora where one would imagine that care for the things of this world could scarcely climb.

So it is but just that you should make the acquaintance of these good people, see them in their homes and at their work, put their friendship to the proof, so that you may hear this sentiment expressed not simply from the lips of the poet:

"Come rest, dear guest, sent by the gods above;
Drink deep the streaming milk and let thine eyes
From my poor rustic cabin's threshold rove
Across the rich Thessalian plain that lies
From high Tymphrestus' snows to where
Olympus' summits rise."

Ladies and gentlemen, you now know Greece and the Greek people. You can judge why we love them and ask you to love them. But our sympathy for both land and people leads us to form hopes which are contradictory. On the one hand, we hope for the full development of the Greek nation in the paths and by the means of the most modern civilisation. On the other hand, we adjure Hellas not to change her style of beauty.

The keen wit of the Greeks will be able to find a solution for this problem. The Hellenes will know how to combine progress with respect for tradition, and to conciliate the interests of the Hellenism of to-day with those of the Hellenism of antiquity. With a little good will and vigilance, the crimes of lese-beauty, of which progress is too often guilty, can be avoided; it is possible to assure the protection of monuments

and ruins, and that of the most interesting sites, to arrest the reckless destruction of forests, to direct with intelligence the work of reafforestation, to prevent the disfigurement of Athens by the megalomania of builders. In short, the Greeks must and will make of their old country a new country, safeguarding the while the archives of a past from which we draw our own titles of intellectual nobility, and that museum of beauty which the thinking portion of mankind will always need for the idealisation of its sensations and the refinement of its reason.

GUSTAVE FOUGÈRES.

APPENDIX

THE POPULATION OF THE KINGDOM OF GREECE

According to the census taken in November 1907, the Hellenic Kingdom counts to-day 2,631,952 inhabitants against 2,433,806 in 1896, which shows an increase of 198,146. It is important to remark at once that the increase would have been greater still were it not for the absence of about 150,000 Greeks domiciled at present in America, but who will return to Greece when they have earned a competence.[1]

In order to enable the reader to follow the growth of population since the rehabilitation of this small corner of Hellenic land, I give below the results of the successive censuses from 1834 to 1907, which bear witness to the vitality and activity of the Hellenic race as well as to the ever-increasing prosperity of the kingdom.

Date	Population	Difference
1834	651,233	—
1835	674,185	22,952
1836	750,077	76,892
1837	819,969	68,892
1838	833,611	13,642
1839	839,236	5,625
1840	856,470	17,234
1841	861,009	4,539
1843	915,059	67,054
1844 , ...	930,295	15,236
1845	960,236	29,941
1848	986,731	26,495

[1] They send each year to Greece nearly £1,200,000, the greater portion of which sum is invested by their families in land and national stock.

Date	Population	Difference
1853	1,042,527	55,795
1856	1,062,627	20,100
1861	1,096,810	34,183
1870	1,457,894	361,084
1879	1,679,470	221,576
1889	2,187,208	507,738
1896	2,433,806	246,598
1907	2,631,952	198,146

The town of Athens, which in 1870 counted 44,510 inhabitants, contains to-day 167,479. And the town of the Piræus has jumped from 10,693 in 1870 to 73,579 in 1907.

Two remarks are necessary to explain the extraordinary increase of population noted in 1870 and 1889. The census of 1870 includes the population of the Ionian Isles annexed to Greece in 1864, with 228,631 inhabitants, and that of 1889 includes the population of Thessaly and of the district of Arta with 293,993 inhabitants. But the kingdom of Greece is far from including all the Hellenes of whom more than 5,000,000 are still under the Ottoman yoke. In Epirus, in Macedonia[1] and in Thrace, three provinces of European Turkey recognised by Lord Salisbury at the Congress of Berlin as being essentially Greek,[2] in Asia Minor,[3] in Crete, Cyprus, Samos, in the Ottoman Archipelago (Rhodes, Mitylene, Chios, Lemnos, etc.),[4] without counting the flourishing Greek colonies in Egypt, which have some 150,000 Hellenes[5] and

[1] *See* the lecture of M. Paillarès.

[2] The Marquis of Salisbury said that there are *Greek provinces* not within the limits of the kingdom of Greece, but to which England desired that the Congress would also give its attention.

In the French scheme Epirus and Thessaly are alone mentioned; His Excellency's amendment, on the contrary, allows of the inclusion in these deliberations of the provinces of Macedonia, Thrace and Crete. (Congress of Berlin Meeting of 19th June 1878; Yellow Book, p. 85.)

[3] *See* the lecture of M. Gaston Deschamps.

[4] Official statistics attribute a Christian (Greek) population to the Ottoman Archipelago of 296,800. *Statesman's Year Book*, 1907, p. 1527.

[5] *See* the lecture of M. Ed. Théry.

those which still inhabit Eastern Roumelia.[1] Let me remind the reader, too, of the numerous and highly prosperous Greek colonies in Roumania, Russia, Western Europe, the Far East, Tunis, the Transvaal, Australia, and finally those in the United States of America, to which I have made allusion above. G. F.

March 1908.

[1] In the name of the Hellenic race inhabiting Eastern Roumelia and Macedonia, the Congress of Berlin detached from Greater Bulgaria—created by the treaty of San Stefano—those two provinces of the Ottoman Empire. Lord Salisbury wrote on 1st April 1878 to the diplomatic agents of Great Britain thus:

"This new principality (*i.e.*, Bulgaria according to the treaty of San Stefano) will be constituted in such a manner as to comprise with the predominant Slavonic majority a considerable mass of populations, Greek both by race and sympathy, who regard with terror the prospect of absorption in a community foreign to themselves, not only by nationality but also by political and religious tendencies." (Yellow Book, Congress of Berlin, 1878, p. 37.) And the chief plenipotentiary of Great Britain repeated at Berlin: "This Congress is not ignorant of the fact that of late years the bonds of friendship which formerly united the Greek and Slavonic subjects of the Porte have been broken . . . . The Greeks dread, not without reason, that their Church may forfeit its independence, their language be suppressed, and that their race, absorbed little by little, may finally disappear, if their rivals hold a preponderating position in the situation." (Yellow Book, p. 74.) These anticipations of Lord Salisbury have, unfortunately, been partly realised in Eastern Roumelia, in 1906, by the destruction of the Greek town of Anchialos, the confiscation of the Greek churches and of their revenues, as well as of the monasteries and hospitals, and by the interdiction placed upon the teaching of the Greek language, in spite of the formal stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin (Art. 18 and 62) and of the Constitutory Statute of Eastern Roumelia (Art. 24, 28, 38, 39, and chapters X. and XI). For the events of 1906 *see* A.R., *Persecution of the Greeks in Bulgaria*, Athens, published by Sakelarios, 1906; S. M. Levidis, *The Rôle of the great Powers in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia* (*Revue politique et parlementaire*, Oct. 1906).

V

HELLENISM IN MACEDONIA

I IMAGINE that many of you have been wondering, perhaps with some uneasiness, who I am and why I am here. Be assured that I am not an orator, as you were told just now; I am not an historian, nor am I a sociologist nor an archæologist. I cannot speak to you of Hellenism with the authority of the masters who have preceded me. I am not a former member of the French School at Athens. I am a humble journalist, a worker with the pen, who has much ado to co-ordinate and give approximate expression to his ideas.

On the other hand, I have a small advantage on my side, that of having lived, so to speak, the things of which I wish to talk to you; that will be my encouragement and support. I have often admired the ease with which certain people find solutions for the most difficult questions and the most complex problems. They have never visited the countries which they have the pretension of reducing to their laws and caprices; they have never been in contact with the peoples of whom they flatter themselves they are the saviours, and yet, from the depths of their ignorance they distribute, right and left, lofty lessons to those who do know, who have made it a rule to submit their judgment to the facts of the case, and who have examined closely the desires, the

aspirations and the intimate feelings of the parties interested. For my part, I have become more circumspect since learning at my own expense never to express an opinion about those whom we do not know. I remember that up to 1900 I was an Anglophobe; I saw perfidious Albion with the eyes of Madame Adam; I pilloried all the statesmen of the Third Republic who had made excessive concessions to the unsatiable appetite of British imperialism. But since then I have examined our neighbours on the other side of the Channel more closely. I have studied their character; I have studied their customs, their political and social institutions, and I have struck my flag before their sagacity, power and genius. And in May 1902, when there was hardly a Frenchman who did not heap insults on the conquerors of the Transvaal, I enumerated, in a public meeting, the pressing and multiple reasons which must inevitably incline us to the *entente cordiale*. I shall then speak to you with full knowledge of my subject. The Orient is familiar to me; I have examined it from every point of view for the last fifteen years; I have stayed at Constantinople, at Smyrna, at Alexandria, at Cairo; I have conducted, as representative of a Paris daily, several inquiries in Turkey-in-Asia, Macedonia, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Thrace and Greece. I have explored from top to bottom and from end to end the two vilayets of Salonika and Monastir, without forgetting that of Kossovo. And I will own to you that, for the second time, I have had to modify my first opinions. In December 1903 I was strongly in favour of Macedonian autonomy. Direct contact with the facts has convinced

me that Macedonia is not a solid mass, an entity to be governed by a uniform system of administration. My preamble is somewhat long; you will excuse it, I hope, because you will recognise that it was necessary. It will throw light on our subject, and it will inspire in you—at least I trust so—the confidence of which I have need if I am to accomplish successfully my difficult task. It will have gained for me, besides, your indulgence; for you know now that, if I am unskilful, I am, at least, sincere and anxious to be scrupulously exact.

Are there Greeks in Macedonia? The question, doubtless, seems to you somewhat paradoxical. But it is far from being so for many minds who proudly boast of being scientific. When I began my inquiry at Salonika I made the echoes resound with this question. The representative of His Majesty King George, the metropolitan, the professors, the schoolmasters, the lawyers and all the notables of the Hellenic community, cried, "Surely you are joking! Are there Greeks in Macedonia, you ask! Why, we are the most numerous, the most wealthy, the most highly cultivated element of the population. We have all the trade; we hold the soil, the manufactures; our schools are the most prosperous and our churches the most flourishing. It is incontestable that Hellenism reigns and is the master not only on the coast but also in the interior of the country."

Let me in parenthesis warn you that when we say that such or such part of Macedonia is Greek or Bulgar we mean that, amongst Christians, the Greeks or the Bulgars are in majority. We put the Turks on one side.

Those honest Mussulmans are suppressed with a stroke of the pen or the pencil; that does not prevent them, however, from enjoying perfect health and from proving their existence from time to time. I will not mention here the opinion of the Bulgars on the point in question; you know it already! They lay claim to the two vilayets of Salonika and Monastir, and to several districts in the vilayet of Kossovo.

I sought information from the consuls of the Great Powers and from Europeans domiciled at Salonika. I will not conceal from you their opinion. Most of them declared, "There are no Greeks in Macedonia; there are, it is true, some *imported* Greeks in this port and in the principal towns where there is traffic and business to be done, but the real Macedonian, the native, is not Greek; there are here only Slavs or Wallachs."

I ventured this timid remark: "I have, however, talked with doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, men of business, artisans and workmen who were born in this land, and whose families go far back into the past; they have all declared without hesitation that they are Greeks." "No, no," some insisted, firm in their opinion, "they are not Greeks; they have made a mistake." My astonishment grew from hour to hour. How could I extricate myself from this confusion? How was I to draw some rays of light from this chaos of contradiction? Whom could I, and whom should I, believe? Full of perplexity I decided to question henceforward not men but facts. I decided to make my way into Macedonia, to probe it, to feel its pulse, to listen to its heart's beat, to follow the movements of its thought, to surprise it in act and gesture. I

would utterly dismiss all that I had read in books, all that I had noted in my interviews. By an effort of the will I emptied my mind of all information there accumulated. In a word, I plunged into the unknown, ready to transfer to my white pages all I saw with my own eyes. This method of investigation is, undoubtedly, neither the most convenient nor the most agreeable. In Turkey means of communication are imperfect; there are, it is true, here and there a few railways touching the principal centres, but they avoid the hamlets, the villages and the *tchifliks* or farms. I had to traverse steep and stony paths, wide as my hand, in order to meet the Sphinx I desired to conquer. I have crossed plains, climbed mountains and precipices; I have suffered from cold and hunger, for the *hans*, or inns, offer but scant accommodation and food of a very primitive kind. My stomach has never got accustomed to the remarkable gravies of Macedonian cooks.

In spite of all these drawbacks, and of other difficulties of which I will say nothing, I sought for Greeks. And at Gradobor I lit upon a frightful drama. I entered the village; I perceived blackened walls still licked by tongues of flame. I ran across a group of peasant women; their eyes were downcast, their faces distorted with grief and pain; two of them were on their knees, with their foreheads touching the ground; they were groaning and sobbing; at each cry their breasts rose and fell, rhythmically, continuously. They murmured, in dull, lifeless tones, litanies of sorrow. Sometimes they uttered a sharper complaint, as if some sudden, darting pang had stung them. Then they raised their arms, heavy with misery, towards the

heaven that proudly spread above them its unmoved azure. They were about to cry to God, "*Aman! Aman!*" when their eyes fell on me. Distress unspeakable! These women filled the air with prolonged shrieks, which entered into my flesh and made my blood run cold. They howled forth their grief; they uttered imprecations and threats; they mingled curses and supplications; they sang a kind of childish dirge in which humble prayers had their part. And soon they fell back, worn out, exhausted, panting, on two shapeless masses which they clasped in their arms. For, henceforth, they are widows. How they lost their husbands we are soon to see.

Some ten feet farther off an old woman sixty years of age lay stretched on the ground. She was dying. Her bosom, her shoulders and her loins were pierced in twenty places by dagger-thrusts. Her body was as full of holes as a sieve, and, horrible detail, the breasts which had given suck to her children had been cut off.

What tragedy, then, had taken place at Gradobor? Here in a few words is the dark scene which was to repeat itself later on to my affrighted eyes. A band of *comitadjis* had entered the village, had flung themselves upon the house of Traïko-Sterio, had bound the "Patriarchist dog," and when the old man was completely at their mercy and incapable of defending himself, they had executed him.

Execute, you must know, means piercing the victim with a hail of blows from dagger, knife and bayonet. His devoted wife had rushed forward; she had implored the executioners for "Mercy! mercy!" But that did not disarm their rage. *Comitadjis* are not people to be easily

touched; they are not overburdened with sensibility; they know no weakness. Such things are all very well for Latins or for Greeks, soaked in literature; the Bulgars prefer the exact sciences. And they are powerful; they destroy, without pity, all that bars their way. This trait has been fervently admired by more than one French writer who is full of disdain and sarcasm for Hellenic civilisation and for the Athenian chatter-boxes. Such writers have, I presume, raised an altar to Bismarck, to whom they piously offer incense, praising him for having amputated from France Alsace and Lorraine. The future is not for charlatans; no, it belongs to the dynamitards. Force overrides right! And that is why the wife of Traïko-Sterio is to have her share in the shower of blessings that the liberators let fall on oppressed Macedonia. Let her be thrown to the ground, seized by the hair, and trodden under foot to punish her for her indiscreet intervention.

But this is nothing; scarcely the prologue. The principal scene, what we may call the central point of the action, in which are magnificently displayed the intelligence, energy, tenacity, firmness, resolution, consistency and method of the *comitadjis*, is yet to be given. The real play begins precisely at the moment when the eldest son of the old people comes running up at the shrill cries of his mother. The *comitadjis* thrill with joy. Now they will be able to conduct an operation of the highest interest for the progress of surgery. With howls as of savage beasts, they seize the patient; they crucify him and put him to the torture. I will not describe all the refinements of cruelty employed in his execution. Imagine all that

is most ferocious, savage and diabolic in the *Jardin der Supplices* of Octave Mirbeau; search through the archives of the Inquisition; go back to the most barbarous ages and you will get a colourless idea of the sufferings of that young man. No, I will not go into details; some of them are, indeed, absolutely unspeakable and all are better left in the shade. It is enough if I tell you that the poor wretch's body was stabbed, carved, ploughed and furrowed by all the daggers of hell; that his eyes were gouged out, his nose cut off, and his lips torn away. It was frightful. I gazed in amazement and affright on those hideous remains that no tongue could describe. The second son of Traïko-Sterio was also offered in sacrifice to the glory of the Macedonian heroes. He shared the lot of his father and his brother. His corpse lay under the ruins of the house. Cut to pieces by the daggers of his torturers, he was then burnt in the bonfire lit by the victorious band as a sign of triumph.

Would you like to know why all that family had been tortured and executed? Why those two young widows were sunk in grief? Why mourning dwelt at Gradobor amidst the ruins of the houses? Why terror was painted on the faces of the trembling, affrighted peasants? Would you like to know the cause of this hell? Solely and simply because Traïko-Sterio had remained firmly attached to Hellenism; because he used to say: "My ancestors were Greeks, my father was a Greek; I, too, will be a Greek, and I will die a Greek!"

I know not what the political writers of Europe who have praised Bulgarian vigour would have felt before

those corpses and those ruins. As to myself, I remain a child of France, of France moved by all misfortunes and compassionate for all sufferings. Believers and unbelievers alike, we are all moved to the depths of our beings when we hear the cry of Christ on Golgotha: "I thirst." My heart is not of stone; I have not been hardened in laboratories; my mentality is not that of an anarchist. I am a weak, miserable being; I am impressionable, and at Gradobor, I confess, and I offer no apologies for my weakness, I could not keep back the tears which rose and filled my eyes.

I espouse no cause, neither Bulgarian, Greek, Turkish, Roumanian nor Servian. I am simply a passing Frenchman who sees and notes the facts. And it is my duty to state that at the moment when this monstrous crime was committed at Gradobor there was not yet one single band of Greeks in Macedonia. There was no armed force except the Bulgarian *comitadjis*.

I pursued my road, I sought unweariedly for Greeks. I arrived at Ghirzista in the company of the Russian colonel, Svirsky, chief of police for the Gewgeli district. We were received at the entrance to the village by an examining magistrate, a captain and a group of peasants. We were led to some remnants of walls about two yards high, and behind these ruins . . . we found the burnt remains of some human bodies. A young schoolmistress of twenty years, Catherine Hadjiyorgis, Anghos Chiros and his wife, two little girls, one about seven, the other ten, and Grégorios Minos, all *Greeks*, had been burnt alive. The wife of Anghos Chiros was not to be found; no remains of her

have been discovered. The schoolmistress had no head; it was only by the aid of some bits of clothing which still adhered to her breast that her identity could be established. Her legs and arms were entirely reduced to cinders, not a fragment of them remained. As to the girls, they had preserved intact the little plait of hair which their mothers had, only that morning, braided so tenderly. I would that it were possible to doubt if such ferocity be true, but its reality is overwhelming. We must face with resignation all the horrors of which humanity is capable.

But what had occasioned this frightful crime? The Russian colonel Svirsky and myself questioned the chief men and learnt that the village had been *punished* by the committees of Sofia because *it would not expel the Greek schoolmistress !*

I continued my inquiry and I learnt that at Longountsa other heads had fallen. My colleague, M. von Tyzska, correspondent of the *Lokal Anzeiger*, gathered with me, from the mouths of the victims' relations, the exact version of this new butchery. The wife of the Greek priest Stoyar and Nicolas Rongottis had been put to frightful tortures; the latter, under the eyes of his wife and children, who had been forced to be present, but who dared not shriek nor weep. A child of four years old had been shot by the *comitadjis* because the inhabitants, *Koutzo-Wallachians, refused to support* Bulgaro-Roumanianism and persisted in remaining Greeks. . . .

I went to Demir-Hissar, to Barakli-Djoumaïa, to Serres, to Nevrocop, to Razlog, to Djumaï-Bala, to Melnik, to Petritch, to Drama, to Cavalla, to Niaousta,

to Vodena, to Sorovitch, to Clissoura, to Kastoria, to Monastir, to Megarovo, to Tirnovo, to Florina, and to a hundred villages. Everywhere I found men who, even as they died, found strength to cry with passionate, intrepid voices. "We are Greeks! *Zito i Ellas!*"

Alas! it would take too long to tell the tale of all the horrors of which I have been a melancholy witness. Each stone on the road whispered its gloomy secret. Soon a numberless crowd of spectres rose on my passage and I heard a formidable clamour. . . . At Niaousta three thousand skeletons rose from their tombs to remind me that it was the yatagan that had laid them low. They cried: "We have watered this land with our blood in order to render it fertile and that posterity may know that here are Hellenes!" Let me repeat that I know and wish to know nothing about politics. I have forgotten all that I learnt about Macedonian affairs from the sensational telegrams and letters from Vienna and Sofia, and from the noisy meetings of London and Paris. I soar above all intrigue; I rise above all propaganda; I put on one side both sympathy and hostility. I listen, observe, question and note.

The dead do not lie. We must believe what they say. What care I for ethnological and linguistical theories? What is it to me whether the victims spoke Greek, Wallachian, Slavonic or Turkish? To me all that is of no consequence. I remember but one thing, the essential—that all these Macedonians prefer to be crucified rather than to deny Hellenism. And I turn to the honest men of every party and of every land, and I ask them: Would you not be glad for your country

to produce such acts of devotion? As for me, a light shines forth and my faith is clear. These obscure heroes are Greeks indeed. I bow down in admiration before the sublime beauty of their patriotism. Greece owes it to herself to raise to them imperishable monuments, just as France has raised monuments to all her soldiers, fallen for her on the battle-field.

We have seen those who are dead. Their testimony has already enlightened us. Let us now turn and see the living.

I know not if those Frenchmen who have dwelt at Athens have noticed that the modern Greek is enamoured of liberty, loves independence, and is jealous of his dignity. He is far more animated by the democratic spirit than are the republicans of France. He is above all profoundly individualist. He has a veneration for his own person and counts it superior to all others. He is infinitely preoccupied with his own interests. Is he an egoist? No. Does he forget his fatherland? No, he thinks of it each evening when he has gathered the fruits of the day's work; he thinks of it far more disinterestedly than do many European politicians who pretend to give all their thoughts to public matters and the good of the state. I cannot, within the narrow limits of this talk, explain to you why the Greek seems to me the strongest and most complete personality in the world. He unites in himself two worlds—the Græco-Latin and the Anglo-Saxon. At bottom he is practical; that is why you may consider him as, in some respects, the Englishman of the East; and he is also poet, artist and philosopher. He can become enthusiastic for the Beautiful. Superficial

critics have scoffed at him because his shoulders have not been strong enough to bear the heavy burden of antiquity. Patience! he has not yet had the time to show his capacity. Till now he has had only a very limited field in which to develop. Ungrateful Europe gave him but a parsimonious portion—a Lilliputian kingdom, stifled and starved on barren rocks. The fat and fertile lands are still under the foreigners' yoke. And so he has been able to grow neither bigger nor more handsome. Let the witty tourists who crush Greek degeneration under the weight of their stinging epigrams think for an instant what our lovely land of France would become were she reduced to one or two provinces. Do we not actually witness the disquieting expansion of Germany which overflows on all sides over the Latin races and even on to the British nation? If one is to have a brilliant career, plenty of space is needful. Little nations resemble little birds; hardly do they spread their wings ere they fall to the ground. And yet the modern Greek has realised marvels, albeit he has not been blessed with such rich spoils as the Bulgar or the Roumanian.

Everywhere where two Greeks meet, an association is at once formed. And from this egg, this embryon, a community will come forth. When Frenchmen take up their quarters at Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, Cairo, Beyrout or Athens, they feel somewhat lost; they are isolated in the midst of men; their first movement is to snatch at and hang on to the coat-tails of their Ambassador, or their Plenipotentiary, or their Consul-general, or their consul or a simple interpreter. They demand the material and moral support of the

Government to create schools, build churches or found friendly societies. As for the Greeks, they group together and form an organisation at once, by their own initiative and with their own resources. Better still, instead of begging for pecuniary aid from Athens, they send home offerings and subsidies. The Greek community in Turkey is a state within a state. It governs and directs the existence of the *rayahs* who depend on the Phanar. The *epitropoi* take charge of the religious interests, provide for the needs of public worship and for the upkeep of the churches. The *ephors* watch over the working of the schools; they name the headmasters and the teachers; they control scholastic expenditure; they draw up the budget for public instruction and provide for it either by gifts from benefactors or by voluntary contributions or by collections. To the *demogeronts* are entrusted marriages, divorces, law-suits, execution of wills, etc. And the Turk has nothing to do with this communal organisation, which has been first the cradle and later the refuge of oppressed Hellenism.

M. Homolle, our president, has told you how much life there is in modern Hellenism. But I maintain that the Hellenic world of Turkey is unknown. I should not like to hurt the feelings of the Athenians, yet I believe that in the portion of the Greek race still under Turkish rule there are incalculable resources, resources that the Western Powers would do well to look into. If they did, they might well discover, in Turkey in Asia for example, amongst the Greek populations, elements of fortune and progress they little dream of. Now, seeing that, though under a foreign yoke, the modern

Greek succeeds in creating a communal organisation which is simply perfect, I do not understand how a certain French writer, criticising these communities, could allow himself to say that they are torn by intestine quarrels. Wherever there are two men on this earth there is a germ of discord. Are there no regrettable divisions among our "colonies" abroad? I have known and have examined closely the French societies of Constantinople, Cairo and elsewhere; I have not noticed that there reigned amongst them perfect harmony. How many clans and cliques render us inferior to those upon whom we wish to pour our ridicule!

And so I looked for Greeks and I found them in the Orthodox communities; I found them in the schools of Macedonia. I visited the *gymnasia* of Salonika, of Serres, of Vodena, of Kastoria and of Monastir and some fifty primary schools for boys and for girls. I inspected the classes; I interrogated the pupils. All these children sang choruses; they sang the *Marseillaise* in honour of the French journalist who had come from so far to greet them. I asked them: "Are you Turks?" "No, sir," they replied in decided tones. "Are you Bulgars?" "No, sir." "Are you Roumanians?" "No, sir." "Are you Servians?" "No, sir." "What are you, then?" "We are Greeks!" And they never forgot to prove to me that they learnt French. I asked them: "Do you love France?" "Oh, yes!" "Why?" "Because France is kind and generous and wishes well to our country." It is in these schools and these colleges that the Macedonian Patriarchists have learnt that there is a Greece which is free, which watches

over them and awaits their deliverance. The man who wrote that "at bottom the Greek cares little for national independence," that man committed almost a crime, for I know of no subjected race that supports with such impatience the tyrant's chains. All the youth of the schools already feel the thrills of revolt. All dream of the thrice-happy day when the sky-blue flag of Greece shall float over the ancestral home. . . .

How many Greek schools are there in Macedonia and how many scholars have they? M. Zolotovitz, Diplomatic Agent of Bulgaria at Paris, told M. Georges Villiers of the *Temps* that the Greeks have no more than 361 schools, with 23,364 pupils and 744 masters. But M. Delyannis, the Greek Minister, rectified these figures by other statistics which gave 998 schools, 1,463 masters and mistresses and 59,640 pupils. I imagine that M. Delyannis is better informed than M. Zolotovitz as to the size of the Greek scholastic movement in Macedonia; just as M. Zolotovitz knows better than any other the forces of Bulgarism; and as we ourselves in France are more exactly informed than the English or the Germans as to our lycées and colleges. But, be not alarmed, I do not intend to pose as arbitrator between these two diplomatists. In this lecture I simply put before you a photograph of the facts. It is enough for me to note that M. Zolotovitz does not deny the existence of the Greek schools. There are, says he, 23,364 pupils. I am persuaded that, were he present here to-day, he would go a step farther and acknowledge gracefully that his eminent colleague is well qualified to speak in the name of Hellenism. M. Delyannis, on his part, would make a concession and

would not insist on the figures he has attributed to the Exarchist schools; he would accept those which are furnished by the representative of Prince Ferdinand. And so we should have, on the one hand, 782 Bulgarian schools with 39,468 pupils, and on the other 998 Greek schools with 59,640 scholars. We cast no doubt to-day on the word either of the Hellenic or of the Bulgarian Government. We put on one side all subjects of controversy. Thus we shall, perhaps, have promoted the Græco-Bulgarian *entente*, for which we offer our sincerest prayers, and which seems to fly farther and farther from us like some chimæra.

It is my duty, moreover, to tell you that I have laid the details of the Greek statistics before several officers of the French Mission, and that each has recognised them as exact to the extent of his section. Commandant Foulon has pointed out a slight error. A Greek school was, it seems, shown in a village where there is none; but, on the other hand, a Greek school was omitted from a village where there is one. So that no harm was done on either side and the complete totals are consistent with the facts.

I will show you later that my own examination has discovered a flagrant case of inexactitude, not on the part of M. Zolotovitz, whose good faith is above all question, but on that of the author of a book recently published, an unknown person who has appeared before the European public under the name of "Brancoff."

There are, then, in Macedonia, thousands and thousands of pupils in some hundreds of Greek institutions. Now, these institutions are founded, maintained and enriched by the parents themselves. By the will

of these Macedonians have they come into existence and the same will assures their future. Since there are both Bulgarian and Greek schools, each family can send its children to that in which the national language is taught. And we can, nay, we must conclude that those Macedonians who send their children to Hellenic schools are undoubtedly Greeks themselves. Are the parents of the little Poles who refuse to pray in German to be taken for Prussians?

I looked for Greeks and I found them in the orphanages. I found them in the churches which climb up the sides of each acropolis and which are not to be numbered. (In Kastoria alone there are 74). I found them in the hospitals. The Greek communities alone among the Christians have founded such. When I visited that of Serres in company with Commandant Lamouche I noticed that the Greeks received and cared for sick Bulgars, whilst the *comitadjis* were massacring Greek priests, schoolmasters, old men, women and children.

I found Greeks in the cloth manufactories and in the cotton mills of Verria, Niaousta and Vodena, which give employment to more than a thousand workmen. I found them in the workshops, in the counting-houses, in the fields. I found some in every corner of Macedonia. I found them in the noisy towns, in the silent hamlets, on the frozen plains. I found some at Djumaï-Bala on the Bulgarian frontier. But you have surely not forgotten that only yesterday there were more than 150,000 in Eastern Roumelia?

I must add that if you fall ill, no matter where in Macedonia, it is a Greek chemist who supplies you with

drugs and a Greek doctor who cures you. I speak from experience, for I was down with malaria at Vodena, and three Greek doctors saved me. The most elementary politeness dictates to me the duty of publicly thanking them for the devoted and quite disinterested care that they lavished on me. And if you feel the need of relaxing your mind, of talking politics, art, science, it is to Greeks that you must turn. I have met some of them whose general culture was infinitely superior to that of many of the consuls who profess to rule over them.

Are you now convinced that Macedonian Hellenism is not an invention of Athenian brains? Why, then, in certain quarters, is the name of Greeks so obstinately refused to certain Patriarchists of Macedonia? Because they are, it seems, Slavonic in speech. What does that mean? Let us examine more closely. As you know, Greek is a learned language, too complicated for unlettered people. And whenever a learned tongue comes into competition with a simpler idiom, it is driven out, it disappears. Only educated people can write and speak it. And that is what has happened in Macedonia. The flux and reflux of Bulgarian and Servian invasion has deposed an alluvium of Slavonic words which have become, little by little, the Slavo-Macedonian dialect—a *patois* of which the vocabulary is very limited and which is at the level of the lowest intelligences. To this *patois* both Bulgars and Servians lay claim. In a report addressed to M. Delcassé, M. Steeg, French consul at Salonika, said that, according to a German *savant*, the character of this language is Bulgarian. But M. Simitch, the Diplomatic Agent of Servia at

Sofia, informed me, on the contrary, that a commission of Russian *savants* had concluded that the Servo-Macedonian dialect is, in its chief features, Servian. M. Steeg put forward the opinion that it is in reality difficult to establish a very precise demarcation between Bulgars and Serbs in Turkey. I believe that this dialect is, in fact, neither wholly Bulgarian nor wholly Servian, but a mixture of the two to which are added doses of Greek, Wallachian, Albanian and Turkish—a rough representation, in miniature if you please, of Macedonia itself. However, on the frontiers of the Principality, the Bulgarian element is more strongly accentuated, while on those of the Kingdom we approach more closely to the Servian. In the centre, the language becomes confused, unrecognisable; in the west, it has Servian tendencies. At Vodena I put a Servian schoolmaster face to face with a Bulgarian chemist's assistant, and they were obliged to confess that neither the inhabitants of Sofia nor those of Belgrade could make themselves understood to the Macedonian *slavophones*. And an old Patriarchist decided the question by this confession of faith: "My mouth is *perhaps* Bulgarian, but my heart is Greek!"

Does this astonish you? Did not M. Gaston Deschamps tell you that in traversing Turkey in Asia he met thousands of Greeks who did not know their own language and who spoke Turkish? You are not ignorant of the fact that in Crete and the islands the Turks speak Greek. M. Steeg reported to the Minister for Foreign Affairs that in the vilayet of Salonika there are 110,000 Mussulmans who speak Bulgarian, 4000 who speak Greek, 3000 who speak Wallachian, and

75,000 Jews who speak a debased Spanish. Who will maintain that these Mussulmans are Bulgarians, Greeks, Wallachs and not Turks? Who would dare suggest to the Spanish Government to lay claim to these Jews? The intervention of King Alphonso in Macedonian affairs, would provoke an outburst of Homeric laughter in all the foreign offices of Europe. How many Europeans, born in the Levant, are ignorant of their mother tongue? I have been acquainted with Frenchmen and Austrians at Cyprus whose ordinary language was Greek. Most inhabitants of Smyrna, too, be they French or be they English, speak Greek in their homes. In the East, more than anywhere else, one must hesitate to form a conclusion from some particular feature. There, rules become exceptions and exceptions rules.

In the report already quoted, M. Steeg writes that, in the vilayet of Salonika, there are 180,000 Patriarchists who speak exclusively Greek; 120,000 to 130,000 who speak habitually Slavo-Macedonian, and 25,000 who speak Wallachian. But you may reckon that 80,000 of the Macedonians—of this vilayet—who speak *patois* know Greek also; they are bilingual. I give a generous share to the Slavo-Macedonian when I leave it 75,000 Patriarchists. And do not let us forget that these men are Greek at heart.

If the Bulgars try to attach to their own family the *slavophones*, the Roumanians, on their part, seek to Roumanise the Koutzo-Wallachians. From time to time, according to the fluctuations of Roumanian policy, the *Wallachophones* are claimed by the Government of Bucharest. I will not dwell on a pretension that no

one takes seriously. Not one traveller, author or diplomatist has ever put in doubt the Hellenic sympathies of the Koutzo-Wallachians. One of our own consuls wrote lately to the Quai d'Orsay: " There will always be some *Roumanisers* in Macedonia as long as the agents of the Roumanian propaganda let fall gold into the pockets of adventurers." The moment that Roumania draws tight her purse-strings these casual Roumanians will fly away like sparrows. M. Steeg reported to M. Delcassé that the men of Wallachian dialect are " the most ardent champions of Hellenism." And it is a fact that I have found no Greeks more fanatical, intractable and irreconcilable than the Koutzo-Wallachians of Monastir. One Sunday I was in the company of M. Gauthier, our consul. Suddenly we heard a loud uproar which grew and grew until it became a veritable storm. Then we saw a hundred or so furious men pursuing a priest, hailing blows upon him in the open street and hunting him under our eyes up to the doors of the French Consulate. These men were Koutzo-Wallachians, and the priest, an ex-Patriarchist, was a *Roumanizer*. He had, it seems, provoked some young fellows of the Hellenic community and they had replied by angry words. He, thinking himself in danger, fired several shots with his revolver. The Christians of the neighbourhood, attracted by the noise, came out of their houses. The priest had scarcely pointed his weapon when they began to pursue him. He sought shelter in a chemist's shop, which is the accustomed place of meeting for Roumanian propagandists; a howling crowd barred his way. All the Koutzo-Wallachians of the quarter ran up. The

Archbishop, happening to pass in his carriage with the Greek Consul, was cheered. . . . The priest, Theodorou, would undoubtedly have been torn to pieces had not the French Consul come forward and extended his arms over the poor wretch, thus placing him under the protection of the Republic. Whilst I was looking on at this scene, a doctor came up to me and slyly said, "Well, sir, where are the thousands of Roumanians at Monastir who will have nothing to do with Patriarchist priests and teachers?" That was for me an object lesson which upset all theories and systems. The Roumanian priest, Theodorou, had not had a single defender. Not one inhabitant of Monastir had hurried to his assistance. And, worse than that, the chemist who supported the Roumanian propaganda had shut his door in the victim's face, fearing that his shop might be invaded and sacked. This means that at Monastir, the centre of Roumanian activity, there are no Roumanians; the Koutzo-Wallachians are Greeks in thought tradition, sympathy and aspiration. They are the leaders in the struggle—a most ruthless and implacable struggle—against Roumania and against Bulgaria. They have formed a secret committee which is the terror of consuls, of the vali and of the *comitadjis*. Neither the Metropolitan, nor the Greek Consul can moderate their hot-headed patriotism. They look on all Europeans who are not Philhellenes as their enemies. The wife of a doctor said to me: "I do not visit the consuls any more, for they have such a passion for discovering Roumanians and Bulgarians on all sides." A prominent man confided to me this project: "If ever the Patriarch gives way to the demands of Roumania

we will assassinate every archbishop he sends us. We are Greeks first and Patriarchists afterwards!" Truly, it were folly to hope to Roumanise these people!

Language is not an infallible test of nationality. Glance around us here in France. There are millions of French people who do not speak French in their families. They speak Breton, Norman, Picard, Flemish, Alsacian, Savoyard, Provençal, Catalan, Basque, the dialects of Dauphiné, of Nice, of Auvergne, etc. There are thousands of Frenchmen who in this land, the most highly civilised, perhaps, in the world, know not a word of the national language. In the Eastern Pyrenees, where I passed my boyhood and early manhood, French and Chinese are equally foreign in hundreds of districts. Senator Vilar, who has honoured me with his presence here to-day, was corroborating my assertion just now. "Where there is no school—at Talau, for instance—even the young people understand only the *patois*. When I go into a Catalan village I am obliged to have recourse to my failing memory for the dialect of the soil which I learnt years ago in order to talk with the old people. . . ."

Would you abandon all the French who speak *patois* to Spain, Italy, Germany, Belgium or England? In that case, all the leaves of the French artichoke would be eaten up by our neighbours and we should be left with only a tiny little core. What am I saying? That core itself would hardly be left to us. For in Paris, in the *Ville Lumière*, there are natives of Languedoc, of Roussillon, of Auvergne, of Provence, of Brittany, of Normandy, of Berry, of Bourbon; there are Basques, Picards and Alsacians; they swamp the Parisians. The

capital belongs to the provincials. So it, too, must be dismembered and the morsels distributed to our enemies. But as to the fate of Monsieur Clemenceau I am much perplexed.

What would become of our Premier? Unless I am mistaken, that eminent statesman was born in Vendée, but is senator for the Var. If he were to be divided, a new Solomon would pronounce the following judgment: The English shall have the Vendean; the Italians shall keep the Provençal. The first shall have the head and the others the legs.

Let us take care! If we admit that the *slavophones* of Macedonia are all, *a priori* and without further examination, Bulgars or Serbs or Roumanians, the argument will be turned against us. What shall we reply to the Germans if they declare that the Alsacians belong to the great Germanic family and are not French? Our diplomatists, our publicists, our writers and politicians who refuse to recognise as Greeks the Patriarchists of Turkey in Europe or in Asia because they speak Slavonic, Wallachian or Turkish, are the cruellest executioners of Alsace. They strangle her a second time. They bring Bismarck to life once more. Later on, if discussion became possible between the two countries separated by the graves of 1870, the Germans would object at once: "You have proclaimed that, to be a Greek, it is indispensable to speak the Greek tongue. Thus you have implicitly recognised that the Alsacians are none of yours and that they are our brothers."

The unique, the exclusive, the indisputable mark of nationality is the *will* of the individual. That is

why we claim and always will claim a plebiscite for the people of Alsace-Lorraine. And that is why I have written—the first to do so, I believe, in the Occidental press—that the Macedonians ought to be consulted as to their national aspirations. Without that, all action is arbitrary. I have remarked with pleasure that the Greeks approve of this means of deciding once and for all between rival statistics.

Statistics offer no guarantee. I was able to test on the spot those of Brancoff, to which I alluded just now. Let us examine them rapidly. In his first chapter, page 17, this author, giving the general statistics of the population of Macedonia, shows, for the vilayet of Salonika: 501,140 Bulgars, 147,097 Greeks, and 25,421 Koutzo-Wallachs. M. Steeg, in the report quoted above, gives: 180,000 Greeks speaking Greek, 120,000 to 130,000 Patriarchists speaking Slavo-Macedonian; 25,000 Patriarchists speaking Wallachian; 210,000 to 220,000 Exarchists; 3000 Uniats and 1000 Bulgarian Protestants. We have seen that the Patriarchists who speak Slavonic or Wallachian call themselves Greeks. Hellenism then may count in the vilayet of Salonika from 325,000 to 335,000 partisans, and Bulgarism from 210,000 to 220,000. But let us suppose that there is an amorphous mass of doubtful Patriarchists. Let us put the figure at 60,000. It is a high one. We will put them aside until the time comes when they can declare which side they choose. We subtract them from the Hellenic side (counting in with them 5000 Wallachs). We should still have, in spite of this irregular amputation 224,000 Bulgars against 275,000 Greeks, for the vilayet of Salonika only. Now, Bran-

coff gives only 147,097 Greeks for the *three* vilayets! His bad faith is obvious. And every impartial mind will note, in studying the Greek statistics, that the claims of Hellenism are less unreasonable than those of Bulgarism. Brancoff is still crueller towards the Serbs. He suppresses them, purely and simply. He shows not even the half of one. I should like to know how a Servo-Bulgarian *entente* can be arranged. The Government of Sofia has too much ground to give up.

Let us enter four or five towns. At Strumnitsa, Brancoff gives a total of 6384 Bulgarians, 35 Greeks and 18 Wallachs. That does not prevent an attendance of 650 pupils in the Greek schools. By what magic can a group of 35 Greeks give birth to a scholastic population of 650 boys and girls? Impenetrable mystery! The truth is that at Strumnitsa there are more than 3000 Greeks. I have *counted* in their schools 600 pupils of both sexes. The Bulgars, as a Russian officer whom I interviewed confessed, are not 6384. They are in the minority—1500 to 1800. And yet Strumnitsa is situated much nearer to the frontiers of the Bulgarian principality than to the coast. It is under the heel of the Bulgarian committees.

At Monastir there are, according to Brancoff, 100 Greeks and 1620 pupils in the Greek schools. The mystery grows yet darker. May I venture to say that there are nearer 20,000 Greeks, with 15 Greek schools, whose walls are not wide enough to contain the 2500 pupils whom I have visited? Between 100 and 20,000 there is a margin. I perceive that the " chatter-boxes of Athens " have their imitators amongst the " positive and serious " people.

I will remind you, *en passant*, that the statistics which M. Delyannis took as a basis in his reply to M. Georges Villiers, give for Monastir eleven schools and 1695 scholars. The Greek Minister at Paris was below the reality.

At Tirnovo, says Brancoff, there is not a single Greek. He concedes, however, that there are 230 Greek pupils. Here we will avoid deeper study of his calculations; we should run the risk of going astray among the deranged. A visit to the spot reassured me and showed me that there are 3000 Greeks. That will make you understand also that there are not 230 but 275 pupils of both sexes. It is the Hellenic community which bears the educational expenses—5500 francs a year. At Tirnovo, which is a Koutzo-Wallachian town, you find hardly 15 Roumanian pupils.

At Barakli-Djoumaïa there should be 3552 Bulgars and . . . 15 Greeks. I accept the figures. But who will then explain to me how there are, in this hamlet, only two Bulgarian schools with 83 pupils, whilst there are, according to our author, four Greek schools with 230 pupils? A statistical mystery! There are, in reality, at Barakli-Djoumaïa about 5000 Greek partisans, the majority of whom come from Thessaly and Epirus, and 300 Bulgarian adherents, at most. The Greeks have not 230 pupils but 400.

Brancoff attributes to Kiretch-Keuy 8920 Bulgars, when there are only 4000 inhabitants, not one of whom calls himself a Bulgar. I have been there!

With Brancoff's method I could maintain that the whole world belongs to me and that the Japanese have conquered France. And yet one of the chief Parisian

papers told its readers that these statistics were a precious document for the study of the Macedonian problem.

I am, moreover, convinced that no party is capable of furnishing an exact account of its forces. How can you draw it up? A census in Turkey is impossible. But in any case I think I have proved that Macedonian Hellenism is not a product of Athenian imagination; that it exists and is quite alive and is the most civilised element amongst all the races and creeds which dispute one with the other for preponderance in Macedonia.

To those who deny its existence, the Hellenism of the vilayets of Salonika, of Monastir and of Kossovo can reply: "I suffer, therefore I exist! I suffer martyrdom for Hellenism, therefore I am Greek! I make heavy sacrifices for Hellenism, therefore I am Greek! I send my children to Greek schools, therefore I am Greek! I desire to pray in Greek churches, therefore I am Greek! And, last of all, my heart is Greek, therefore I am Greek!" I, who have no prejudice, no prepossession, I, who respect all creeds and aspirations and who offend no conscience, I bow down before the will of these Macedonians who *act* as Greeks. And I proclaim that in all truth and equity they deserve that the entire world should treat them as Greeks.

What should be the attitude of France towards the Hellenism of Macedonia? We must demand that its rights, like the rights of others, be not trodden under foot. We must ask for it respect and that its inheritance be not betrayed either to Pangermanism or to Panslavism. France, the true France, will not listen to the counsels of those who press her to support by her

foreign policy no other interests than those of trade. We have neither Krupp guns nor shoddy goods to sell.

All the constellations of heaven are not yet extinguished. There is a star which shines out and points us the road that our fathers followed. Republicans will not be less liberal nor less generous than monarchists. We will never agree to join in a crusade against Hellenism, for if we did, we should then close the door on hope. On that day the nations in misery would groan: "France, alas! is dead. Henceforward there is no more justice in the world!"

MICHEL PAILLARÈS.

VI

THE POET SOLOMOS

Happy the nations that have written! Happy, also, are those which have simply dreamed, though they may have not been able to transmit their dreams to us except by legends whose characteristic echoes continue to charm our ears. Those privileged nations have worked for the rest. All the great literary epochs have been noble epochs for humanity. For it is but right to remark that literature, that need of projecting oneself on to the external world, that desire to spread oneself abroad, is the mark of a generous people. Nations that have no literature are egotistical nations. They conquer, or rather they know not how to conquer, since in their conquests they live but for themselves. And so, when they disappear, they leave nothing but a name behind, a name sometimes mysterious and one that sets scholars speculating, sometimes a name hated long after the passage of the conqueror. Such were the Huns who gave to their king the surname of "father"—for such, as you are aware, is the meaning of the name *Attila*—but who did not treat other men as brothers. Such will be the Turks, when one day their race has disappeared. Humanity will feel towards them no debt of gratitude, and they will have rendered but one service to Greece: that of having provoked her brilliant resurrection.

The poet, Dionysios Solomos, of whom I wish to speak to you to-day, forms the link which re-connects modern Greece to the chain of great literature, broken for so many centuries. He was born at Zante in 1798 and died at Corfu in 1857. It was not due to simple chance that his first appearance as a poet coincided with the war of Hellenic Independence. In 1824, in his celebrated hymn to Liberty, Solomos sung the first warlike exploits of that insurrection which undoubtedly ranks among the greatest awakenings of a nation's soul that have ever been seen. To understand the full significance of the work of Solomos, to explain this sudden rise of a poet, without apparent preparation, in a country where the voice of poetry had not been heard for many centuries, we must try to reconstruct the moral environment which gave him birth. I must, then, say a few words as to the spirit of this insurrection. I have no intention of retracing before you its history, I wish simply to point out some of its causes. They will lead us straight to Solomos. We are too much accustomed to trust to our text books of history. The facts which seem to us the most natural often arise from causes deep and difficult to discern. What, then, are the causes which led to the rising of Greece on the 25th of March 1821?

They are multiple, but I will draw your attention to three which I consider essential. First of all, Turkish stupidity and the ferocity which always accompanies it. The master forgives only those who submit and crawl before him. Life was becoming no longer bearable. This reason, however, is not sufficient. It is possible for peoples to be ill-treated and yet assimilated

by the conqueror. It is then the entire nation that revolts. But it does not follow that it will think of forming a separate state.

There was, then, something else. Let us say at once that there was the Great Idea—to retake Constantinople. I have purposely named the Great Idea before speaking of national sentiment, because at that date national sentiment was almost wholly summed up in the Great Idea. From whence did this idea reach the Greeks, however? Did it come from ancient Greece? Not at all. Ancient Greece had nothing to do with Constantinople. Moreover, all the Greeks in 1821 had the desire of forming one nation. Now, national unity is a conception that the ancient Greeks never had, so to speak. True, we find much later in Greece something of their spirit, but not in 1821. M. C. Sathas, in one of his many publications, has given us some important texts for the study of literature and art in Crete during the Middle Ages. In the seventeenth century, Crete, detached from Byzantium since the twelfth century, had dreamt of freeing herself from the Venetian yoke. Do you imagine that she had, at that moment, thought of an Hellenic Kingdom? Not at all. There was, at that same date, in Crete a kind of classical renaissance, which, however, had no influence on the language, for the Cretans never thought of reviving the ancient grammatical forms, but only on literature itself. The Cretans wished to have their own theatre. They had poets. Those poets, writing in their own dialect, invoked the glorious memories of olden times and placed their great island under the protection of Jupiter. It is to be supposed that that was sufficient to fill the

Cretans with the spirit of their ancestors, since one of their poets, in a magnificent hymn to Liberty, demands independence for his own island, so that she might form a centre around which the other Greek countries would group themselves. Thus this wonderful island which to-day aspires to union with the Greek Kingdom—and which will obtain it—dreamt, even in the seventeenth century, the particularist dream of antiquity.

The dream of the warriors of 1821 is quite different. Ancestral glory is not the only source of their inspiration. Their conception of national unity, their conception of the State, comes to them from Byzantium. Nearly always, when you speak of Byzantium, it is as if you spoke of Rome. So that one of the principal currents of the Greek Revolution shows us a harmonious junction of the Roman spirit of unity with the Greek spirit of ancestral glory, and embodies in itself the thought of the two greatest peoples of antiquity. I call attention to this fact here in honour of that Great Idea which is so often and so erroneously scoffed at. That idea is as firmly implanted in Greek hearts as are certain Latin words which have taken their place for ever in the Greek language, and as some Latin names for the months which have taken root in Greek.[1] That idea comes from the very heart of the past. It is an historic fact which must be taken into consideration at any price. It may be objected that it is an ideal. I know nothing in the

[1] The names of the months January, February, March, April, May and August still live among the people in their Latin form, more or less modified. In the others, June, July, September, October, November and December, besides the Latin names, the common people has others, very picturesque and of its own invention. Some of them, like "the Sower" for November, recall the famous names of the Convention: Florial, etc.

world more practical. It is only by striving after an ideal that we are able to achieve anything. Through having aimed at Constantinople the Greeks have realised Athens.

The third cause of the rising of 1821 brings me, as I have already said, to Solomos. We read in one of the notes which he loved to scribble down, these words: "Then Turkish tyranny reached its highest point; at once the wildernesses and the mountains became the pilgrim-shrines of Liberty; they were filled with living gods, and the echoes rang simultaneously with the clash of arms and with the sound of singing." Here is a sentence that sets one dreaming. In nations, as sometimes in individuals, there is a sure and mysterious instinct which tells them of their own value, which assures them of it. I mean even their future value—that intellectual virtue of which they have not as yet, perhaps, given any proof. The Athenians in the Median wars defended not simply Homer; they defended already Sophocles and Euripides and Thucydides and Plato. By a remarkable coincidence, Botzaris was at once poet and warrior, just as Sophocles had been poet and general. It is not war then, as is commonly pretended, which possesses in itself vague forces, capable of creating poetry. The great literary outbursts precede, at any rate in germ, the combats. That is proved by the fact that they do not necessarily follow them. We do not find that the Turks after 1453 produced any remarkable works. Another land, admirable for the wealth of its poetic gifts, furnishes us with a yet more striking example. For thirty years now the land of Goethe, Schiller and Heine has been

silent. Only in most recent years, in the midst of peace, have some few German writers arisen. I mentioned just now the Cretans of the seventeenth century. They show us clearly that literary genius awakens before swords are drawn; for the Cretans had not yet wielded the sword; they had only thought of doing so. A people feels itself threatened in its intellectual development, even latent; then it rises up to open a free course for its germs.

Thus Solomos arrived, at the opportune moment, to give expression to the genius of his race. It is to be noted that the popular songs—the finest jewel of Neo-Greek literature—the songs of the Klephts and of others, suddenly break forth on all sides, even before 1821, after a poetic torpor which had lasted, we may say, as long as Byzantium itself, since, after all, there is, with some rare exceptions, no Byzantine literature, if by "literature" we mean works of the imagination. The Byzantines kept too far aloof from the people. Solomos constantly drew inspiration from the popular Muse. He hailed as a great event the publication of Fauriel's collection of folk-songs. His eye could discern the treasures of poetry and of art contained in those compositions. It was, however, another reason, possibly, which decided him to employ his mother tongue, instead of the artificial and learned idiom which was written, at that date, around him and of which a pure scholar, Koray, was the principal representative. It is said that one day, whilst walking at Zante, he met a beggar who earned a livelihood by going from door to door, and reciting, as in Homeric times, a few verses at the houses of the rich. The poet was deeply touched.

" It is like that that I must sing," said he to himself. " That is my language."

If the story is not true, its conception is a masterstroke of symbolism. The greater the number of persons to whom the poet appeals, the greater he is. " Many people followed me," said Odysseus to Nausicaa. The poet must be able to say as much of himself.

Solomos was equal to his task. I should like to show you that he was a great poet, a poet in no way inferior to his brothers of the West. But I find myself suddenly embarrassed. *Neogræca sunt ; non leguntur.* Few people know modern Greek. With his book in hand—Solomos has left only one book—I could make you thoroughly realise some of its beauties. You would object, perhaps, that beauty is felt and is not demonstrated. Well, I am not quite of that opinion. Beauty often needs to be understood in order to be felt. I will go further. It is possible, I consider, to prove, I am almost tempted to add mathematically, which among the poets deserve the title of " great." I will try then to set before you the characteristic marks of great poetry, such, at least, as I conceive them. And, step by step, we will see which of these features can be found in the verses of Solomos.

What distinguishes generally, in all times and in all countries, the born poet, is the touch of his hand on the lyre. Others will, perhaps, prefer to speak of the poet's inspiration. What I mean exactly is that inspiration which, in the very first verse, gushes forth and crystallises. I mean the initial line, provided that that line says at once what it means to say, that it is unexpected and definitive.

Baudelaire has many such strokes which cause an immediate effect. For example:

"*La servante au grand cœur dont vous etiez jalouse.*"

Solomos is full of them.

Thus his funeral ode to Byron, who had just succumbed at Missolonghi, begins with this verse:

"Oh liberty, awhile withhold
Thy hand, and sheathe thy chastening sword.
Come, weep with me, where on the sward
Lies Byron's body, deathly cold." [1]

In quite another style we have these verses to a dead girl:

"My songs, thou knewest them all of yore,
But this one thou shalt never know.
Alas! thou hearest me no more,
For death has laid thee low."

Such strokes are to be found, too, in prose, for there are prose writers worthy of the name of poets, and more poetic even than the others. The writers of antiquity abound in such magnificent commencements. For instance, this from an expressive antistrophe of the *Electra* of Sophocles:

"She comes, she comes, the goddess of a hundred feet, the goddess of a hundred hands; she comes forth from the depths of the frightful place where she lies in ambush, terrible Erinys."

I paraphrase rather than translate; for subtle criticism might here fall foul of the poet who himself, forgetting his first stroke — the hundred feet which he ascribes to the goddess—speaks a few verses later, in

[1] M. Psichari adds, in a note, an apology for his "méchants vers"; this apology the translator must repeat for his English rendering.

a compound of identical form, of her "feet of brass"; "the goddess of a hundred feet, the goddess of a hundred hands"; then, "Erinys, with feet of brass." Logically that should mean that she has as many brazen feet as she has feet. Now, you will own that so many brazen feet is somewhat too much, even for the gods. That is not what the poet meant, and yet the subtle critic would be wrong and the poet would still be right. Do not imagine that I am amusing myself by putting before you a paradox. But the law of these lyre-strokes of which I am talking is that, in the majority of cases, they are followed by more feeble lines, sometimes, if you will allow me to say so, by bad lines. Such bad lines are, even, one of the surest signs by which one recognises, not exactly the perfect rhymster, the good poet, but the poet of lofty flight. One might say that the middling poets dare not have such moments of weakness. As for the others, that is all the same to them. You see that even Sophocles does not escape the common lot. And, besides, we do not possess a sufficient knowledge of ancient Greek to track out all those human defects, which show up at once in a modern writer. I have already quoted Baudelaire. He is full of such lamentable downfalls. Solomos has his full share. Vigny who, when he soars, soars higher than all, has painful pages, when he soars no more. Lamartine and Musset, especially Lamartine, pay for their great lines by sudden and nasty drops. The art of Victor Hugo consisted simply in knowing how to stop these holes with gold—sometimes, it must be allowed, only with German silver.

I recall, however, a phrase that Victor Hugo used one

evening to a young poet—to him all poets were young. The poet wanted to read him a poem, and the great master asked him the number of lines that it contained. There were two hundred! M. Hugo, ever gallant, addressed a compliment to the ladies present. "The ladies," he said, "have a right to have nothing but what is beautiful around them." Then, turning to the poet, he added, "No one, sir, has ever made consecutively two hundred beautiful lines." It is a profound saying. Verse concentrates and illuminates. Prose expands. That is why the appearance of prose, I mean literary prose, is so great an event in a country. I might call it a birth—the birth of logic. Henceforth thought becomes connected, critical and watchful of itself. It builds itself up. And this conscious and continuous effort leads to what M. Nisard rightly called eloquence. Nothing is possible without prose, neither science nor progress.

The ample image, breaking its way through verbal obstacles, that, too, is an appanage of the true poet. "The wound springs forth from the axe," says Sophocles somewhere. He sees at once the face of Agamemnon, immediately covered with blood. "I fear," he says elsewhere, "like the eye of the flying dove," without worrying about syntax or about apparent precision in his comparison.

Solomos likewise recognises Liberty "by that aspect covering the ground with long strides."

Did not Agrippa d'Aubigné, too, speak of God:

"Whose eye *all-roving* and all-seeing too—?"

Solomos shows us Liberty coming forth sometimes

secretly from her ancient tomb. She wanders abroad to beg for help. And the poet adds:

"Alone thou roamedst the high roads,
And thou camest back alone.
Doors are not easily opened
When it is need that knocks at them."

And then, there are those lines struck off at a blow, cast in a definite mould, gloomy or laughing, rich with a sentiment or a thought, often, indeed, simply sonorous or decked with a somewhat useless beauty, like that line of Chénier's that Sainte-Beuve loved:

"L'or reluisait partout aux axes de tes chars,"

or, if you prefer the sentimental mould:

"L'homme est un apprenti ; la douleur est son maître."

Solomos, in verses of this nature, tries to express a crowd of thoughts. He has some which are infinitely tender, some which are purely musical, some which have the temper of steel—

"Thy force is a sea, a rock is my will."

I could quote you many of these lines, complete and resplendent, taking care always to choose them from the works of celebrated poets in several languages. In ancient Greek, in Latin, in French, in English, in German, in Italian—Dante is full of them—and in Russian. You see, then, that it is a distinctive mark common to all great geniuses.

Let us note, *en passant*, that no lines are easier to retain, precisely because they are full. And that is,

again, a lot which falls only to great poets and great verses.

I will now touch on a characteristic still more profound, a gift more rare, a special virtue of which only a few privileged ones can profit. Solomos has written, amongst other poems, two pieces, one on the death of a shepherd, the other on the death of a shepherdess—of a *pastoure* as our friend Fougères said the other day. Open Passow's collection of *Popularia Carmina Græciæ Recentioris*. You will find those pieces there. He had taken them for folk-songs! You laugh? It was not his fault. They had become songs of the people. Solomos has reached the rank of an anonymous poet.

That is, for a poet, perhaps the greatest glory which can befall him. Just as for any writer the surest honour he can attain is that of having his thoughts repeated by people who know not whence they come, and who repeat them sometimes even whilst attacking their author.

Think how many felicitous gifts are required to enable one thus to disappear amidst the crowd. We make up, all of us, an immense multitude of souls moving side by side, yet unknown to one another. Sometimes the lightning breaks forth and we recognise one another. The poet seizes that lightning flash in which, at a given moment, the entire soul of the crowd darted towards him. He feels as the crowd feels; he thinks as it thinks. He gives a shape to the conscience of his people.

Solomos has had that good fortune. To appreciate it as we should, we must understand to what degree the phenomenon is rare in all countries. Goethe has made of his Marguerite a type beloved by his compatriots, a

heart in which other lovers find their own, and many of Heine's verses are in current circulation in Germanic countries. I know not one of these *lieds* that has become *popular*, even when Heine had borrowed its theme from his native folk-lore. Shakespeare has succeeded in creating in his plays figures which are national types. In France, alas!—except sometimes in Molière—we have nothing like that: no living abstraction which sums up the Frenchman. That comes, unless I am mistaken, from the fact that French literature is, in the main, an aristocratic literature. By that epithet I do not mean that it is written in "*purist*" language, though "purist" Greek seems in the eyes of some to constitute a kind of aristocracy. No, Molière wrote without a blush: "Nicole, bring me my slippers," and that simple sentence establishes, too, a principle of writing which governs French prose. I call it aristocratic because, at bottom, school follows school since the seventeenth century, when the classic school held sway. Now, to say classic is always to say aristocratic. We must go back to Rabelais—that author of incalculable genius—to see the good smith in his workshop, melting down the ancient metals, iron, copper, brass and gold, striking his hammer on the anvil so as to forge the armour in which a giant can move at ease—a giant born on the soil of France, of legend and truth, symbolic and unrestrained.[1]

[1] "The legends of Gargantua and of Pantagruel are truly French (P. Sébillot, *Gargantua in Popular Tradition*, Paris, 1883, 12°). For Gargantua, Rabelais has utilised an old popular myth, which he has completely transformed by introducing into it elements only recently discovered. (Abel Lefranc, *The Voyages of Pantagruel*, Paris, 1905, 8°, and *Revue des*

I will complete in a few words this review of the fundamental qualities of the poet who is worthy of the name. None of them equals in value the supreme gift. I do not speak of the gift of creation; the expression is meaningless: you do not create, you combine. I mean the gift of re-creation. The task is this: to seize at least a fragment of the life throbbing around us and in us, to put it on the cold paper and there to bring it back to life with all its freshness. What I have already told you of Solomos shows you that he possessed this faculty. The little poems of his early career—*Poisoned, The Unknown, The Quarrel, The Blonde,* which were passed from hand to hand in the society of Zante and Corfu, were living poems, for in each of them he succeeded in fixing an instant of his own life or of the life of others. You will see presently to what degree he possessed this gift of resurrection.

This leads me to speak of the two important and distinct periods in the life of our poet. We have recognised in his work the general characteristics of the highest poetry. We shall now see that he gave to these characteristics the personal impression of his own genius. On the common canvas he succeeded in painting his own colours.

Solomos, who was born at Zante and had learnt as a child his mother tongue, returned to his fatherland in 1818, after having had in Italy a good classical education.

Etudes rabelaisiennes, passim). For Pantagruel, he has taken as his starting-point the very slender legend of a devil in an old mystery. (Lectures at the College of France, 1906-7, on Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, Book II.") This note M. Lefranc has been good enough to send me at my request.

Then he settled down at Corfu in 1828. That was the happy period of his life and of his Muse. He paid no attention to what had been done or said or written before him. He appeared, and with his very first notes created lyric poetry in Greece, much in the same way as Lamartine, with his divine ignorance and because he knew nought of the past, suddenly revealed in *The Lake* new feelings to his contemporaries, as new as the stars of another hemisphere.

Yet there is between Solomos and the Romantics no resemblance. In that epoch of Byronism you cannot discover, either in his life or in his verses, anything which might be called pose. Not a trace of rhetoric, in those days of Foscolo, that poet whose heart was deep, but whose speech was affected. Tommaseo said to Solomos: "The Germans succeed in making the commonest thought profound; as for you, you have discovered the means of rendering the profoundest thoughts common." That was always true of Solomos. It was indeed a principle with him. The merit is not solely his. Rhetoric is, in the language of modern Greece, impossible. It contains no declamatory elements. By some indefinable grace, product of circumstances, or by some gift, perhaps hereditary, the familiar smile of Plato ripples along this prose which seems, even when treating the gravest subjects, to be chatting with the reader. This smile, which is not a smile but rather a disposition of the heart, this simplicity and good-fellowship, is never wanting, if you examine closely, in the most lyrical pieces of our poet. The same qualities, *plus* laughter, show themselves yet more strongly in the satires of Solomos; for, like all complete geniuses, his

feeling burst forth as forcibly in laughter as in tears. There was then, in the little community in which he lived, a certain Roïdis, as poor a doctor as he was a rhymster. Solomos, who, by the way, was very intimate with him, being ever ready to seize the comic side of men and things, overwhelmed him with epigrams and wrote a whole satire on him. The story goes that sometimes Roïdis replied and that, when Solomos encountered a good line in the doctor's retorts, he would run to Roïdis to compliment him.

The laughter did not last long. At least we find no trace of it in the poet's work during the second period of his literary activity. In 1826 there was apparently a tragic incident in his life on which we are very imperfectly informed. Solomos never spoke of it himself. Evidence, however, coincides on one point, and certain details in his own verses confirm the report. A young girl, it seems, died of love for him after taking poison—the girl, in fact, to whom he addressed the song I spoke of just now.[1]

Was that the reason why in 1828 he quitted Zante? Could he not bear the ordeal of seeing the spot where she no longer dwelt? Did a revolution take place within him? The death of loved ones, if it does not sweep us away with them, has on the nature of some of us the singular effect of strengthening our steps in the

[1] It has been said that these verses were written in honour of a young girl who poisoned herself, indeed, but because of another love affair. Psychologically, this hypothesis is unlikely. Solomos tells us himself that one day the girl, speaking to him, had said that she was soon to die, and that the poet, at the moment, did not believe her words. In 1833, that is, seven years later, he returns, as if in remorse, in another piece, to the dead girl. The whole of this poem bears a personal cachet.

path of duty, when once the prostration is past; of making us strong, as it were, in our grief itself. Perhaps, as death crossed his path, Solomos felt that he had work, lasting work, to do. Perhaps he said to himself that now all his efforts should be consecrated to the land which had borne the chosen one whose devotion and purity he exalted in his verses? Till then, at least in his early years, Solomos hesitated still as to his path in life. He was not yet quite certain as to whether he would not write in Italian. He would assuredly have added another great poet to those of Italy. He was one of those, who, as M. P. Meyer says of G. Paris, would have shone anywhere in the first rank. But in his second period or in his second manner, he devotes himself completely to Greece.

There are so many interesting and different elements in this transformation of Solomos that we must consider them one by one. We shall thus fathom the better the mystery of his last years.

You know, doubtless, that noble line of Solomos: "Take Greece into thy heart and thou shalt feel it beat with manifold greatness." Solomos does not mean in these words, simply the modern Greece which he adored, the Greece that uprose in 1821. He is thinking of ancient Greece. In Italy he had studied the classical authors: the cult of Hellas had seized and penetrated into his heart. Wherever in modern Greece—the statement is suggestive—there is among writers an awakening of the national idiom, they turn at once towards the immortals. They are pursued and as it were chastised by the thought. Across their sleep comes the troubling odour of the myrtles of old. The

bitter leaf of the laurel of Atthis has for them an inexplicably sweet savour which haunts their palate. They work on in their misery and dream of their ancestors. Are they ambitious of the same glory? I know not. But, at least, I know whence comes their solicitude. They feel the necessity of going onward! The ancient Greek literature must be continued, the beautiful book must not turn its final page. With a fresh effort, the work of days gone by, the colossal work, must be taken up again. That is why the poets think of their ancestors and seek to give them new life.

To do this there are but two ways possible and no more. Either you must have genius like them, and, then, work on quite other lines: that is the decision taken by Dante—a decision which has been generally followed in the West. The only manner of imitating the ancients is precisely not to imitate them. Originality is the highest mark of respect that can be shown them. The second way is more modest, more humble, more commonplace. But it brings with it unheard-of difficulties, a wholesale re-creation: it is, to translate them and, by that very act, to impart to them fresh life.

Now, each attempt at writing in the popular idiom shows itself at once in a translation of the classics. In the eleventh century an author whose name remains unknown translated into verse a treatise of Isocrates, and thus gave us one of the earliest monuments of what is called popular Greek.[1] You have seen that in

[1] See *Mélanges Renier*, 1887, pp. 261 *fol.* It is the author commonly known under the name of Spaneas I. The treatise of Isocrates—*Ad Demonicum*—which he paraphrased is not authentic; but that does not affect the question.

Crete, in the seventeenth century, if there were no translations—though there are in the *Erophile*, a play of that epoch, certain passages which smack of translation—there was, at any rate, a powerful reference to antiquity. At the commencement of the nineteenth century Christopoulos—a vulgarist, as they are called, and one of mark—translated the first rhapsody of the *Iliad*. To-day, when the awakening is still more conscious of itself, Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Thucydides, and even Lucian are transfused and adapted to new needs. And these are not vulgar translations; they are works full of life and vigour, like the translations of Amyot or of Calvin. Solomos did not escape the common fate; we have some fragments of the *Iliad* translated by him.

This attachment of the Greeks to the works of their forefathers is touching and characteristic. M. Taine has shown that, in reality, a language is untranslatable. But that detracts nothing from the actual value or from the historic significance of these documents. Solomos, for his part, thought of translating quite another thing: he dreamt of translating, of modernising the *ideal* of the men of old. And, thanks to the ardour he brought to the task it became one of the torments of the latter part of his life.

It was not the only one. He was deeply versed in the writers of Italy. With them he had learnt to love the Latin literature, that literature full of force, and often of brilliancy, but full, too, of a deep compassion. These contacts of the Greek with the Latin genius in a single brain are always beautiful and fruitful; when the two souls are thus wedded together the result is

always felicitous. It is evident that Solomos sought to give to Greek, which had but just come into existence, the benefit of all the art, of all the delicacy, of all the artifice of an old literature like the Italian. In that respect, his manuscripts are instructive. The variants are accumulated: he makes and remakes the same line five, ten times, until he can turn it at his ease, until he has succeeded in enclosing in it a whole world, for often he aims at nothing less.[1] "Give thyself up to the tongue of thy people," he cried once, "and then conquer it and become its master." And that is how he merited to be called by Dora d'Istria, "the true intellectual son of Athens and of Rome."

Under the impulse of this double preoccupation, Solomos began his work. In the first part of his life—at the epoch of the *Hymn* or of *The Unknown*—he was somewhat prone to abandon himself to the wind of chance. He took pleasure in composing verses whilst music was played to him, just as Musset was accustomed to do. He was, perhaps, rather careless. He himself, at any rate, is very severe on the verses dashed off at this period. There is no need for us to imitate him in this. Nowadays the shrewd ones sometimes affect in their turn an air of disdain in speaking of the early inspirations of Solomos. The same fate befalls him as has overtaken the author of the *Iambes*—due regard being paid to the distance which separates the two poets. The *Iambes* of Barbier, we are told, are nothing. It is

[1] I do not exaggerate. The *Arab horse*, *French intelligence*, the *Turkish ball*, the *English cannon*, all that is to go into a single line. He turns and returns it and ends by putting it all in. (See *Complete Works*, Athens, 1901, p. 192.)

the *Pianto* which is admirable. That is what we are told, too, of the latest poems of Solomos. I do not believe it. There are often in the operations of our intellect, as in those of our sentiments, a third movement by which we return to our first idea, in more thoughtful fashion, because we have passed through the second and, if the first is good, that third state is the best. The best that Barbier has ever done is in the *Iambes*. And what Solomos has written in his youth remains excellent. But that will not prevent us from admiring what he wrote in riper years. Besides, it must be added that between his two styles the difference is not so very great. The man remains ever the same. We need not imagine that Solomos was what is called an inspired poet. Monti, who was a great personage at that time, the Patriarch of the Italian Parnassus, got impatient one day with Solomos (for whom, however, he had a great admiration), over a line of Dante's of which the young Greek was anxious, at all hazards, to discover the exact meaning.

"It is enough to feel," cried Monti.

"No," replied Solomos, firmly, "we must also understand."

He desired that the mind should have full consciousness of the movements, sometimes obscure, of the heart.

The pieces of the first period are stamped with a perfect character of impersonality, and with all the marks of deep art. Here is one of them, *The Unknown:*

"Who is she who comes down—all white—from the mount?
Now that this maid appears, the grass becomes tender.

At once the flower unfolds its charming beauty, and its head bends down.
Full of love, it begs the unknown not to pass by without treading upon it.
Red and beautiful are her lips, like the leaves of the rose-tree
At break of day, when the dawn sprinkles the rain of its dew.
And the lovely throng of her hair upon her breast shines blonde.
Her eyes, when she smiles, wear the colour that is in the heavens.
Who then is she who comes down all white from the mount?"

You see that the poet idealises. The young maids of Corfu do not wander thus on the mountains, with hair unbraided. The poet had been struck by the beauty of the daughter of the English Governor of Corfu; she used to dress in white and she loved flowers. White becomes the dominant note in this little composition. which, though short, is full of thought. The apparition, impersonalised, is the symbol of all unknown things which surprise and charm us. This unknown may be, too, poetry which descends to-day from the mountain to a quite modern Greece.

Like Goethe, Solomos possessed the rare gift of analysing his sensations at the very instant when he felt them in all their violence. His mind saw his heart beat. Let us admire the qualities thus accumulated in one man, by education or by birth. He had, naturally, general ideas and he could impart to them an ample breath; he knew several languages and had thus, to repeat a phrase of Ennius', given himself several souls. And, then, what he thought was great at once. Finally, he carried out his most ample conceptions with marvellous exactitude, with attention to the minutest detail.

In the second part of his life objectivism became an absolute principle. He was at once theoretical and

creative. And he worked. He speaks somewhere of those colours of eve which have no names and which are infinitely beautiful. He wished to render these nuances; he studied to express them by the touch of his brush. He dreamt of a mixture of simplicity and depth, of German symbolism and Hellenic light; from what is purely Greek he would bring forth the universal. This side of the genius of Solomos has been marvellously seized by a great contemporary poet, K. Palamas, who seems made to understand in others what he feels in himself.[1]

At Corfu in 1849 there took place an accident. A young Englishman was bathing, when half of his body was carried away by a shark. This monster has the good luck to bear at Corfu the beautiful name of Porphyras. Perhaps it was this name that tempted Solomos. In any case, the poet seized on the event. But his immediate desire is to enlarge, to humanise it. He wishes, as M. Taine says, to "generalise the particularity," or, at any rate, to draw from this special case a great symbol. The young man, who in Solomos' lines loses all nationality, goes to bathe at night in the calm, blue waters, between two worlds of light, the sky and the sea in which are reflected all the stars. They swim with him; he is about to snatch them by handfuls; he will conquer space and mystery, when Porphyras lays hold of him. And next day, says Solomos, his head was thrown upon the shore, "marvellous relic of solitude and grandeur." It is a work of perfect beauty.

[1] See *The Complete Works of Solomos* in the *Bibliotheke Marasly*, Nos. 138-9, Athens, 1901; text by Politis, preface by Palamas. I have borrowed freely from this excellent preface.

Again, listen to this. He undertakes a long poem on Missolonghi—*The Freemen Besieged*. It is not a purely patriotic poem; it is a poem of psychology, of thought, of reflection. A thousand obstacles put the courage of the captives to the proof; a thousand temptations steal upon them and lay siege to their souls. But the greatest peril is this — the song of the springtime suddenly bursts forth; spring sings in their hearts of the love of life, and threatens to weaken the defence and their sense of duty. You see that this song has a yet wider meaning than the celebrated air in Wagner's *Valkyrie*. In reference to this poem, the poet made this simple note on a piece of paper: " Act so as to discover in thy little circle the most essential interests of Hellenism and even, if thou canst, the moral interests of humanity. Thus thy subject will have links with the universal system. See *Prometheus* and, in general, the dramas of Æschylus."

You grasp now the manner in which Solomos drew his inspiration from the inimitable models. Oh! ancient Greece! I could desire to speak to you of her at length. I wish that we could pass many hours together in affectionate contemplation of her works. Each people comes on this planet with its special discovery. Man discovers, turn by turn, stone, iron and gold. But the Greeks have found, have created, not poetry—all nations are poets—not thought—everywhere man thinks—they have created the essential value, the sovereign affirmation of thought and of poetry—and that is perhaps what a great mind mistook for glory when he attributed the invention of it to them. Glory has been added unto them, in this general value of

thought. It is a definite value, for they have invented all things and for all time. Dante is in Æschylus, and the method of Claude Bernard is already in Hippocrates, with most striking coincidences. Assuredly, there is no greater intellectual enjoyment than that which thrills through us from some passage of the ancients of which we have fully grasped the sense. It thrills in long continuous waves. And we can find in them enjoyment more often than one thinks. But that is very hard to acquire. For that one needs much study. We are not yet sure of all the passages of Aristophanes at which it is right to laugh and, in spite of the present success of *Electra*, we know not yet all the passages of Sophocles at which we should be touched nor to what depth we ought to be so.

Yet I am still more affected by the poet of Zante when he listens with pity to the humble Greek beggar. I am more deeply moved by the poet of Corfu, when he desires, by his own strength, not to be unworthy of his ancestors. Let us worship ancient Greece on our knees. Let us not profane her by impossible imitations and let us love, for she is worthy of it, modern Greece for herself.

Dionysios Solomos did not share the opinion of the scholiast of Dionysios of Thrace,[1] who, in the midst of the Christian era, boastfully divided the languages of the world into two categories: first Greek, then the barbarous tongues. Italian had become for our poet like his mother tongue. We know, indeed, that he thought in Italian. The notes that he made in order to build

[1] Sch. in Dion. Thr. in the Gramm. gr., Vol. III. Hilgard, 1901, p. 446, l. 32.

up the plan of his poems, the details of construction, the ideas which occurred to him, all that is in Italian in his manuscripts. Then, when he wrote his verses, he became Greek from head to foot. The chemistry of his brain makes me dream. However exaggerated the comparison may be, I, too, in the midst of my Parisian life—no, I cannot say that, for I am hardly Parisian in the sense in which the word is usually understood—in my French life, there comes to me a moment, there comes an hour or two in the day, sometimes longer in summer, down in the country, in Brittany, there come hours when I sit down at my table to write, and my mother tongue takes complete possession of me. I hear with precision, though it is at a distance of some thousands of leagues, the talk exchanged in the streets or in the houses. The sounds reach my ears, sharp and clear. My native language sings within me its rhythm and its harmony, and so I write the language as it is spoken.

Many dream and few realise their dreams. We have alas! but fragments of the second manner of Solomos. We have not the complete poems. Why not? Here we touch the tragic mystery of his later years.

I have been told at Zante that the poet was accustomed to read his verses to his friends. He awakened in them few echoes of encouragement. He invited them one evening to hear him read some Italian verses he had made, so he said; for he used to write verses, excellent verses in Italian. He read them. An icy silence followed; the faces of the guests were confused.

" What do you think of them? " he insisted. They replied by indistinct murmurs.

" I regret," said Solomos, maliciously, " I have just read you one of the finest sonnets of Petrarch."

That is only an anecdote. The truth was more melancholy.

In the Italian literary circles of that date, by men like Monti, Manzoni, Ugo Foscolo, Tommaseo, Solomos was very highly rated. Every one spoke of his genius. Tommaseo pronounced the name of Dante in connection with his. He was translated in France. At Corfu, even, a circle of young enthusiasts worshipped him. The gentle poet, Jules Typaldos, had a profound veneration for his master. We must add that with the critical spirit with which he was endowed, Solomos could not be ignorant of his proper value, nor of the importance of the work he had undertaken for Greece. The moment comes when, for certain minds, the word " pride " has no more meaning than that of modesty. Solomos could not help comparing the testimony from abroad with the opinion generally entertained of him in his own country. It is truly marvellous that the artist could continue to create, *tête-à-tête* as it were with himself, without ever renewing his touch with a hostile or indifferent society. We may say that the general public ignored him. Here, too, we must certainly take into account the primitive age in which he made his appearance. The kingdom was just forming itself. It could not suspect, certainly, what Solomos had been the first to do for the intellectual resurrection of Greece. King Otho, though an enlightened prince, or the new dynasty, which owed its existence to literature, did not seem to imagine that there were in Greece men of letters—poets!

Solomos, must, too, have experienced other and deeper grievances, wounds that cannot be told, but which are mortal. His fully-awakened intelligence must have often felt, before the minds of his compatriots, how hard it was to enter there. For that it would have been necessary to recommence for them *ab ovo* the demonstration of the most elementary things as to language and art. Do not we professors know such disappointments? The answer of a pupil, who aspires, maybe, to the highest circles of education, reveals to us, sometimes, disquieting abysses, sombre gaps—a whole education to be recommenced. When it is possible, we make the attempt. When it is not, we abandon the culprit.

Alas! that is what Solomos did, but in a manner which must have made his heart bleed. He withdrew completely from Corfiote society, gave way to an unapproachable melancholy and took no pleasure except in his walks and in his talks with little children. He had no companions in his work but those *gazie* flowers,[1] which he could no longer do without. It was at least expected that, after his death, there would be found in his drawers finished poems which he had shown to no one. Nothing was found. It is true that never poet took less care than he of his manuscripts.

A legend runs, however, that Solomos, in despair and contempt, destroyed his papers with his own hands.[2]

[1] A kind of small musk plant.

[2] According to another story, a relation, a cousin, as the result of a family quarrel, got hold of these papers on the poet's death and destroyed them. Lastly, the hypothesis has been put forward that the poems had never been completed. It seems, however, certain that there were papers and that they have mysteriously disappeared.

I cannot believe that he would have dreamt of punishing his country so. One must reply by kindness, even to ignorance. The thinker must be exalted by a spirit of self-sacrifice. Honour should, undoubtedly, be paid to poets during their lifetime—the greatest honour, since they are the true founders, as we saw at the beginning of this study. But the conviction of the good they do, the certainty of future harvest, that should suffice them. What would Solomos have thought, he who was touched by a good verse of Roïdis, could he have foreseen the literary renaissance of to-day, that renaissance of which I should like to speak to you some day, in order to hail in our contemporary, Kostis Palamas, a poet greater, of ampler scope, and more perfect than he?

My review of the work of Solomos would be incomplete, if I omitted to mention that his greatest glory is to have written in what is called vulgar Greek, and I should be wanting in respect to my audience and to Truth, if I did not add a word on what is called the Greek language question.

Solomos wrote in the vernacular as best he could. The important thing is that he did employ it. He had a deep sense of the national idiom and, like Dante, he knew how to seek and find in the dialects, even in certain *patois*, the right words. It is thus that popular languages are formed. In the same way, later on, A. Valaoritis, another of the literary glories of modern Greece, used to go and piously collect in the sacred isle of Madouri common words, racy and luminous. The essential point to remark about Solomos is that he identified the national liberation of Greece with its deliverance from scholasticism. He detested the

pedants as much as he detested the Turks. The same man, who, in 1824, climbed the hills of Zante to cry from afar to the besieged: "Hold on, unhappy Missolonghi, hold on" (*βάστα, καημένο Μεσολόγγι, βάστα*), felt that this language alone could serve as expression for the Greek heart and thought. It was for this reason that he wrote in prose, for he had the supreme merit of writing also in prose, his fine dialogue between the Poet and the Magister.

As regards the Greek language question, I will be brief. There are in Greece two languages, one literary, drawn from books, and the other reposing on the normal development of all spoken language—namely, on an uninterrupted oral tradition. This latter, both historically and scientifically, alone merits the title of modern Greek, since the other openly confesses to imitation of the ancient language. But a nation has no right to be indifferent to other nations. The Greece of to-day is, intellectually and poetically, one of the richest, most original and best endowed of countries. The question arises—a question undoubtedly of the highest interest: by what new treasures is she to swell the accumulated riches of humanity? Now, modern Greece can only express her soul in a modern Greek language, and it is in order to forge for her that instrument that many are valiantly working to-day.

The question, as a well-informed Russian critic has pointed out, has been badly stated from the beginning. What has been attempted is a kind of *restoration* of ancient Greece, instead of working towards the renaissance of a new world.[1] However that may be, what is

[1] M. Lykiardopoulo in *La Balance*. Feb. 1906, p. 55 in Russian.

wanted to-day is reflection. We are face to face with unavoidable necessities. The country needs a language which everyone can speak, read and write. For that to be possible, grammar or, in other terms, unity is required. The whole question is summed up in those two simple phrases. I have studied the matter for now twenty-five years and I have come to the conclusion that the learned tongue cannot fulfil these two indispensable postulates. We must not be influenced by Dionysios of Thrace. The Philhellenes of old, certain travellers of the sixteenth century, certain scholars of the good old times, blamed nowadays by better informed *savants*, have contributed to the contempt heaped on the true modern language, qualified by them as *vulgar* and even barbarous! A tongue in which Solomos crystallised his soul is one of the noblest in the world. As to certain grammatical details, details which enter into the constitution of all literary languages, too much importance must not be attached to them, even should they astonish at first sight. That fine word *solicitude* shocked the ears of the contemporaries of Molière. To-day it seems to us one of the most charming we possess. Things must be looked at from a higher point of view and in a clearer light.

I will finish my talk with a little story which may refresh you after these dry grammatical dissertations. Let me go back to the literature of the first Christian centuries, and particularly to one of the monuments of that apocryphal literature which exalted the faith of the first Christians and, no doubt, charmed their evening hours. It is related in the *Acta Thomæ* [1] that the holy

[1] M. Bonnet, *Acta apostulorum apocrypha*, Vol. II., i. 1903, pp. 99, *fol.*

apostle, at the express command of Jesus, had gone to visit an Eastern king.

"What can you do?" the king asked him.

"I am a mason, and I know how to build palaces," he replied.

"This is most opportune. You shall build one for me."

The apostle accepted and at once he began to visit the towns and the country, sowing the word, spreading amongst the lost good teaching and courage. After a time the prince sent for him and demanded his palace.

"Your palace?" replied the apostle with dignity; "I have built it. But to see it you must first die." You can guess what the prince did at these words: he threw the apostle into prison.

Well, even at much later periods of Christianity we have had examples of replies analogous to that—and, in Greece itself, it would hardly do to preach the Gospel in M. Pallis's translation. What conclusion, then, are we to draw from this tale? That we shall only see the triumph of modern Greek at our death? Certainly not. Quite the contrary. I would say that we must see it in order not to die. That is urgent. M. Paillarès has pointed out to you, discreetly and firmly, in his paper on Macedonia that the Macedonian cares nothing about learning Xenophon, that he hastens to schools where he can satisfy more practical needs. Macedonia is threatening to follow, as a whole, in his steps. The Phanar, which has the control of education, will certainly keep a watchful eye on the matter. I had quite recently occasion to admire the intelligence of the present Œcumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, Joachim III.

He will easily understand that, in such circumstances, the question of language is a vital one for a nation which wishes to expand—which wishes to live.

The apostle's sentence means something else. It means that we must, above all, think of the future. And, to come back to a more positive order of ideas, to prepare for the future, we must work, or, more modestly, we must read. If we read, this Greek question would not exist. We should all be of the same opinion. I know an honest gentleman, who, quite recently, began to discuss the everlasting question with me. I asked him if he had read the special books on the subject. He, of course, replied that he had not. I put mine at his disposal. But he never came to fetch them. It is always annoying to have to change one's opinions. Yet many have done so. The partisans of vulgar Greek are to-day legion. Everyone is not of the opinion of the honourable M. Papamikhalopoulos, deputy, who, on the 22nd of February last said from the tribune of the Greek Parliament: " The vulgarists are scoundrels. . . . They are advising us to blow up the Parthenon with dynamite. . . . They are not Christians. . . . Their works are filthy ejections . . . disastrous from a national point of view. . . . The Hellenic language has twice been employed by God Himself. (Applause)."

The honourable member, by this last sentence, means no doubt the Greek translation of the four Gospels, and what is called the Septuagint version. The difference of time worries him but little. For him, the language of Plato, which he invokes in his speech, and the language of the Septuagint, celebrated for its Hebraïsms and for its fastidious fidelity to the original

text, are one. As to the language of the Gospels it is, alas! a very *vulgar* tongue, and M. Papamikhalopoulos does not fully realise what models he is praising. Let us not go too deeply into the matter. The rest—his anathema against the *vulgarists*—is much clearer. Yet, with all due deference to the speaker, it is the *vulgarists* like Solomos who shed honour on modern Greece.

We must not insist on these small defects, on these slight eccentricities. A Greek aged seventy-five at present would still be a year older than the Hellenic Kingdom. It is right to place oneself always at this point of view to appreciate the immense efforts made by Greece since 1821. That is why we can and must think with gladness of the future and, to remain true Greeks, put our trust before all in the cult, justly conceived, of the Idea.

Jean Psichari.

VII

GREEK ECONOMICS — GREECE AT THE PRESENT DAY—WHAT SHE IS—WHAT SHE SHOULD BE.

The uprising of the Greeks for liberty dates from the year 1821, but it was only in 1829 that Sultan Mahmoud was obliged to accept its general principle. I will not waste time in reminding you of the details of those heroic years, for they are still present to all minds. I will simply remark that, at the commencement of the insurrection, Europe, not desiring complications in the Orient, was not favourable to the cause of Hellenism: France was indifferent; England openly hostile. As to Russia and Austria, they condemned the insurgents vigorously.

The heroic conduct, however, of the Greeks excited at last sympathy for them; the public understood that the handful of patriots who desired to wrest Hellas from Ottoman domination—and who would have already succeeded in 1824, had not the Viceroy of Egypt intervened—were serving the great cause of civilisation and humanity, and, after some years of indecision, France, England and Russia espoused the cause of Greek independence.

A first treaty was signed in London on the 6th of July 1827, between the three Powers, but as the ultimatum which they addressed to the Sultan—demanding an

immediate cessation of hostilities—received no reply, the allied fleets destroyed, on the 20th of October in the bay of Navarino, the Egyptian vessels. Shortly afterwards Russia declared war on Turkey, while a French army corps, commanded by General Maison, landed in the Morea, and forced the army of Ibrahim Pasha to evacuate Greece. From that moment the Greek cause had completely succeeded. The protocol of London, signed on the 22nd of March 1829, between England, France and Russia, was however incomplete, for by it, it was decided to limit Greece to a line drawn from the Gulf of Arta on the Adriatic to the Gulf of Volo on the Ægean and to make of her a vassal state under the suzerainty of the Porte. Greece had, even, to pay each year a tribute of 1,500,000 piastres to the Sultan and to be governed by a Christian prince chosen by the Commander of the Faithful.

Such was the principle of the first protocol of 22nd March 1829. It constituted a grave political error; for by thus leaving Greece under the nominal control of the Porte, it condemned her to perpetual agitation, while by cutting her off from Thessaly, Macedonia and Epirus, and by depriving her of the great Ionian islands—Corfu, Cephalonia and Zante—and of the island of Crete—all lands pre-eminently Greek—it prevented her from becoming a real power and from playing an active part in the East.

The National Assembly, sitting at Argos from the 23rd of July to the 18th of August 1829, refused these conditions. It desired, and rightly, that Greece should become completely independent of the Porte and it demanded to have her natural frontiers restored to her.

If, at that moment, the three protecting Powers had done justice to these legitimate claims of the Greek patriots, all the vicissitudes which have overwhelmed Greece during the course of the nineteenth century would have been avoided, and the brave little country might have become prosperous and powerful.

I will not revert to the stormy period which separates the protocol of London, 1829, from the treaty of the 17th of March 1832, by which the three Powers elected as King of Greece, now erected into an independent kingdom, Prince Otho of Bavaria. The National Assembly, called together at Nauplia, ratified unanimously the choice of the three Powers, who had also granted to Greece a loan of £2,400,000 free from interest. This money was destined for the payment of an indemnity of £480,000 to the Porte and for endowing the new nation with its first elements of political, financial and judicial administration.

We arrive thus at the birth of modern Greece. My duty as an impartial historian forces me to state at once that the administrative system inaugurated by the Bavarian regency—which governed Greece until King Otho attained his majority on the 1st of June 1835—was disastrous for the financial future of the young nation, which had been completely ruined by eight years of war to the knife. During that war the massacres due to Ottoman repression had reduced the population to scarcely 700,000 inhabitants. The country possessed neither roads nor bridges. It had almost forgotten what a coinage meant—so miserably poor was the people—and four-fifths of its land lay fallow for want of labourers. For a country so wretched a patriarchal

administration was necessary at first,—an administration whose principal object it should have been to pacify the minds of all parties and to organise methodically the means of production. Instead of that, the Bavarian regents established first the ceremonial of the Court, deciding, for example, that one could only appear before the king in evening dress—a costume that was, at least, awkward if not too expensive for the Greeks who, at that date, knew only the national kilt. They crowded the new fiscal and judicial administration with officials drawing fat salaries, but who, knowing neither the language, nor the customs, nor the material condition of the people they administered, displeased every one and arrived at no practical result. When the national army was created, 3500 Bavarian soldiers, furnished by the father of King Otho, were incorporated in it. Further, foreign officers were chosen in preference to the valiant Greek patriots who had devoted their lives and shed their blood for the cause of independence. All these actions gave rise to serious disagreements between the Court and the nation. The result was that, during the whole of King Otho's reign —that is to say during thirty years (1833 to 1862)— Greece was in a constant state of agitation and revolt, and one may say that only by a miracle was that unhappy country able to pass through that cruel period without losing its sentiment of nationality and its faith in the future.

Progress during that reign was naturally very mediocre, and on the fall of King Otho the population of Greece hardly reached the figure of 1,100,000 inhabitants; her finances showed a balance on the wrong

side; her agricultural and manufacturing production was almost *nil* and her foreign commerce only existed in a rudimentary state. Yet, under the influence of liberty, a Greek mercantile marine had been created and was advancing resolutely to the conquest of maritime commerce in the ports of the Levant. The blue and white flag had become known in all the harbours of the Mediterranean, of the Adriatic, and of the Black Sea, and it was by her sailors and traders that new-born Greece proved her vitality.

With the accession of the present king, George I., a new era commenced for Hellenism. First of all the young sovereign had the good fortune to bring in his travelling-bag a rich present—the Ionian Islands, which England gracefully handed back to Greece. Then in 1867 the young king married Princess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia—an event greeted with real joy by the whole of Greece, for the young nation was bound to Russia by the double tie of patriotic gratitude and of a common religion.

By the addition of the Ionian Islands the area of the kingdom was increased by nearly 580,000 acres and its population by 270,000 inhabitants. In 1864 the census showed a population of 1,377,000 against 1,096,000, in 1862, and 853,000 only, in 1842. In 1881, when the Congress of Berlin gave at last back Thessaly to Greece, the area of the kingdom was again increased by about 3,310,000 acres and its population by about 335,000 souls. The census of 1882 showed a total population of 2,035,000. This population exceeded 2,504,000 in 1899, and I reckon that it must at present reach about 2,700,000. Lastly, since the 1st of April

1906, the King of Greece having obtained from the Powers the right of nominating the High Commissioner of Crete, we can almost take it for granted that this corner of Hellenic ground is virtually reunited to the mother land, and with this new contingent the Greek home population now surpasses 3,000,000 inhabitants.

All this is good, but it is not enough. It is not enough because, as long as Greece has not obtained her natural frontiers on the north—Macedonia and Epirus —she will remain a prey to the patriotic fever which has harassed and enfeebled her for more than three-quarters of a century, and which presents an obstacle to the normal course of her evolution.

To-day, the foreign commerce of Greece reaches the figure of 225,000,000 drachmas as compared with only 60,000,000 in 1862, and the public revenues amount to more than 125,000,000 as compared with hardly 22,000,000, in 1862. This is evidently a serious advance, and it proves the activity of the Greek people, but it is not sufficient. The reign of George I. has, beyond a doubt, been relatively happy for Greece. It has seen her territory extended and her economic situation improved. But can we forget that the most conspicuous events during this reign have been the troubles in Crete and the incessant efforts made by all the scattered members of Hellas to draw near and join once more the mother-country? Are you aware that in the Greek debt, the inordinate increase of which brought about the financial crisis of 1893, the help granted to Crete and to the wretched Cretans who took refuge in Greece represents more than 200,000,000 drachmas, that is to say about one-third of the total? Must it be counted

to the Greeks as a crime that they have thus assisted their oppressed brethren?

If in 1832 the protecting Powers had accorded Greece the rational frontier which she ought to have had—and which it will be necessary to give her, sooner or later, in the interests of European civilisation itself—all the extraordinary expenses which we find recorded in the Greek budgets from 1867 to 1890 would have been avoided; all these sacrifices of men and of money would never have been made and new Greece, forming a complete whole from the day of her origin, would have been able to concentrate all her efforts on the development of her moral and material resources.

Europe has, then, its share of responsibility for the Greek bankruptcy of 1893; for we may affirm that if, in 1881, the Conference of Constantinople had settled the Cretan question in the same way as it did the question of Thessaly, that is to say, if it had handed back to the Hellenic motherland that morsel of earth, nine-tenths of whose population had fought so valiantly for a century to free themselves from the Ottoman yoke—the insurrection of 1888-1889 would not have taken place, nor the sanguinary incidents of 1895-1896 which rendered the war of 1897 inevitable.

Does this mean that continental Greece is still the miserable country that King George found when he mounted the throne in 1863? Her enemies say that it is so; but an examination of her industrial and financial situation during a period of ten years is enough to prove the contrary.

Let us take the decade between 1896, the year before the Græco-Turkish war, and 1905, the last year for which

we have figures. In 1896 Greek foreign commerce represented £7,560,000, whilst in 1905 it had reached the figure of £9,000,000. The Exchequer receipts have risen from £3,480,000 in 1896 to £5,040,000 in 1905. The number of Greek steamers has risen from 107 in 1896 to 201 in 1905, and the gross tonnage of these vessels has advanced from 145,000 tons in 1896 to 347,000 tons in 1905. Lastly, the general movement of shipping in Greek harbours which gave in 1896 only 5809 steamers, shows, as entering and leaving the different ports, 8394 steamers in 1905. The tonnage of this shipping—I am speaking now of effective tonnage—has risen from 5,437,000 tons in 1896 to 9,437,400 tons in 1905.

These are figures which prove that, in spite of the sufferings and political troubles to which Greece has been exposed during that period, the people has continued to work and to develop its economic means.

The question of exchange also deserves our attention, for what has taken place in that direction in Greece within a period of ten years shows us better than all the arguments in the world the economic progress accomplished by the country. In 1896 the Greek exchange was quoted at 174, which means that in exchange for 100 francs in gold you had in Greece 174 drachmas, or, if you like, that 100 Greek drachmas were worth in French money 57. 47 francs exactly, that is, a loss of 42½% on the exchange. To-day the Greek exchange has fallen to 107.50: 100 drachmas are worth to-day 93 francs and the loss which was one of 42½% in 1896, has been reduced to just 7% at the present time. Thus you see that Greece obtains her money almost at par. In this

direction she has surpassed even Spain which, however, has supplied to Europe a very remarkable example of economic revival.

Lastly, to make an end of this long series of figures, I pass to the question of the railways. There were in 1896 590 miles of railway in operation in Greece; in 1905 they had become 750. The total receipts, which were only 9,091,000 drachmas in 1896, have risen to 12,000,000 in 1905; as to the receipts per mile they have risen from 13,720 drachmas in 1896, to 16,090 in 1905.

In order to sum up the present situation of Greece from an economic point of view, I calculated, at the beginning of 1905, the total value of Greek transferable securities as compared with 1896, and I found that the capital of such securities, expressed in gold, which in 1896 represented a value of only £16,080,000 reached in 1905 the sum of £33,400,000.

M. Gaston Deschamps, who has given us such a brilliant study on *Hellenism in Asia Minor*, had already written in his interesting book, entitled *Greece of To-day*, published in 1891, these lines:

"The kingdom of Greece is composed of a little town and a fairly large number of villages. But this little town possesses a treasure for which many persons would give all the buildings of all the Occidental capitals: the Acropolis. And these villages are inhabited by an ingenious and patient race which has, by its tenacity, weathered the most violent storms; which has come forth, more cheerful than ever, from the shipwreck of several centuries; which still feels the benumbing effect of the hard years of slavery and misery, but which

possesses the qualities by means of which nations which have been unfortunate succeed in tiring out their ill-luck: the gift of remembering and the power of hoping, in spite of all."

Those observations are absolutely correct. If the Greeks have some of the defects of Oriental nations—and which is the people which has none?—they have, on the other hand, numerous fine qualities. They are active, intelligent, hard-working and enterprising. What proves my assertion beyond all doubt is the facility with which they leave their native land to seek fortune abroad and the results which they achieve. Withal, they have a true sense of patriotism and, however high may be the worldly position which they reach, they never forget the land of their birth, but always maintain with her relations of sentiment and of interest.

That is an economic fact of the highest importance. Athens, which was only a miserable village when Châteaubriand visited it and which was only a small town at the epoch of Edmond About, has become at the present day a real capital. And this truly extraordinary transformation, which has taken place in the last fifteen years only, is the work, above all, of Greeks settled abroad.

These Hellenic colonies abroad, which generally hold a high position in the commerce and banking of the countries in which they are established, have attained of late years a real preponderance in Egypt and the Soudan. I have just had the good fortune to visit these two countries and, with your permission, we will

rapidly revisit them together. The journey will enable us to gain a vivid comprehension of one of the most interesting sides of the character of the Greek people. I mean its business intelligence and its power of assimilation.

It has been said that to form a good judgment on France it is necessary to examine her from abroad; the same observation applies to Greece, and we shall see that she has everything to gain from such an examination.

[With the help of numerous lantern views, M. Edmond Théry conducted his audience to Egypt and the Egyptian Soudan. Then, recalling the victorious expedition of 1898-1899, by which Lord Kitchener reconquered Khartoum and destroyed the Khalifa, M. Edmond Théry said:]

During this painful march across the arid regions of Nubia and the province of Berber, the Egyptian Greeks rendered immense services to the Anglo-Egyptian army, for whenever that army arrived at an Arab town or village, it found the Greek purveyors already installed there, and it is those purveyors especially who revictualled the soldiers of Lord Kitchener. The present Governor of the Soudan, Sir Reginald Wingate, told me himself that the Government would never forget what the Greeks had done for the cause of civilisation at the time of the recapture of the Soudan, and he added that he was happy to do justice to their perfect integrity, for during the whole expedition there had not been the slightest hitch in connection with any of the contracts arranged with them. Of the 3000 European inhabitants

of Khartoum at the present day, the Greek residents alone represent 2500. They are the owners of the principal private buildings and of the most important agricultural concessions; nearly the whole of Soudanese trade passes through their hands and, if you wish to be understood on the banks of the Nile, you must speak Greek.

Let me set before you, by way of an illustration, the case of M. Angelos Capatos, the head of the Greek community of Khartoum:

He was a modest citizen of Cephalonia who followed Lord Kitchener's expedition and became later one of the chief contractors for his army. In this capacity Angelos Capatos rendered immense services to England and Egypt, and gained a fine fortune which he was able, later, to develop at Khartoum by his industry and intelligence. He occupies now a commanding position in that city and is considered in some sort as the Rothschild of the Soudan, but he has never forgotten his fatherland, and, whenever the occasion arises, he shows in a practical fashion his attachment to Greece.

While visiting Khartoum I asked him where was the Greek church. "In Macedonia," Capatos replied, simply. This meant that the Greek colony of the Soudan had got together a large sum of money in order to build a handsome Orthodox church at Khartoum, but that, after the events in Macedonia, this money was sent to Greece to aid the unfortunate Macedonians.

It was my desire in thus conducting you to Egypt and the Soudan, to show you what is the power of assimilation of this Greek people, so weak in Europe for the reasons which I have explained to you, and so strong

in countries where it can freely exercise its economic activity and its civilising aptitudes.

It is evidently a great advantage, from certain financial points of view, for Greece to have rich colonies scattered in every quarter of the globe, but this advantage has several drawbacks, the principal of which is emigration. For these brilliant colonies exercise a powerful attraction on the population of the Peloponnesus, of Attica and of the great Ionian Isles, and the consequences to the homeland are depressing.

The Greeks who live abroad, however, can minimise this disadvantage by remaining always in close touch with the mother-country, by paying it frequent visits, by sending their children to visit it and by maintaining with it business relations. The Hellenic Government, on its side, should encourage these relations by developing the sources of production in Greece and by assuring, by the wisdom and prudence of its policy, the security of foreign capital invested in the country.

For the rest, there is a most practical and rapid way of ameliorating the economic condition of Greece. I have already described it in my work on *Contemporary Greece*, but I will return to the question, for I consider it one of the highest importance for Greece, both from an economic and from a moral point of view. I may add that the Greek colonies of Alexandria, Cairo and Khartoum, before whom I have recently explained my plan, have received it with marked favour.

You know that for half a century, and for reasons known to all the world, public prosperity has grown in Europe and America with extraordinary rapidity. This increase of wealth, which favours especially the

middle classes, joined to an ever-increasing rapidity of communication and an ever-extending acquaintance with events abroad, has given rise in all countries of the civilised world to a taste for travel which becomes more general every day. Formerly there were only some thousands who dared encounter the risks of foreign travel and who had the means to carry out a trip comfortably. To-day you can count such travellers by the hundred thousand, and in a few years they will be counted by millions.

These wealthy travellers, used to a comfortable life at home, go abroad with the intention of combining instruction and amusement. They begin with the countries nearest to their own; then, satisfied with their first excursion, they desire to see other lands and go farther afield. Their experiences and descriptions incite their friends to imitate their example, and so, while formerly such travelling abroad for pleasure was the rare exception, it has nowadays become the rule.

Already several European nations have turned this tendency to account and have organised a new industry which might well be called "Trade in Foreigners." France carries it on on a large scale and so do Switzerland, Italy and other countries. It has been calculated that travellers from abroad leave every year in French territory more than £80,000,000; that, were it not for its glaciers and mountains, were it not for its tourists who spend there each year eight to nine million pounds, Switzerland would be one of the poorest countries in Europe; and that, thanks to the sums spent annually by these same tourists in Italy—sums which do not perhaps fall short of £24,000,000—that country has

been able to recover its financial balance and to free itself, little by little, from the greater portion of its foreign debt.

Lastly, a more recent example deserves to be mentioned. For the last ten years or so the English have been favouring the Pyramids, the Nile cataracts and the ruins of Egyptian antiquity. In 1906 there were, it has been calculated, more than 50,000 tourists in Egypt, and we may, without any hesitation, attribute a great part of the extraordinary prosperity which shows itself at the present date in Cairo and Alexandria to the ever-increasing crowds of foreign visitors.

Now, if there is in the universe a country capable of attracting and holding these visitors, it is undoubtedly Greece; and yet, save by professional archæologists, Greece is hardly more visited to-day than Servia or Bulgaria, and, putting on one side Athens and the Piræus, we may affirm that the Peloponnesus, Attica, Phocis, Bœotia, Eubœa, Acarnania, Ætolia and Thessaly itself, although it is connected by rail, are still at the present day as completely unknown as they were in the time of Châteaubriand and Edmond About. And yet there is scarcely a man in the world possessing the rudiments of education who does not dream of treading the soil of Greece, the cradle of modern civilisation, the fatherland of the great men of antiquity. There is scarcely a man who does not desire to admire, at least once, the magnificent and incomparable monuments of its past grandeur.

Why then is there so great a difference between this dream and its realisation? Because Greece is as isolated as if she were some distant island; because,

outside her capital and the immediate environs, living is difficult and communication almost impossible.

That is why only archæologists and commercial travellers are to be seen in that beautiful land. The archæologists have rendered immense services to Greece by drawing her forth from the grave into which the fall of her gods and the rule of the Turk had precipitated her; by exhuming her temples and statues and writing her history more correctly than her earlier historians had done, but archæologists feed on stones and inscriptions and, if they have succeeded in resuscitating ancient Greece, they are incapable of giving life to her modern descendant.

Now, in two years' time, Greece will, by the line Piræus-Larissa to the Turkish frontier, be connected with the continental systems and Athens will be at only sixty or seventy hours' distance from Paris, Brussels and London, within three days of St Petersburg, within fifty hours from Berlin, within forty-five hours from Munich, within thirty-seven hours from Vienna and within thirty-one hours from Budapest.

From that moment Greece will no more be a remote island, and the current of travellers, which enriches and transforms the fortunate lands towards which it flows, will move in her direction—that is, on one essential condition, that her hotels be improved and her ruins, her historic places and her most interesting localities, rendered accessible to all.

Tourists who go to Greece must not content themselves with a visit to the wonders of Athens, Phaleron, the Piræus, Eleusis and the simple ascent of Lycabettus —in all, a matter of three or four days. They should

make a stay of several weeks; they should go, not only to Corinth, Mycenæ, Tiryns, Nauplia, Epidaurus, Tripolis, Sparta and Olympia, but also to Calavryta, Mantinea, Thebes, Chalcis. Let them visit Eubœa, Livadia, Delphi and Thermopylæ; let them climb Parnassus; let them furrow the Gulf of Lepanto as they do the Lake of Geneva; let them see Thessaly and great Pelion and Ossa; let them toil up the sacred sides of Olympus and bring home, after a short stay at the Meteors, a never-to-be-forgotten memory of that spot. But, to permit of all this, the creation of rapid means of communication is indispensable; hotels, if not luxurious, at least clean and sufficiently comfortable must be built; in a word, there must be provided for people who are accustomed to ease and well-being an easy and agreeable existence. Thus, they will be glad to come again to Greece and will bring with them other visitors. The two capital questions are those of communication and of accommodation. At the present day, Athens (and its environs), Mycenæ and Olympia are the only places that a stranger can visit with any comfort. The other celebrated places of Greece are still forbidden fruit. For example, in order to visit Delphi, where the excavations form one of the glories of the French school at Athens,—a place only seventy-five miles distant from the capital, as the crow flies—one requires at least four days; there is no organised service. On the other hand, one can visit Olympia, which lies at a distance of nearly two hundred miles, in forty-eight hours, and the number of travellers who go there increases from day to day, for there are already two good hotels, and in two or three years from now there will be five or six. This national

enterprise must be the work of private initiative and, in order to find a successful solution to the problem, the State will not need to contract burdensome loans nor to increase the taxes which already press on the Greek tax-payer.

If a committee were constituted at Athens to bring together official representatives of the financial corporations, of the railway and steamship companies, of the Greek Chambers of Commerce, etc., it could soon arrange a programme of action on the lines of those drawn up for their respective regions by similar syndicates in Switzerland, Savoy and Dauphiné; and in two or three years this important question of putting Greece in a state to receive foreign tourists—an economic question of the first order—would be successfully solved. Then rich visitors, whose number would increase from year to year, would come to Greece from all the countries of Europe and America and with them millions of gold would begin to flow into the kingdom. Then the public receipts would increase in proportion, and finally the financial distress, which at present presses so heavily on the destinies of Greece, would disappear in a natural manner; for continental Greece, becoming rich and prosperous by her own efforts, would cast off her burdens and retrieve the losses of the war of 1897, just as France freed herself from the disasters of 1870-71.

But the problem whose factors I am now considering is not merely, as one might suppose, a material problem. Its moral importance is very great, not only because its solution would give to the working-classes of Greece a greater share of prosperity, not only because it would help to arrest the emigration which now

depopulates the rural districts, but also because all the foreigners who would thus visit this admirable land, whose hearts would beat in the presence of the masterpieces of antiquity, whose souls would be stirred at the sight of those horizons of ideal beauty, would become firm friends of Greece and ardent propagandists of the rights of Hellenism. Greece, once known, would have nothing more to fear from her calumniators.

In conclusion, the Greece of to-day, despite her recent economic development, despite the rich and brilliant colonies which she has succeeded in creating in Turkey, Syria, the whole of Asia Minor, Egypt, the Soudan and the principal towns of the world, is still but a feeble nation, powerless from a political point of view and uncertain of her future, because she is geographically incomplete and badly balanced. And she will remain so, as long as she has not her natural frontiers. We must, therefore, use every effort to make Europe at last understand the error committed in 1832 and complete the reparation begun in 1863 with the Ionian Isles, continued in 1881 by the restitution of Thessaly and in 1906 by the acceptance of the principle of Greek suzerainty in Crete. When this is done, then we shall have a Greece such as she should be—that is to say, a strong and prosperous nation, mistress of her own destinies, and one whose political action will be capable of helping on the cause of humanity and civilisation in the East.

EDMOND THÉRY.

VIII

HEROIC GREECE (1821-1827)

From the very first day of the Turkish conquest, the Greeks of the extreme north and of the farthest south, those of Epirus and those of Laconia, took up arms to defend the Hellenic soil and the standard of the Cross. Sometimes victorious and often defeated, decimated and driven to the summits of the mountains, ever causing their conquerors to buy their victory dear, when they submitted it was only to revolt once more. The Ottoman rule had never been firmly established in Greece. If the conflagration were quenched at one point, it did but break out at another.

When the Greeks were not fighting, they were singing: "Ever," says a *tragoudi*, or folk ballad, "ever are we active either with sword or with song." By such songs of battle and of glorious exploits, by tales of the deaths of heroes and of martyrs, by hymns to the fatherland and by funeral dirges for those who fell fighting their country's foes, the popular bards kept the fire of patriotism and of religious faith alive in the hearts of the Greeks. Here are some examples. The chief, Nicolas Tzouvaras, narrates one song, raises the standard of revolt: "The red and blue standard on which shines the silver cross." Surrounded by a body of Turks, he opens a bloody path through the foe and returns to Karpenisi "to keep Easter, celebrate the resurrection

of Christ, roast the lamb and eat the paschal eggs." In another we are told that, after twenty fights, the pallikars of Tzolkas, worn out with fatigue and dying of hunger, refuse to march against the enemy. They say: "How can you expect us to fight, captain, in the midst of the heat of July and under the burning sun of August? Our scorched guns will no longer swallow powder." But Tzolkas draws his sabre and replies: "Unsheathe your swords and let us on; towns and villages shall learn that the chieftain Tzolkas, has fought against three thousand Turks, in spite of the heat of July and of the burning sun of August." The combat lasted three days and three nights, and the chief with all his pallikars marched across the prostrate bodies of the foe. "Then like a hawk he took his flight towards the summits of the lofty mountains." A third ballad relates: "Three heroes have formed a plan to surprise the town of Grabuze. Butzo-Marco is the first to climb the rampart and all alone he kills several men with his sabre: 'Come, my brave comrades,' he cries, 'I can no further; death has come for me.' The first to fall was Butzo-Marco, but soon all three fell on the same spot."

Here is an episode of a different nature. Ali, the pasha of Janina, holds as hostages six Souliot children. Four of them he hangs; then he sends to tell the two insurgent chiefs, Tzavellas and Drakos, that he has spared their sons, but that, if Souli does not capitulate, those two children shall suffer the fate of the others. "At these words great is the grief of Tzavellas and Drakos. They call together their soldiers and send for the priest. Then they say: 'Kneel down and pray, and thou, priest, chant the psalms for the dead, for our

six hostages, the six Souliot children, whom the pasha has put to death.'"

Like the runners who passed on the torch in the races of old, the generations follow one another in Greece and hand on the sword from father to son. "I am too old," said Dimotzios, "to be captain. I have no longer right to the foremost place. But I have a son to carry the musket and another, the youngest, to bear the standard."

A pallikar, treacherously slain, cries as he expires: "I leave my children behind; they will pay for my blood with the heads of Turks." The chief Lambros, mortally wounded, gives his sword and his gun to his son and says: "Now art thou captain. Build me a tomb wide and high, that I may stand upright within, and on the right cut a slit that from the midst of the fight the sound of thy musket may reach my ears."

The pallikars considered that there was nothing finer or more enviable than death on the field of battle. At the end of their meal, seated round the camp fire, they all drank this toast: "To the lucky ball!" And that is why the approach of death did not dishearten the Greek hero; on the contrary, it exalted and transported him. He threw forth his last cry as it were some battle standard unfurled. "Come, eat my flesh, eagle," said a Klepht of Mount Olympus, "so that thy wing may wider grow by an ell and thy claw longer by a span." "Comrade," said Ghipthakis, "I am wounded. Despatch me, cut off my head and hide it, so that my enemies rejoice not at my death." "What if I die?" said Kitzos, "the blood of heroes brings forth sword blades as thick as a field of wheat."

These Greek mountaineers had replies like those of Leonidas. A Turkish chief summons Tzelios to submit to the pasha of his province. "As long as Tzelios lives, he will never submit. The only pasha that Tzelios knows is his sword; his only vizier is his musket." The insurgent Kontoyannis, had engraved on his sabre blade: "The sword alone is liberty, honour and life." Another chief of the Klephts stops a band of Turks on the road and says to the pasha who commands them: "Pasha, this is not the country that obeys the Osmanlis; this is not the Morea; this is the land of the muskets of the Klephts."

Nor has the Greek woman a soul less virile than that of the men. She speaks in tones worthy of a Spartan mother: "Fade, ye green plane trees; cease your song, nightingales of Mount Olympus, for we are conquered. And ye, my children, be accursed, and may your bodies never return to dust, if ever ye submit and make your peace with the Turk!" At Cordyle there was a second Jeanne Hachette. "In the fight her bodice came open; you could see her breasts, like apples of gold, hidden beneath the lawn. The Turks raised a shrill cry, saying: 'It is against a woman that we are fighting; it is a woman whom we are attacking; the blade of a virgin lays low the Janissaries!'"

But these are only warlike deeds lost in the passage of time, individual acts of heroism, vain lamentations. Yet these desperate combats leave behind an example and teach a lesson; these tears become clouds and from those clouds the lightning shall flash forth.

Historians have endeavoured to set forth the main

origins and the contributory causes of the Greek Revolution. They have reminded us of the foundation of the Hetairia at Odessa by the Greek Skouphas; they have followed the growth of this secret society which proposed as its aim "the armed gathering of all the Christians in the Ottoman Empire for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent." They have set forth (very briefly, it is true and with abundance of hypotheses) the intrigues of the Hetairists in Greece, from 1814 to 1820. They have appealed to the vague ideas and the vague projects of the Czar, Alexander I. They have recounted the partial insurrection, so easily and quickly suppressed, that Alexander Ypsilantis fomented in Moldo-Wallachia. They have explained, too, the rebellion of Ali, Pasha of Janina, against the Sublime Porte—rebellion which had, as its immediate consequence, the return of the Souliots to their mountains.

I admit that the Hetairists had overrun Greece and had spoken of a coming uprising to some of the principal clergy and to the municipal bodies. I agree that the expeditions against Ypsilantis in the Danubian provinces and against Ali Pasha in Epirus—expeditions in which Turkey had to employ the greater part of the troops at her disposal—contributed indirectly to the success of the Greeks. But we cannot, because of that, say that the great Revolution of April 1821 was prepared. It was prepared in mind and in heart, but not at all in means of action, nor in military arrangements. There was no understanding between the captains of the Armatols, the chiefs of the Klephts and the municipalities as to the date for taking up arms nor as to any offensive plan, nor even as to a concentration.

Throughout Greece a signal was awaited. That signal did not come; the guns went off of their own accord. The Greek Revolution was spontaneous. Each district rushed impulsively to arms for liberty, without asking whether the neighbouring district would do likewise and without thinking of the numbers of the enemy.

At Patras, on the 4th of April 1821, it was the Archbishop Germanos who stirred up the crowd, planted a cross before the church of St George and made the assembled people swear to fight to the death for the deliverance of Greece. In Messenia, on the 5th of April, two chiefs of clans, Kolokotronis and Petro-Bey, assembled their men and marched on Kalamata. In Laconia, it was a girl, Constance Zacharias, who called five hundred peasants to arms, drove the Turks from the villages and forced them to take refuge in the stronghold of Mistra. Ah! ladies, that was feminism indeed, and before the time! In Bœotia, the pallikar, Diakos, with three hundred men, raised the land. In the islands of the Ægean the tetrarchs of Psara, the magistrates of Spezzia, the senators of Hydra proclaimed the insurrection. The Senate of Hydra unanimously voted this noble declaration: "The Greek nation, weary of the yoke which presses on it for now four centuries, rises and flies to arms in order to break its chains. The inhabitants of Hydra, desirous of sharing its dangers, have decided to employ their resources, their private means and the advantages of their insular position to fight against the common enemy." Received with rapture by the people of Hydra, this proclamation was sent to Psara, to Spezzia, to all the isles, Tinos, Andros, Delos,

Ceos, Samos. A few days were enough to transform the numerous merchant vessels into a navy. Everyone took a hand in the work of war and liberation. Cannon were brought out from the arsenal and even the fishing-boats were armed; barrels of powder, guns and munitions were placed on board vessels that long had been inoffensive, but which had made the fortune of the islanders. "With which," it was said, "they harvested in Egypt, won gold in Provence and gathered grapes on every coast." Subscriptions were opened to cover the expenses of a first campaign. Gifts came in freely. Lazaros Coundouriotis and another Hydriot, Orlandi, gave each £2240 a month to maintain ten vessels. A rich widow of Spezzia, the famous Bobolina, equipped three brigs at her own cost. The beautiful Modena Mavroyeni prepared a small fleet which disembarked in Eubœa a body of volunteers under the orders of Azorbas and Nikoles; at their departure Modena Mavroyeni declared that her hand and fortune should belong to that one of the two chiefs who killed most Turks. So great was the patriotic enthusiasm, so highly did it inflame the courage of all, and so widely did it open strong-boxes that at the end of April the fleet of the islands had risen to 176 brigs, xebecs and polaccas, mounting in all 1500 guns.

In a month the flame of insurrection covered the whole of Greece, from Taygetus to Othrys, from the Ionian to the Ægean. The whole of the Morea, Attica, Bœotia, Phocis, Phthiotis, Eubœa, the Sporades and the Cyclades, several of the great islands off the Asiatic coast, were in full revolt. The small Turkish garrisons took refuge in the acropoles and the strongholds,

waiting for assistance, and abandoning to the Greeks the towns—Sparta, Mistra, Patras, Argos, Nauplia, Corinth, Megara, Athens, Thebes, Tinos, Andros, Samos, Hydra.

After this dazzling prologue, the drama drags on, bloody and glorious, during more than seven years. You will easily understand that I do not propose to tell that great story to-day. Sum up the events of forty-eight months of war in hardly thirty minutes! I could only give you a list of dates, a table of names. Of the War of Independence I will recall only a few great exploits at random, a few acts of audacity and intrepidity, such as may justify the title of my discourse —*Heroic Greece.*

Surprised with ten men in the Pass of Thermopylæ, through which the advance-guard of Omer Vrione was marching, the pallikar Diakos doomed himself and his companions to death. He refused a horse offered to him by his adopted son and began to fire on the Turks. He held them there an hour; his comrades fell one by one. He himself, severely wounded, incapable of defending himself, is thrown to the ground, pinioned and taken to Zitouni. The Greeks not being considered as belligerents, the Turks treated prisoners as rebels taken in arms. Of this harsh rule the military code of Islam allowed, however, an attenuation. The prisoner could, by becoming a Mussulman, save his life, liberty and property. Diakos was led to the place of execution; he saw the preparations made for his torture, he saw the stake. The pasha offered him pardon as the price of apostasy. He replied: "Kill me! my death is of little

importance to Greece, for Greece has many children like Diakos."

On the 18th of June 1825, there was feasting in the harbour of Chios, on board the flagship of the Turkish admiral, Kara Ali. Baleste, a French officer fighting in the Greek ranks, had been killed in Crete, and his head had been brought to him. All the staff officers had come to congratulate Kara Ali, for Baleste had been much dreaded. The admiral invited the chief officers to a banquet on board his ship. They were full of joy, for victory had smiled on them and they might celebrate in security the eve of the Ramazan on the great vessel with its crew of 2200 men, its eighty guns and its surrounding fleet of fifty men-of-war.

Now, on that same day, two little Greek vessels had sailed out of Psara. One of them carried twenty sailors and the other fourteen. These thirty-four men desired to avenge Chios. Their ships were fireships and they were led by Constantine Canaris. They arrive after nightfall at the entrance to the channel; they elude the vigilance of the look-out posted on the two Turkish frigates guarding it; they manœuvre amidst the vessels lying at anchor and draw near the flagship. With the rapidity of an arrow the fireship falls upon its prey. Canaris lays hold of the prow, reaches the bowsprit and hangs on to it, and fastens the grappling-irons to the cathead. This done, he goes back to the fireship, sets it alight, leaps into the boat, cutting the line with a blow of his sword. His lieutenant, George Pepinos, having completed the same manœuvre against the frigate of Riala-Bey, rejoins Canaris. The two pass in their boats under the fire of the Turks whom they

salute with the triumphant cry: "Victory for the Cross!" These intrepid sailors scorned to hide themselves from the enemies' sight: their work was done and they had in each boat a barrel of powder with which to blow themselves to pieces if their retreat should be cut off.

But the attention of the Turks was entirely given to the conflagration which threatened to spread over the whole fleet. The flagship had caught fire in an instant. The wind, suddenly rising, redoubled the force of the flames which seized on deck and shroud and top. On all sides the wood now begins to crackle; the ship becomes a furnace. Under the action of the heat, the guns go off of their own accord and spread amongst the fleet terror and death. The flames advance towards the powder-magazine. The admiral takes refuge in a gig. A burning mast falls and overwhelms the skiff, breaking at the same time Kara Ali's back. His sailors swim to the shore and bear him with them; there he expires in dreadful agony, after seeing his flagship blown up and several of his frigates burnt.

Not ten, but twenty times during eight years of war did Canaris repeat this terrible exploit in the darkness of night or in the full blaze of the sun. On the 16th of March with a single fireship, and in broad day, he boarded a frigate in the Straits of Samos and set fire to it. So great was the terror in the enemy's fleet that the admiral gave up his attempt to force the channel with his twenty-seven vessels.

When, later, Colonel Voutier, a Frenchman, begged Canaris to recount his adventures with the Turks, he replied: "I have forgotten them. Last time we were

fifteen on board; the others did as much as I. Send for them; they will tell you what occurred." To an English captain who asked him his secret for preparing fireships which gave such terrible results, Canaris, laying his hand upon his heart, replied: " The secret of our success is here." A sublime saying, gentlemen, and one that will always be true. You may increase the effects of artillery, and musketry-fire a hundredfold, turn battle-fields into temporary fortresses and invent new tactics, but the secret of victory will always be in the heart of the soldier.

I will quote Canaris once more. He said that it was no merit for him to be brave for " the balls could not hit him."

The Greeks were invincible behind rocks or walls. They excelled in surprises, in bold enterprises and sudden attacks. But sometimes, too—not always—they could conquer in pitched battle. On the 24th of May 1821, 4000 Maïnots and Messenians, under Kolokotronis and Mavromichalis resisted all day long, on the lines of Vaitetzi-Vervena, the army of Mustapha Bey, composed of 12,000 Turks and Albanians with 1500 horse and a good force of artillery. On the morrow the Greeks took the offensive against an enemy worn out by the attacks of the previous day and drove them in confusion towards Tripolitza.

After the battle of Peta, in which the whole army of western Greece had been routed, Mavrocordatos with thirty-five men and Marcos Botzaris with thirty-seven reached Missolonghi. This little town had no defences on the land side but a ruined rampart and a ditch half-

choked with rubbish. The sea was still open, and in the harbour were numerous vessels. Mavrocordatos obstinately refused to embark. "I will die here," he said. "And so will I," said Botzaris. This bold resolution decided the inhabitants. The women, children and old men were sent away, and 350 vigorous men remained. The army of Omer Vrione drew near, 11,000 men with good artillery. The Turks invested the town and began to bombard it. Their cannon-shot and their bombs did not frighten the defenders, who determined to sacrifice life and goods. Then Omer Vrione began to negotiate. Mavrocordatos pretended to listen to his proposals. In order to gain time, he detained the enemy with promises of capitulation. His men took advantage of this respite to strengthen the rampart and to fortify the houses near to the wall. Six weeks passed by. Omer Vrione continued unweariedly the negotiations by day and the bombardment by night. Then a reinforcement arrived in the town by sea; 700 Peloponnesians under the command of Petro Bey, of Andreas Zaimis and of Kanelos Delyannis. They were picked men who had learnt the art of war in the long and terrible defence of the Acropolis of Argos. With some other reinforcements the garrison of Missolonghi was raised to 2500 men. The Turkish commander sent a final summons. Mavrocordatos did not fear now to unmask his intentions. He replied in writing: "If you want our town, come and take it." The besiegers had lost too much time; they were weakened by privations and decimated by sickness. The pasha decided, too late, to make an assault. His soldiers marched forward bravely, but the Greeks were now numerous and invincible behind their earthworks

and their crenulated ruins. The enemy left 800 corpses on the field and the week after, at the news of the approach of Mavromichalis and Odysseus, they raised the siege in a hurry, abandoning a large part of their baggage and artillery.

During the night of the 19th of August Botzaris with 400 Souliots penetrated into the midst of the camp of Karpenisi and spread terror on all sides. At the sound of his horn, as familiar to the Greeks as was the sound of Roland's olifant to the Franks of Charlemagne, three columns attacked the camp from three different points. There was a furious *mêlée*. Botzaris, though wounded in the thigh by a bayonet thrust, continued to ply his sword. A ball laid him low, wounded to death. The pallikars pressed around him, weeping. "Brothers," said he, "I recommend my wife and children to you and to the nation. Be united, faithful to the fatherland and humble before God. . . . March fearlessly against the enemy and complete the work that I have begun. . . . As for me, I die happy, for I have paid my debt to my country."

After the taking of Psara, in July 1824, 200 Greeks shut up within the citadel continued to resist all assaults for a week. But they had neither provisions nor water. They determined to die, and set about the preparation of a glorious funeral. When a fresh assault was delivered and the Turkish columns, pressing round the walls, had begun to plant their scaling-ladders, they threw torches into the two powder magazines. The fortress was blown up, burying them and more than a thousand of their foes beneath the ruins.

Since the siege of Missolonghi, so gloriously sustained

by the Greeks, in 1822, the fortifications of the little town had been repaired and extended. Some bastions and a redoubt had been constructed; the ditch around the wall had been deepened, provided with a glacis and a covered way. The artillery was composed of sixty pieces of iron cannon, mortars and howitzers. Thanks to these means of defence and especially to the intrepidity of the defenders, a garrison of 3000 men with a thousand of the inhabitants resisted for seven months—April to October 1825—the army of Reshid Pasha. Indeed, they resisted so well that the Turks, if they did not exactly raise the siege, retired to their entrenched camp and remained there for three months without making any fresh effort. Next winter, Ibrahim Pasha, with the Egyptian army, joined that of Reshid, whilst the Ottoman fleet anchored before Missolonghi. This time the town was invested both by land and by sea. The defenders, reduced to 2500, found themselves in the proportion of one to ten. None the less, they opposed a successful resistance to all attacks, returning fire for fire, repelling the enemy's assaults and destroying, by audacious sorties, his advanced works. But on the 15th of February the ration of bread had to be reduced to three ounces per man, and on the 1st of March there remained no more flour. During six weeks they sustained themselves with some reserves of rice, with dogs, rats, octopuses and seaweed. Cold was added to famine, for there was a total want of firewood; lastly, dysentery broke out in all its fury. Ibrahim Pasha offered capitulation on these conditions: the inhabitants to remain in the town where their persons and their goods should be guaranteed; the soldiers to march out free, but after

laying down their arms. Kitzos Tzavellas replied to the envoy that the Greeks could not be asked "to deliver up swords that they had dyed in the blood of their foes."

To avoid death by famine the besieged decided on a sortie *en masse*, hoping to cut through the lines of the Turks and reach the mountains. This sortie took place in the night of the 22nd to the 23rd of April. They divided their force into three columns commanded by old Notis Botzaris, by Kitzos Tzavellas and by Makris. In each column the soldiers marched first; then came the women, the children and the old men who were capable of following; lastly a detachment of armed men. The sick, the infirm and the wounded took refuge in an old windmill which served as powder magazine. Three days later they blew it up and themselves with it. The enemy was on the watch. Hardly had the Greeks come forth from the gates when they were attacked. They cut a bloody passage through the opposing ranks, though they left half their men on the field of battle. Some of the women, pursued by Albanians up to the very spurs of Mount Zygos, threw themselves, in order to escape being outraged, down the rocks, thus renewing the act of sublime ferocity of the Souliot women of 1803.

That drama is well known, but I will tell it once more. Sixty women of Souli found themselves on the heights of a detached chain whence there was no issue but a narrow path up which they saw the soldiers of Ali Pasha climbing in pursuit. They offered a prayer, hurled their children into the abyss, then, taking one another by the hand, they sang a death-song and began a sort of funereal dance, each step of which brought

them nearer to the precipice. When the woman who led the dance arrived on the edge of the gulf, she cast herself headlong, and each of her companions followed her without leaving hold of the hand of the woman before her.

"The armed intervention of Europe, the battle of Navarino, the landing in the Morea of General Maison's army corps, and, above all, the crossing of the Balkans by the Russians under Diebitsch put an end to the war. But it would be unjust to say that Greece was, in 1827, crushed and incapable of making further resistance. At that date Greeks and Turks were equally worn out. We may believe that Turkey, more powerful, richer, better organised and having on her side, too, valiant and trusty soldiers, would have carried off the victory in the end, but she would have needed yet many efforts and many years of struggle. So, despite the decisive action of France, England and Russia in their favour, the Greeks have all the honour of having regained their liberty. By their heroic exploits, and by their long resistance, they roused the admiration and won the ardent sympathy of Europe, and in the end they could command the intervention of Governments which had been at first hostile to their cause. The strength of the Greeks lay in this, that they drew their courage as much from their defeats as from their victories, that they never ceased to struggle and that, in spite of so many reverses and disasters, they never despaired. "God," said Kolokotronis, "has given His signature to Greek liberty and He will not take it back." All the chiefs thought and acted like Kolokotronis.

Thus the rash taking up of arms by the Greeks, their indomitable firmness and their heroic efforts during seven years of war had the grand result for which they had hoped—the independence of Greece.

Letters, science, art—these make the lustre and the glory of nations. But the warlike virtues form the people itself. Military merit is not, perhaps, the most praiseworthy, but it is, without contradiction, the most efficacious. Had there not been shed all that blood, from Cape Tenarus to Mount Olympus, the world would have been none the less enlightened by the beams of the literature of old and we should none the less read with admiration Homer, Sophocles and Plato. But without the muskets of the wild mountaineers of Laconia and Acarnania, men who for the most part knew not how to read, the Greek nation would not exist to-day.

HENRY HOUSSAYE.

IX

MODERN GREECE—WHAT SHE REPRESENTS IN EASTERN EUROPE

The distinguished President of our League has in his inaugural address remarked that for some time past the enthusiasm of other days for the Greek people has given way, not simply to criticisms for which there is more or less justification, but also to systematic disparagement and hostile prejudice. Literature has followed this current; the pamphlet has succeeded to the dithyramb, the satirical caricature of the *Roi des Montagnes* to the poetic exaltation of the *Orientales*. Moreover, political and financial faults and, to an even greater degree, the misfortunes of Greece had discouraged the older Philhellenes, and had dragged them into the stream of general injustice.

Some, taking refuge in their admiration for ancient Greece, affected the right to decry her modern descendant. The remembrance of the one served to crush the other, and the stones of the Propylæa, after having been a pedestal, became a tomb beneath the weight of which modern Greece was to be buried. According to her detractors, contemporary Hellas was but a degenerate daughter of the old, or rather, boasted of a descent which was not true. The authentic race of Greeks had long disappeared. Civil wars, foreign invasions,

massacres, servile mixtures, Asiatic or Slavonic infiltrations, had drowned or dried up the last drop of that illustrious blood. Of the 40,000 citizens of Athens, of the 7000 Spartiats of the great days none remained; of all the races whence Alexander the Great recruited his army not a soul was left. The modern Greeks were not, then, the true heirs of the Hellenic name, they were only usurpers. Nor was their personal merit less imaginary than their heredity; they were despoiled of all the virtues with which they had been once adorned; they were declared incapable of governing themselves or of being governed. The other countries of the Balkan Peninsula were openly preferred to them; recognition of any progress in Greece was refused, and the most legitimate of her hopes, like the most indisputable of her rights, were sacrificed to her rivals. So, then, the work of this League will not be superfluous.

A month ago one of our colleagues proved, with the help of statistics, that the financial calamities of Greece resulted less from a bad administration than from the vicissitudes of the Cretan Question and from the heavy duties which it had thrown upon the mother-country. He insisted, too, upon the difficulties of her position, the inadequacy of her economic resources, and the narrowness of the territory which Europe had grudgingly bestowed on her.

Another has recently reminded you of the heroism of those sons to whom Greece owed her independence, and of the eight years of struggle which had been required to overcome the indifference and to awaken the conscience of Europe. Let us hope, at

least, that to awaken its justice the friends of Greece will have but to dissipate the errors and calumnies that her enemies have spread. It is with this idea of reparation that I come, in my turn, to set before you the results of the inquiry which it fell to my lot to make some years ago, in the course of a long mission that I was entrusted with in the Balkan Peninsula. In this rapid essay in political and ethnographical psychology, I will do my best to draw your attention to the dominant features of the Greek nation—to that which distinguishes it from the other races of Eastern Europe, and constitutes its own original personality—to show in what respects it is connected with its forerunners, how its errors and its progress are to be explained, and finally, on what conditions its future depends.

I do not offend impartiality in affirming that Greek civilisation is superior to that of all the other races which people the Balkan Peninsula. Educator of the European and Asiatic worlds in ancient times, Hellenism continued to be so up to the conclusion of the Byzantine period; it has been so, too, in the Middle Ages which were not for it, as they were for Western Europe, a period of ignorance and of darkness; it was so again at the beginning of modern times by its participation in the Italian Renaissance; it has continued to be so until to-day, under the Turkish yoke, for all those races which it had conquered in arms, then governed by its administration, and, finally, grouped by its religion. At the fall of Constantinople all those Slavonic, Finnish and Moldo-Wallachian populations had not yet arrived at an autonomous and complete civilisation. Their

development was extremely primitive and they continued under the Turk, to look, from a religious and moral point of view, up to the Greek educator and the Phanariot magister. The civilisation of the Danubian provinces is a notable example of Greek influence. It was, thanks to the Phanariots, that the chief Roumanian towns were created, and it was under their government that they grew. Their descendants, the Ghikas, Morouzis, Mavrocordatos, Soutzos, and Cantacuzenes have kept their Hellenic names, though they have become Roumanian citizens.

You recall the *rôle* of the Phanar—of the Greek Church and of the great professors or didaskaloi, who from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century had saved science from the prescription that threatened it in all those lands which had formed the Greek Empire. Through all that long period, you see the Œcumenical Patriarch standing forth as the guardian, the legal representative and the guarantee of all the Orthodox Christians in their dealings with the Turkish authorities. It is their superiority of knowledge and their advantage in civilisation which allowed the Greeks to survive, even in a political sense, their defeats. Just as after the Roman conquest, vanquished Greece laid her hold on her ignorant conquerors, so and to a yet higher degree, after the victory of Mahomet II., the Greeks knew how to make themselves necessary to their new masters; and the Phanar, which had furnished recruits to the administration and the higher ranks of the clergy during the Byzantine period, continued to supply the Turk with the agents and functionaries indispensable for the

government and moral guidance of his Christian subjects.

Thus the national tradition of the Greeks was never broken. Along with their ancestral culture they preserved the consciousness of their own individuality as a nation; and they continued to take an active share in the administration of the country owing to the fact that the Turks, through carelessness or incapacity, preferred, instead of assimilating the conquered elements, to leave them a certain autonomy. In a learned work, M. Sathas has shown how great an activity subsisted in the administrative life of the provinces, both in the towns and in the villages of the Empire, and how important a part was played, from immemorial times, by each *demogeronty*—that is to say, by the council of elders, elected by the Christian inhabitants of each hamlet or town.

These *demogerontie*s, which were, perhaps, a survival of the ancient liberties of the Greek city, continued their functions under the Turkish domination and so carried on the habit of self-government, a thing unknown till then to other races. On the other hand, thanks to its intellectual superiority, the Turks were often forced to have recourse to the *élite* of the Greek nation for diplomatic employment. All these reasons rendered the Greek population, at the moment when the weakening and decline of Turkey began, riper than the others for independence. And now, too, when one travels in the Balkan Peninsula, when one stays long enough in each country to note its manners and its political life; when, through the almost absolute identity of their respective

constitutions, one penetrates past the letter and form to reach the bottom of the matter, there one observes striking national differences. The Greek nation is the only one amongst them all which seems to be a free nation. In Greece only the parliamentary system is a reality, elsewhere it is a fiction. In the other Balkan states, which have become free during the course of the nineteenth century, the real, if not the written, *regime* is submission to the will of the sovereign. Liberation from the Turkish yoke has not made them the less used to slavery. All of them, before the conquest, obeyed tribal chiefs, czars or voivodes, or a native feodality. After their emancipation they obeyed the foreign princes whom Europe had bestowed on them. Nothing but the example of the Greeks could familiarise them with the conception of a free representative government. They could not point to its principle either in their history or in their national customs. On the other hand, thanks to the *demogeronties* of which we have spoken, the Greeks had kept that tradition. They had kept it, more especially perhaps, thanks to their idiosyncrasy, thanks to the Greek spirit which is expressed and summed up in the love of free speech, of public deliberation, and in the taste for dialectics and political or religious discussion; in a word, in the Logos, which had been the soul of the ancient city state—the cause of its dissensions and also of its glory — and which was later the reason of the Eastern Schism: that is to say, of the victory of individualism in religious matters; for the Logos rendered it impossible for them to submit to the dogmas of Rome, to a foreign doctrine to which

it was necessary to adhere without criticism and without examination.

However that may be, this Greek individualism manifested itself immediately on the awakening of independence. It manifested itself first in connection with that great Greek, Capo d'Istria, whose love for his country was greater than his knowledge of his compatriots and who paid with his life for the autocratic methods of government which he wished to transplant from Russia into Greece. It manifested itself again in the opposition to King Otho who attempted to impose a Teutonic rule on his Greek subjects, and who lost his crown in the attempt.

King George was the first to understand the character of the people over whom he was called to rule. Accordingly, he governed it in Greek fashion—that is to say, like a sovereign as respectful of the Constitution as a British monarch or a French president.

That this spirit of extreme liberalism has its drawbacks, that for a young nation just awakening to freedom after ages of slavery, democracy is a danger, that it would have been better to proceed step by step, and that, finally, universal suffrage has produced bitter and unhealthy fruit—all these are truths that cannot be denied, and we do not shrink from criticism on these points. But, when all is said, there remains one thing which imposes upon us, in our character of Occidentals and Frenchmen, if not complete approval, at least sympathy and respect. That is that the Greek people is a people, fallible undoubtedly, but master of its own acts and responsible for them; it is a moral

individuality living, acting, governing itself, in European fashion, according to its own feelings and ideas, and not —like its neighbours—a gregarious assemblage, a soulless herd,driven by the crooks of its shepherds, or rather, by the bludgeon of its masters, in Asiatic fashion. It is not a people—like its neighbours—possessing the franchise, in theory, but never daring in practice to refuse its vote to the governing ministry, of whatever party this may be, and incapable of freeing itself from abuse or despotism in a pacific and legal manner or, indeed, otherwise than by plot and murder. The Greek state, if it suffers from the defects, can also boast the merits of democracy. It can also boast its virtues.

Politics have never been for Greek statesmen a means of enriching themselves. If the modern, like the ancient, Greek, has developed his taste for politics to the limits of a passion, it is, at any rate, a pure and disinterested passion. Without mentioning all those Hellenes who have sacrificed their fortunes, often considerable, to the cause of national independence—such as the Coundouriotis, the Apostolis, the Zaïmis, the Mavromichalis, the Bondouris, the Kanelos—all those who have, since their time, governed Greece have died in poverty or have impoverished themselves during their exercise of power. Colettis, Metaxas, Boulgaris, Grivas, Deligeorgis, Coumoundouros, Tricoupis, Delyannis, they have all left their families in need and dependent on their fellow-citizens. MM. Théotokis and Rallis, too, have lost or compromised their fortunes whilst directing public affairs; and the same disinterestedness is to be seen in every rank of Greek public life. The *demogeronts*

have always exercised their functions gratuitously. The Greek considers it an honour to direct public affairs. This comes, perhaps, from the example or from the blood of his ancestors. What is certain is that on this point he thinks like the Athenians of Pericles: that the sole occupation worthy of a free man is politics. If the class of citizens who live *for* politics is too numerous, it would be unjust to say that they live by politics. And I may say, *en passant*, that on this subject many exaggerations have received credence on the word of badly-informed writers. If you examine statistics closely, the multiplicity of trades and professions to which the Greeks devote themselves proves how varied their aptitudes are. All the branches of human activity, apart from the liberal careers and administrative functions, have found in the last twenty years, after the first hesitating movements of national life, a distribution of ever-increasing stability in commerce, agriculture and the different professions.

Political liberty, with its honours and its dangers, its advantages and its mistakes, that is the first characteristic feature of Greek civilisation, and the result of a tradition that goes back for several thousand years.

Then there is another characteristic which has a logical connection with the first and contributes no less to differentiate the Greeks from the other populations of the East; it is the nature of their patriotism. In the East, all nations profess an acute and aggressive patriotism, explicable perhaps in peoples which have but recently been delivered from an odious yoke, which have not yet completed their territorial formation, and

which, ignorant and greedy themselves, are surrounded by rivals equally ignorant and ambitious. Their patriotism, consequently, is narrow and surly, based on the most selfish instincts of human nature, and on physical fatalities of blood and descent for which man is not responsible. It is the patriotism of primitive nations, dissatisfied with the present and anxious as to the future, expressing itself especially by animadversion of everything that is of foreign origin and summed up in the one word—*xenophobia.* The Bulgarians and the Roumanians are still a prey to this disease; they see in the foreigner the enemy to whom they must not open the gates of their land; they hold themselves free to violate the laws of international justice and of hospitality in their treatment of peaceable, laborious men, often born and established for generations on their soil, or who have come there to work, loyally and without afterthought, in order to contribute to its enrichment and prosperity. As suspicious and exclusive as Thoas, the Scythian King of Tauris, these peoples are ever ready in their nationalistic fury to proscribe and exterminate, never to assimilate and welcome.

Greek patriotism is of quite another kind: its expression is quite unique in the Orient. It has the same character as that of the most advanced countries of the West. The principle on which the national sentiment of the Greeks is based is quite modern. It is the principle, proclaimed in 1789, of free choice and reasoned consent. Each people is independent and sovereign in external as in internal relations. Just

as it chooses the representatives who govern it, so, too, it joins itself to the ethnic group for which it has the closest affinity, or breaks away from the group with which it has neither affinity nor moral communion. Sentiment is the foundation of nationality, and not conquest, race or even religion. The Greek is Greek, because he feels that he is Greek, and not because he is of Hellenic stock. The Slavonic or Kutzo-Wallachian suffix of his name has but little importance, if he makes his own free adhesion to Hellenism, if his heart is attached to it and if he will not be torn apart from Greek civilisation. Such patriotism is an ideal rather than a material bond. It is that which gives it force and grandeur. It is that which has won for Hellenism many Slavophone and Wallachian populations in Macedonia, populations which Roumanian and Bulgarian nationalism claims, with drawn sword and bomb in hand, in the name of a common origin, whilst they prefer, rather than abjure Hellenism, ruin, torture and death.

It was from among the Kutzo-Wallachians that were recruited, in 1821, many of the champions of the War of Independence, like Botzaris and Zavellas. It is amongst them that there are to be found many of the national benefactors of Greece: Averof, who left a fortune of six millions for the construction of schools and vessels; Baron Sina, whose public gifts are as generous as they are numerous; Rizzaris and Zossimadis, the Epirot Zographos, Zappas, founder of the magnificent school of Constantinople, to which the work of Arsaki, another Kutzo-Wallachian, is alone to be compared; and lastly

Hadjicosta, Tossizza, Stournari, Pangas and so many others. It is that conception of patriotism that makes of Greece the representative of Western ideas in the East. In her domestic policy she holds to liberal and democratic views; in her conception of the nation she is the incarnation of Right as opposed to Might, of the national principle as opposed to the linguistic or racial. A Greek is a Greek, if his feelings are Greek, no matter what his local idiom may be, or the formation of his skull.

Have the Greeks borrowed this modern principle of Nationality from our Revolution, or have they simply found it in their own history? Is it inherited from the past or is it derived from the present? That is a question of but little practical importance. It is certain that Hellenic patriotism did not at first wear this liberal, comprehensive and attractive form. It showed itself, at its commencement, as a contempt, if not hatred, of the foreigner, or, at least, of the barbarian. It, too, like the rest, had as its base pride of race and civic exclusiveness. But, little by little, we see it, from about the fourth century, B.C., break away from this narrowness and become purer and wider. Pride in his superior civilisation and ideals gradually raised the Greek above egotistical aloofness. He grasped the moral ties which bind men to men and the obligations which result from them. If a Greek was not the first to formulate, he was certainly the first to conceive the thought: "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me." Greek culture is not a privilege whereof he desires to guard jealously the monopoly;

on the contrary, he desires to absorb by Hellenising, he wishes to share the benefit of his civilisation with all nations that will come out of their barbarism. It is this idea which forms already the inspiration of Isocrates when he writes in his Panegyric of Athens: "Our city has surpassed all the peoples of the world in eloquence and philosophy. Those who are disciples with us are masters elsewhere, and if the name 'Greek' applies less to a special people than to a society of enlightened and refined men, if the title of Greek is given rather to those who participate in our education than to those who share our origin, it is owing above all to our institutions." Here we find ourselves far from the brutal and archaic formula of the fatherland, closed and inaccessible. The moral concept has already taken the place of material fatality.

After the Turkish conquest, the Greeks of Byzantium, of the Islands and of Hellas profess hardly any other patriotism than this. Deprived of their national independence, they spread over all the world; their philosophers and scholars, their sailors and traders mix with the peoples of the West. Without ceasing to be Greek, Hellenism becomes more and more cosmopolitan. Thus the famous Greek condottieri, the *stratiots*, poets and soldiers at once, bring to Venice, to the kings of France and Spain, and to other princes, the assistance of their arms, the resources of their strategy, and the suppleness of their intellect, which, although it does not let them forget their origin, allows them to adapt themselves to all societies and to call themselves compatriots of other nations. Already, according to the

legend, in the Middle Ages the *stratiot*, Gorgouto, addressed to the paladin Roland this singular salutation: "I am a Greek, O Roland! I am a descendant of wily Ulysses and my fatherland is the world which I roam in search of adventures."

Ulysses! that is the national hero of Greece; he combines the practical and the subtle with the taste for adventures and the love of home; qualities harmoniously united in navigators. And it is by these features that the modern Greek resembles—and would still resemble, were he not descended from them—so strongly his ancestors.

To-day, as of old, the Greek is a sailor. He does not live in the midst of the land, occupied solely with his agriculture, like the inhabitants of plain and mountain. The plain limits, the mountain bounds, the sea leads afar. Nowhere is the Greek a plant *sans* root; his country is not contained within narrow frontiers, he carries it with him far away; he founds colonies, and they are so many replicas of the homeland. He loves his mother soil and the dead who sleep there, but he will not limit himself to it. He sees above all in Greece the great Idea, a whole composed of memories and of hopes. "It is for him the memory of the great things accomplished by his forefathers and the hope of what he will accomplish himself or his descendants."

Realist as he is, he knows how to give a share of his life to the ideal; just as formerly in his education he knew how to decide the claims of body and of spirit. He exploits the coasting-trade and the commerce of the Greek seas, but of old he went as far as Colchis to pursue

the mythical Golden Fleece. The sea is his road to fortune; it is, too, for him the way to the unknown and the infinite. It carries him far away from Greece, yet it leads him back to her. Recall the rapturous cries of joy raised by the Ten Thousand after their glorious retreat, when, having traversed Mesopotamia, Armenia and Kurdistan, they perceived from the top of the Pontic mountains the Euxine Sea, and shouted, "*Thalatta! Thalatta!*—the sea! the sea!" For there lay the road to the fatherland, if not the fatherland itself.

To maritime peoples belong the intelligent and bold initiative, the commercial development, colonies and riches and, what crowns all this for the highly gifted races, progress in arts and letters. By the observation of other laws, other customs, other civilisations, the intellectual horizon is widened, points of comparison are multiplied, curiosity is awakened, and the national genius grows equal, step by step, to the space covered by its experience. Besides political liberty at home, there results an enlightened conception of patriotism which embraces all the peoples of the world, making them at once the witnesses and the judges of their fellows.

One of my friends who is not, I regret to say, a friend of the Greeks, used to bring it as a reproach against that people that they were too sensitive to the sympathy and opinions of others: "Their state of mind was," said he, "as it were, love-sick; that of a people desiring to be loved for itself." Personally, I must say that indifference to foreign opinion does not seem to me

a sign of moral or political superiority. Self-consciousness and self-conceit are, in a nation, the beginnings of virtue, if they are not, indeed, virtue itself. It is a homage paid to the ideal and, even if this homage is more apparent than real, the manifestation of it is salutary. For, to affect certain qualities is no bad means towards acquiring them, and often that which is only, at first, an attitude, becomes in the end a habit.

Strong in those gifts which were the endowment of ancient Greece, her modern descendant has every right to look forward to a brilliant future, if it is permitted to her to fulfil her destiny. When, by the addition of the territory which is her rightful share she is geographically completed; when her navy has become proportionate to the extent of her coasts and to her commercial expansion, her political *rôle* must inevitably become a considerable one in Eastern Europe, and she will contribute one of the essential factors to the balance of power in the Mediterranean. That consideration, without reference to intellectual affinities, is sufficient to explain the interest which French diplomacy has always shown in the Greek kingdom, as well as the care taken to maintain our influence there. Now, that interest, far from growing weaker, has developed since the day when nations foreign to the Mediterranean began to exert their efforts with the object of disputing the position with the peoples that dwell on its shores. Political prudence could not allow us to abandon these traditional clients whose social *élite* speak and think in French, who teach our language in all their establish-

ments of secondary education, and who maintain at Constantinople a Græco-French College. It would be an inexcusable error to sacrifice them to rivals unknown yesterday, with whom we have no ties of sympathy and whose fidelity nothing guarantees.

Why this preference? Why refuse to the Hellenic race the credit which is due to its past progress and its present efforts? Of a country which the Turks had always neglected, which eight years of war had devastated and left deserted, without towns, without roads, deprived of all economic gear, the Greeks have made, in spite of all, a living state endowed with a modern organisation. Their mercantile marine does not cease to expand; a work of regeneration, slow and difficult, but fruitful, has been effected, while at the same time the task of propagating the Hellenic idea in the provinces of the kingdom, and in those of the Empire, has been pursued at the price of the most meritorious sacrifices.

Of this propaganda public instruction has been the great lever. In 1831 everything had to be created; to-day the finishing touches only are required. Primary instruction is obligatory since 1834, which means that, in this direction, Greece has preceded all the other nations of Europe. In 1827 Capo d'Istria founded 71 schools, the first in the kingdom. In 1906 there were 3607 schools with 246,000 scholars. From 50,000 drachmas the vote for public education has risen to 5,000,000. The desire for learning has always been universal in Greece. Edmond About himself remarked that there the lazy pupil may be said not to exist. He gives examples of young men whose indigence would

not permit them to pay the expenses of higher education, and who took places as servants, utilising their wages in order to obtain their degrees as doctors, lawyers, or teachers.

Many of the scholastic institutions have been founded by the liberality of the *Evergets* or public benefactors. Side by side with that of the state, there is a field of action peculiar to Hellenism. It is that of the *syllogoi*, or independent and spontaneous associations, due to private initiative, formed to bear the expense and to undertake the direction of certain educational enterprises. Among the principal of these associations let us mention the Philekpedeutiké Hetairia, concerned exclusively with the education of girls. This society extends its action beyond the limits of the kingdom, to wherever the Greek language is spoken. It conducts, at Athens, the Arsakion, a vast institution comprising a primary, a secondary and a higher school, as well as a training college, and educating 550 young ladies. So Greece had its public girls' schools long before France was provided with them. During my stay at Athens I had the opportunity of questioning many of these girls. All of them understood and many of them spoke our language, just as is the case at the Zappeion of Constantinople. Their answers were a proof of the broad and liberal teaching which nourishes their intellects. One of them, whom I asked what two men she preferred in all Greek history, replied Socrates and Alexander: the first because he had proclaimed the rights and duties of the individual conscience, the other because, by spreading the rays of Greek culture

throughout the world, had worked not only for Greece but for all humanity.

But love for humanity may be carried too far. If the Greeks desire to reconcile respect for the rights of humanity with the proper protection of their own, they must not go to the extent of sacrificing the latter to considerations, more or less sincere, drawn from religious sources. There is a reproach which their adversaries love to level at them: I mean that of betraying, in Macedonia, Christian interests by making common cause with the Turks. In truth, a curious grievance and one of which the recent murder of Lieutenant Melas should serve to show the value. The charge is even more ridiculous when one thinks of the compromising transactions which have, at all epochs, been habitual on the part of the Balkan peoples in their relations with the Turkish Government, in order to keep in check those who, although Christians, were their rivals. Greece, at all events, has never stooped to certain complaisances of which other countries have been guilty. It was, not a Greek, but a Roumanian Parliament which consented once to expel from its territory the Armenian fugitives who had escaped from the massacres of 1897, and who were driven out amid odious cries of "Long live the Sultan—*Traias-kass Sultanul!*"—please excuse me for quoting Danubian Latin. At that time, as in 1848—when she refused to hand over to powerful Austria the Hungarian refugees—Greece fulfilled, not her duty as a Christian nation towards other Christians, but the duty that humanity dictated towards human beings.

It is neither difference nor similarity in religious belief which dictates to the Greeks their sympathies and their policy; it is national interest. Religion in Greece, as in the West, has been relegated to the domain of private life: the Greek people feels no hatred towards the Turks because they are Mussulmans, nor even because they are Turks. Let the Ottoman Government assure equal rule to all Hellenes within its jurisdiction, let it guarantee for them those liberties without which a modern people cannot live, and Turkey will have no more faithful subjects at home and no more devoted allies abroad than the Greeks.

At the end of the eighteenth century the poet, Rigas, incited to revolt, without distinction of religion, all the oppressed, Christians or Mussulmans. In 1821 the insurgent Roumelians would not have hesitated to recognise the Mussulman Ali Tebelen, as supreme chief, had he given his adherence to Hellenic independence. Many are the Greeks who proclaim the utility, from a Greek point of view, of maintaining the Ottoman Empire and who would see with joy its reform and consolidation. They consider that the Turk is less dangerous to Greek nationality than those Christians of Roumania who, but yesterday, impelled by no other motive than unjust rage at their impotence in Macedonia, robbed, maltreated and expelled thousands of inoffensive and useful Greek citizens from their midst. Again, were they not Christians those who, in Eastern Roumelia, in spite of diplomatic treaties and natural rights, perpetrated the outrages and savage crimes of Anchialos?

Greece has reached too advanced a degree of civilisation to concern herself, in the direction of her national interests, with dogmatic considerations. Her religious faith is sincere, but exempt from fanaticism, and the foremost of her beliefs is Hellenism.

The criticisms which may be addressed to Greek policy are of quite another order, and Philhellenes are especially authorised to formulate them, if their attachment to Hellenism is sufficient to give them the right and to obtain pardon for their severity.

We have proclaimed that the Greeks are, incontestably, the missionaries of civilisation in the East; we have shown that by the superiority of their education, of their natural gifts and of their social position they are called upon to play a leading part among all these populations whose educators they were until quite a recent date, but our task would be imperfectly accomplished if, after having set forth their good qualities, we remained silent as to their faults.

The faults spring from the qualities themselves, from the excess of those qualities. It is a fine thing to be the representatives of the modern ideas of liberty and democracy, but it is dangerous to exaggerate these ideas in principle or in practice. This is, however, the case with the Greeks: their public activity comprehends so much individualism that it lacks discipline, nay, becomes anarchic. Their home policy, consequently, wants continuity and perseverance; their foreign diplomacy, firmness and consistency. Political competition is intense; the multiplicity of parties and factions divides Parliament and country to such an

extent that they are rendered sterile and impotent. The short life of the ministries gives rise to instability in the administration, to faulty operation of the public services and it has even the effect of compromising national security. The agitations of the crowd have on the Parliament an influence all the more dangerous from the fact that, since the revolution of 1863, there is only one House, and that the king is deprived of the right of veto. So there is no curb or restraint on popular impulse or on resolutions taken without due consideration. It is there that we find the explanation of the political and financial mistakes of late years, especially of the war in Thessaly and its consequences—a war brought about by the will of a secret society and by the decision of an irresponsible crowd, a war which the Government deprecated but was weak enough to declare, without having had the intelligence to prepare for it.

We are here touching on the most serious evil of the *regime*. It is an evil which an illustrious Greek of the fifteenth century seems to have foreseen. It is curious that sixty years before Machiavelli, in a memorial addressed to Constantine Paleologos, despot of Sparta, who was to be the last emperor of Byzantium, Bessarion expressed on the future of Hellenism the ideas which the great Florentine was to express, considerably later, in his book on *The Prince*, with regard to the liberation and the unity of Italy.

Bessarion enumerates the reforms which must be introduced into the Peloponnesus in order to save that Hellenic land, which could thus, in time, serve as leaven and give rise to a new Greek empire:

"1°. The despot must become a truly Hellenic king, loving his country and training his people to arms; the riches of the land must be devoted to the upkeep of an army and of a fleet.

"2°. The Peloponnesus must be an asylum for all foreigners of the same blood (the Albanians) who will fight for the defence of their new country.

"3°. The third condition is that of giving to the people, after a training in arms, liberty and instruction that they may become free and brave men, capable of preparing the regeneration and the prosperity of enslaved Greece."

Prophetic advice of which modern Greece has proved the profound wisdom both in good and in evil. Two of the three conditions have been realised by the Greek kingdom, and it is thence that come the resources of which we have spoken and the future in which we have confidence. Instruction has been widely spread to all ranks and to all citizens. The Greeks are freer than any other people and liberty has nothing to fear but its own excesses. Courage is certainly not extinguished in Greece. The struggle for independence and the deeds of which Macedonia is the theatre at this moment are proof of that. But it is an individual courage. Formidable in a partisan conflict, it would not be equal to the needs of a great war with a country which, it must be recognised, has carried its military organisation to a high point of efficiency, at the price of all kinds of sacrifices and with constant application and fervent zeal. The Greeks must understand that the age of the pallikars is past, and no one can claim that,

up till now, they have shown evidence of possessing those qualities of method and discipline which modern military organisation demands. Even after the lesson of 1897, they have not succeeded in creating an army adequate to their aspirations, their rights and their dangers.

Those who love Greece are anxiously wondering what would become of those glorious efforts towards progress if, at an hour of which the Hellenes are not masters, the country does not find at its disposal those means of material and moral action which assure victory or which, at least, preserve from irreparable disaster. It is perfectly true that those peoples whose force is purely military pass away without leaving behind them the enduring mark which a superior race, like that of the Greeks, prints on history's page. But if military power is not sufficient in itself, it is, at least, necessary to nations in order that they may accomplish their work and spread their genius abroad. Before devoting our attention to philosophy—indeed, in order to do so—we must live. The refined nations must, if they would not be crushed by international competition, also be strong nations. Those who carry the torch of civilisation must not grasp it weakly, if they do not wish to see it torn from them by the brutal hand of a rough but vigorous people, incapable of replacing them but capable of reducing their importance and even of suppressing them entirely.

Military and political calamities seldom come alone. Economical, intellectual and moral decay nearly always accompany them, or is not slow to follow in their tracks.

A tributary people, living in chains, cannot realise its ideal, it soon loses confidence in its genius. Were Greece to be conquered and relegated to a subordinate rank, at the same time as her independence and strength, the sentiment of her creative energy would collapse, for liberty is an indispensable condition of nobleness and fecundity in nations.

Compare the destiny of Greece powerful and victorious, the Greece of Themistocles, Pericles and Alexander, with that of the *Græculi*, forced to quit their native land and to go and teach grammar and rhetoric to the sons of their conquerors at Rome. They did not live in the actual life of the present; they only lived in the glorious past. Let our friends the Greeks be on their guard! Let them recall the words of Pascal; let them work without weakness in order to strengthen the cause of right and of justice, for fear lest one day, in this Europe of ours, which is ever ready to smile on success, the accomplished act provide justification for the force employed.

ALFRED BERL.

X

GREECE REDISCOVERED BY THE GREEKS

If, at the beginning of last century, the Western nations extended to the Greek people, in its struggle for independence, first their sympathy, later their enthusiasm, and finally their aid, it was not simply because they saw in their rising a revolt of the oppressed against the oppressor, of Christians against Mussulmans, of Europeans against Asiatics; nor was it solely because they admired the brilliant and heroic tenacity displayed by that small nation in the course of its unequal duel for over seven years; it was, besides and especially, because in those valiant soldiers, of whose exploits and sufferings our friend, Henry Houssaye, reminded us the other day, Europe hailed the descendants or, at any rate, the legitimate heirs by position, language and character of that nation which imparted to the world, two thousand years ago, these three priceless gifts—beauty, wisdom and liberty.

When distant fame wafted to Occidental ears the names and great deeds of Odysseus or Botzaris, echo, by the voice of Byron or of Casimir Delavigne replied Miltiades and Themistocles. Diakos combating Omer Vrione at Thermopylæ reacted the exploit of Leonidas against Xerxes. The sail of Canaris' brig bellied to

"something of that great breeze which blew at Salamis." The massacres of Scio, depicted by the brush of Eugène Delacroix, the catastrophe of Missolonghi described by the inspired pen of Victor Hugo, drew from the eyes of romantic and classic Europe as many tears as once the burning of Miletus, told by Phrynichos, had drawn from the Athenians crowded on the benches of the theatre of Dionysos. And so modern Greece owes her popularity and her freedom, in great part, to her incomparable past, to the protecting aureola shed around her by the great dead of twenty-four centuries ago. As in the legend of the *Cid*, the coffin of her heroes led her, in the end, to victory.

Is it not true then that, from that moment, the Greeks contracted towards their ancestors, by the very fact of their liberation, an immense debt of gratitude?

That debt they had but one way of repaying: by joining, with all their heart and strength, in the efforts of Western nations, themselves daughters of Hellenic civilisation, to give fresh life to the memory of that incomparable civilisation, to win back stone by stone and leaf by leaf, in tombs and ruins and in the twilight of sleeping and jealous libraries, the smallest scattered fragments of the noble poems and glorious marbles of former years.

This pious duty was, moreover, an act of good policy. Those same memories, which, from the first, had won for the Greek cause the goodwill of Europe, must surely, if cultivated with skill and knowledge, draw closer the bonds of friendship, and gain for the Greek people new acquisitions—such as they have

already gained in Corfu and Thessaly, to which will be, perhaps, to-morrow added Crete and Epirus.

"France," wrote Guizot—and he might have said Europe—"asks but one thing from Greece in return for all she has done for her; it is that Greece should learn how to develop the resources locked up in her heart." Noble words, if by "resources" he meant, not only mineral or agricultural riches, the living forces of industry and commerce, but also those treasures of a special sort which consist of forgotten manuscripts and buried temples—the bread of the spirit, as necessary to humanity as the bread of the body.

How nineteenth-century Greece has understood and fulfilled this double duty of piety and of policy towards the past I propose to set forth briefly in the following lines.

So far as their literary past is concerned, we must recognise that the Greeks did not wait for the definite awakening of their nationality in order to seek and collect its relics. Without going back to heroic times, without recalling the learned refugees of Constantinople, before and after the fall of the Imperial city, who, like the heroes of Troy, carried away with them their household gods—that is to say, the great writers of ancient Greece—and who revived amongst the Latin nations of the West the cult of beauty and the feeling of harmonious propriety, it is established that, even in the darkest days of Turkish rule, despite the persistent mistrust shown by the Orthodox Church towards all that recalled paganism and its splendours, there were still to be found in Greece modest and studious scribes who copied the

classical texts and collected inscriptions, like Meles, Bishop of Janina, or who, like Cyrillus Lascaris and Maximus Margounios, furnished erudite Occidentals with information as to the collections of manuscripts yet remaining in Hellenic territory and especially as to the rich stores of the "Holy Mountain." The sacred lamp never went out completely, it only burnt with a much diminished and wavering flame: it was rather a night-light than a torch. He to whom it was reserved to rekindle it bears a name that is, with justice, graven on the hearts of the Greek people, for he was, perhaps, its greatest benefactor. I mean Adamantios Koraïs, whom we call Coray (1748-1833). If in the fifteenth century the Lascaris, the Chrysoloras, the Bessarions had been the schoolmasters of Western Europe, the parts were, on the threshold of the nineteenth, reversed. It is to the Cimmerians, become in their turn civilised, that the most illustrious of Hellenic *loghioi* has recourse in order to demand initiation in the true methods of scholarship. Coray passed more than half his life in France, but he was a *metoikos* who would never change his nationality, in spite of the advantages and distinctions promised to him. "May the earth swallow me up," he wrote once, "before I become a Frenchman instead of a Greek." Coray was an ardent patriot and desired to have his share in the task of gaining political liberty for the Greeks. As early as 1798 he published anonymously—for his poverty counselled prudence—an eloquent appeal in favour of their independence. But it was more especially to their moral emancipation, to their intellectual education, that he devoted, both

before and after 1821, all his energies. I am not called upon here to judge of his linguistic work, so highly praised by some, so bitterly scoffed at by others. Enough if I say that he who wrote the famous sentence: "The popular language cannot be despised, except by fools" is not to be counted as an irreconcilable purist.

But what is especially interesting for us at this moment in Coray is the scholar, the Hellenist; and in that class he ranks with the highest. This Chiot, who had studied Latin at Smyrna, commerce and mathematics in Holland, medicine at Montpellier, theology, English and German somewhat at haphazard, was admirably fitted by the variety of his attainments for the complicated business of editor, translator and commentator of the classical authors. He was, moreover, endowed with an extraordinary capacity for work. He also possessed that natural gift of the critic, that penetrating glance for which there is no substitute. From his first appearance, Villoison, Clavier, Wolf and the rest recognised in him a fellow-worker and an equal. The number of conjectures, either certain or plausible, the multitude of comments, ingenious, erudite or instructive which he has scattered throughout the sixteen volumes of his *Greek Library*, his nine volumes of *Parerga*, his six volumes of *Atakta*, in the editions or translations signed by friends who had him as their kindly collaborator, and, finally, in his voluminous correspondence, are truly prodigious. Poetry was not his department, but there is hardly a Greek prose-writer from Hippocrates to Strabo, from Æsop to Heliodorus who does not owe

him a debt of gratitude for his pains and for whom he has not healed some wound. Coray had no precursor in Greece; he has had no equal; his statue on the peristyle of the University of Athens would still be waiting for a companion had it not already been decided to give it one in the person of Gladstone.

If Coray has had no equal, he has had emulators and successors. First of all come the " discoverers," sometimes the " inventors," of unedited classical texts. In 1812 the Corfiot Andreas Mustoxydis recovered for the learned world the speech on the *Antidosis*, one of the masterpieces of Isocrates, which he found in a manuscript at Florence. About 1840, Minoïdes Minas, an indefatigable rummager of libraries, brought to Paris the *Philosophoumena* of St Hippolyte; a little later he got hold of the unknown Greek text of Hermas' *Pastor*. But his finest discovery was that, made at Mount Athos, of 123 fables in verse by Babrius; a precious addition to the riches of Hellenistic poetry. Excited by the applause which greeted this find, Minas pretended, in 1859, that he had discovered ninety-five other fables by the same poet and published them himself in London. As a matter of fact, they were of his own fabrication. This literary fraud was soon denounced. Minas was ignorant of a remark made by the Germans some years before, that, in the poems of Babrius, the penultimate syllable in each line has the stress accent; now, in the second crop of fables this rule was constantly violated. That accident betrayed the forger, but more than one of his dupes would not own their error. The illustrious

Bergk, the editor of the lyric poets, supported all his life the authenticity of the fables of Minas, and that, I believe, against Minas himself. This proves, at any rate, that this Hellenic rival of Vrain-Lucas and Simonides had a pretty knowledge of Greek and turned out well his choliambics.

Other Hellenic paleographers deserve gratitude without reserve. John Sakkelion, at the price of thirty years of toil, made an inventory of the valuable library of Saint John of Patmos and brought from it some very interesting scholia on Pindar, Demosthenes and Æschines. Peter Papageorgiou, explorer of manuscripts and scholia connected with the tragics, has attached his name to the small discovery that the wife of Agamemnon was called " Klytæmestra," and not as we have been saying since Racine's time, and as we shall, doubtless, continue to say " Klytæmnestra." Dr G. Kostomiris, whose exuberant and ill-kempt enthusiasm I cannot recall without emotion, published the twelfth book of the Doctor Aëtius, his colleague of fifteen centuries before. Athanasius Papadopoulos Kerameus has succeeded in penetrating to the depths of the Patriarchal Library at Jerusalem, and he has drawn up a detailed catalogue of it, enriching literature with long chapters of the *Mythological Library* of the pseudo-Apollodorus, with valuable fragments of the comic poets and with unpublished letters of the Emperor Julian. Spyridion Lambros, Professor of History at the University of Athens, author of admirable catalogues of the manuscripts of Mount Athos, of Andros, and of Athens, and the most amiable cicerone

that archæologist could wish for, is, above all, a mediævalist of the first rank. But this mediævalist does not despise the flowers of antiquity that he meets with by the way, and he has often had such good fortune. In the learned review, *Neos Hellenomnemon*, which this lay Benedictine edits by his own efforts, he has made known to us some tasty epigrams and some new fragments of the historian Timæus.

By the side of the paleographers who find copy and publish the texts, Greece has given us critics who amend and comment them. Just like the brothers Zosimas, who found the necessary funds for the library of Coray, other literary Mæcenases have come forward—Zographos, Maraslis, Mavrocordatos—to encourage analogous publications; failing them, learned societies, like the literary Syllogos of Constantinople, have done as much. Thanks to these subsidies there have been published the learned editions of Bernadakis (Euripides) of Zomaridis (Æschylus), of Pantazidis (Xenophon), of Moraïtis (Plato). Two names especially merit to be classed apart: S. Kontos, a pupil of Cobet, for his numerous conjectures and keen grammatical observations; D. Semitelos, for his fine edition of the *Antigone* and his *Greek Prosody*, which is on a level with the best German works.

We see, then, that good scholars have not been wanting to emancipated Greece. And yet, it must be confessed, neither in number nor in the quality of their work, have they fulfilled the hopes that were to be drawn from Coray's great example. For that we can, I think,

give several reasons. First of all, if Europe in its somewhat superficial sentimentalism saw and desired to see, eighty years ago, in the enfranchised Greeks only the descendants of Aristides and Demosthenes, in reality the Greek people, and especially its professors and men of letters, felt themselves to be much more directly the heirs of Byzantine civilisation. The goal of the " Great Idea " was not the pediment of the Parthenon, but the Cupola of Saint Sophia. The national hero was not the Spartan King Leonidas, but the " Roman " Emperor, Constantine Dragazes. And how many years were to pass ere those whom Europe called Hellenes ceased to call themselves Romans! Read the most remarkable work ever written by a modern Greek historian, the *History of Hellenic Civilisation* by Constantinos Paparrigopoulos. You will remark with astonishment that for this historian and patriot the period which to us barbarians seems the most interesting in the Greek annals—that of ancient Greece up to the Roman conquest—is only treated in a concise manner and as if to form a preface to the history of the Græco-Roman Empire; for it is in the latter that Paparrigopoulos sees, not without reason, the true origins of the Hellenism of to-day. Let us add, too, that the libraries of manuscripts still remaining in the Greek Orient —libraries usually attached to monasteries—contain a hundred hagiographical and theological writings for one profane work, and amongst the latter class, ten Byzantine books for one classical. Is it not natural that, under such conditions, the efforts of Greek Hellenists should turn rather towards that Christian,

Byzantine and mediæval literature which western science had so greatly neglected and which touched in their breasts so many secret chords?

The work accomplished in this direction by the Sathas, the Romanos, the Miliarakis, the Politis, the Lambros and so many others is considerable and of infinite merit. It has served and still serves as basis for all that has been done, during the last thirty years, in France, in Germany and in England, for the revival of Byzantine studies. But these researches and results overstep the limits which I have set myself. And I am forced to add that an assiduous commerce with Byzantine things, books and men is hardly likely to develop, in the minds of those who devote their attention to such matters, a very lively feeling for Greek poetry, Greek beauty and Greek truth.

The second reason will seem like a paradox; it is, that the Greek scholars naturally speak and write Greek. What kind of Greek? As you know and as I repeat here without any ill intention, it is a language somewhat artificial, comparable to the scholastic Latin of the Middle Ages, in which those who employ it, while striving to keep or resuscitate as many words as possible of the old vocabulary and as many ancient inflections, must still allow the sentence to retain its analytic cast, its auxiliary particles and, let us dare to add, its gallicisms without which it would cease to be intelligible to the majority of readers. Now, if continual handling of this mixed idiom develops in men of letters a feeling of the continuity of Greek throughout the ages, it deadens somewhat the fineness of their grammatical

sensibility. This makes us understand how very learned Greek editors have kept, explained and even introduced into classical texts forms of speech quite legitimate in the *katharevousa* of to-day, and even in the Greek of Polybius, but inadmissible in Attic prose of the fifth or the fourth century before Christ. Contrariwise, it sometimes happens that a scholar like Pantazidis, or a grammarian like Jannaris, allows his attention to be distracted from the true problems of linguistic interpretation or history, and concentrates it on comparisons with contemporary usage and practical recommendations which seem to us somewhat trifling. In short, the artificial life which " correct " Greek continues to enjoy under the pen of men of letters exercises on Greek scholarship the same depressing influence as formerly was exerted on the teaching of Roman law in Germany by the practical validity which was still attributed to it.

I hope with all my heart that the future may improve on the past and that the little band of Greek Hellenists may soon become legion. We have need of them to-day, when the study of Greek is undergoing in all Western lands such terrible assaults and is losing ground in so lamentable a manner. To all Greeks present to-day I say this: Guard that sacred store and wait for better times. One day we shall come and ask you for it again.

I hope, too, that to their praiseworthy and somewhat Teutonic care for accuracy our Greek colleagues will join a keener feeling for and a more constant attention to the beauties of the language and literature

which they have inherited. Why has not modern Greece yet a work on literary history to be compared to the masterpieces of Otfried Müller and the brothers Croiset? Even in their commentaries, often somewhat verbose, it seems as if Greek scholars affect disdain for that æsthetic criticism which is, however, confessed even by the Germans themselves, to be the highest and most fruitful of all, provided that it be neither declamatory nor superficial. The late Eugène Benoist once compared scholarship to those thick strong gloves which gardeners put on in order to pick roses prickly with thorns. Too often the Greek *savants* put on their gloves and forget to pick the roses.

At no period did the Greek people show greater indifference for the remains of antiquity scattered over its territory than during the quarter of a century which preceded its emancipation. And at no period did that indifference cost so dear, for, by a singular consequence of the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire, English tourists, unable to ramble through Italy, carried their spleen and their curiosity as far as Greece. Now, for an Englishman to admire, covet and seize are three movements which are inseparable and consecutive in his mind. It was from 1801 to 1803 that Lord Elgin despoiled the Parthenon of its immortal attire in order to enrich with it his foggy country. Out of the 400 men to whom his works gave employment how many Greeks were there who fell under the curse of Byron? In 1812, roused by this sacrilege, the "Hetairia of the Friends of the Muses" formed the project of creating

a museum and a library, but this pious desire was not carried into effect. So, in 1814, the frieze of the Temple of Phigalia, in its turn, made its way towards the British Museum, and if the marbles of Ægina found themselves stranded at Munich, and not at London, it was only by a misunderstanding. The English commissioners who had received orders to bid in 1812 on behalf of the Museum, and who had been given *carte blanche*, believed that the sale was to take place at Malta and not at Zante; when they perceived their mistake, the steamer had gone—and the marbles, too. France had, somewhat later, her share, a small one, in this escheated succession. It was the Venus of Milo (1820), and if she did not make this acquisition without difficulty, it was not because of Greek patriotism, but because the lucky owner thought he had discovered a better purchaser at Constantinople. Would you have an idea of the little importance attached by the Greeks to their artistic patrimony? When the *demogeronts* of Ægina granted to Cockerell and his friends, by an agreement in form, the statues of the famous frontals which are the pride of the Bavarian Museum, they demanded the ridiculous sum of 1000 drachmas, that is to say, about the value of an equivalent weight of quick-lime! Some months later, the sale by auction yielded £6000. How many hundred thousand would be needed to buy them back to-day?

But Greek independence triumphed and at once archæological patriotism awoke in the hearts of the Greeks. France, the latest to profit from Greek carelessness, was the first to suffer from Greek vigilance. In

1829, renewing the glorious tradition of the Egyptian expedition, the French Government had joined to the expedition to the Morea a staff of naturalists, artists and archæologists. Dubois and Blouet undertook some fruitful excavations at Olympia. After six weeks, the heat interrupted their work; they were thinking of beginning again when, on information given by a Greek patriot, the President Capodistria put a formal veto on the project. The same Capodistria has been accused of favouring, during his Russophile Government, the despatch of a large quantity of Greek marbles to Russia, and About has repeated the accusation. For my part, I can hardly believe it. On the contrary, there are documents which prove that the Provisional Government, in 1830, caused to be seized a cargo of bas-reliefs which some merchants were trying to send out of the country.

With the accession to the throne of King Otho, a German "restoring" influence succeeded to the predatory Russian period. One of its first effects was the promulgation of the law of March 1834, which forbade, on pain of confiscation, the exportation of antiquities. Although we may regret it, from the point of view of our own museums, we cannot blame the principle of this law, but it might have received in practice mitigations which would have rendered it not only more efficacious but also less destructive. "Commerce in objects of art," wrote Edmond About, "is forbidden. This does not mean that the Government buys them; it merely confiscates them. What happens? The brokers carry on a clandestine business and hide their merchandise

under their cloaks. If a marble is too big or too heavy to be secretly transported, they cut it up into pieces and thus a statue is retailed like mutton." It is evident that it would have been better to declare a right of pre-emption for the State; but had the State then the means to exercise it?

In any case, Greece, once more mistress of her fate, intended to remain mistress, too, of all the art treasures which, in spite of the avidity of Roman and Byzantine emperors, of the curiosity of Venetian *nobili*, of the barbarism of lime-burners and of native masons, and, let us confess also, of the madness of treasure-seekers, were still left on and beneath her soil. Even during the War of Independence, Odysseus had thrown down the Lion of Chæronea, scenting imaginary wealth hidden beneath its pedestal. And quite recently, in 1892, when, at the very beginning of the excavations at Delphi, M. Homolle discovered the charming little temple called "the Treasury of the Athenians," and announced his find in a telegram to the Academy, did not the sub-prefect of Amphissa, intercepting the telegram, gravely inform him of the near visit of a high financial official, who had been charged to take possession of the treasure which would, perchance—and how seasonably!—make up the deficit in the budget? From the moment when Greece forbade the foreigner to meddle with her artistic patrimony, she contracted towards her inheritance a double duty: to defend it against the depredations of men and the attacks of the weather, to bring it to light and increase it by means of carefully conducted excavations. Let us see how she has dis-

charged this double duty towards herself and towards civilisation in general.

In the early years of independence, enthusiasm reigned supreme. It took effect both in the acts of the Government and in the touching and zealous co-operation of a private society. The first care of the Government of Capodistria, reviving the idea of the " Friends of the Muses," had been to endow free Greece with a museum. Whilst Pittakis brought together the marbles of Athens in the Great Panaghia, those of the islands were concentrated in some of the rooms of the Orphanage at Ægina, which was then the headquarters of the Government (1829).

A monk (Leontios Campanis) was the first conservator of the Museum. He drew up a catalogue which, having been discovered sixty years later, has been published as an historical document. At the same time was organised an administration, that is to say a superintendence, of antiquities. The archæological ground was, for this purpose, divided among several ephors, over whom was placed an ephor-general. The first of these high officials was, of course, a German, Weissenburg. He has left little trace of his passage. The second, too, was a German, Ludwig Ross, a native of Holstein. He was still young and a true archæologist, trained in the German universities. In 1834, when the capital was transferred from Nauplia to Athens, he succeeded in causing the " Theseion " to be devoted to the preservation of the ancient marbles. Till then it had been a church. A decree of the Holy Synod ordered

the holy table and the other religious objects to be removed in order to make room for the antiquities. Only marbles found on the Acropolis were to be placed there. The sacred rock of Athens presented at that date a spectacle calculated to sadden the heart of the beholder. "When the Turks," says Bikelas, "had definitely quitted Athens, the plateau of the Acropolis was covered with their tumble-down houses. The pillars of the Propylæa rose above the roofs of shops in the midst of which their bases lay hidden. The Erechtheion, turned into a powder-magazine, had been demolished by an explosion. The duty of clearing the ground of these ruins and of giving light and space to the monuments of antiquity was clearly incumbent on the new guardians of the glorious enclosure." Ross accomplished this task conscientiously; he did even more. With the help of his compatriots, Schaubert and Hansen, he restored, stone by stone, the charming little temple of Athena Nike, to the south of the Propylæa. It must be added that, in their ardour for "restoring" the Acropolis, the German architects often exhibited more zeal than discretion. Von Klenze patched up in an abominable manner two columns of the Parthenon and succeeded, alas! in re-erecting them. Schenkel had conceived a glorious idea: to build on the Acropolis a royal "fairy" palace, of which the Parthenon was to decorate the court of honour, as the arch of the Carrousel decorates the parade of the Tuileries. Happily want of time and money prevented the carrying out of these follies.

But Greek patriotism suffered at seeing the national

antiquities placed under German protection. As the result of a misunderstanding with the Minister of Education, Ross had to resign his post in 1836. He was replaced by the ephor of the mainland of Greece, Kyriakos Pittakis, who had long had his eye on the post. Pittakis kept it till his death, which occurred in 1863. Edmond About, who knew him towards the end of his career, has left of him a portrait, for once in a way very flattering:

"The care of the antiquities of Athens is entrusted to a worthy gentleman, named Pittakis, correspondent of the Institute of France, and the most honest *savant* in his country. Mr Pittakis was born at the foot of the Acropolis. From his birth he had an instinctive love for the monuments of his motherland; whilst yet a child, he would creep away to the Acropolis and decipher inscriptions without paying attention to Turkish patrols or to the occasional kicks which he received. When a young man, he was in all the combats and assaults, the first under fire, the first to mount the breach, the first to enter the Acropolis and see if any column had been broken or any pediment chipped. An old man now, he takes his repose by running from temple to temple and jealously protecting his beloved Acropolis."

As a matter of fact, this portrait is somewhat too flattering. Pittakis had a great deal of zeal, but a still greater amount of vanity; lacking in method and in culture; "an honest man" if you like, in the vulgar sense of that expression, but devoid of scientific conscience. His book, long held in great esteem, *Ancient*

Athens, swarms with small archæological frauds. But we must not refuse recognition to the services he rendered during his long proconsulate. At the Acropolis he continued the clearing operations, re-erected the portico of the Caryatides and facilitated the approach to the Propylæa by erecting a massive staircase. He restored the Museum of Ægina to Athens, and he concentrated in the capital as many antiquities as possible. Unhappily, the money to lodge them decently was wanting. Pittakis made up for this by the quantity of works he collected. In 1850, when Otfried Müller undertook a catalogue of the antiquities of Athens, he found them scattered in ten separate places, several of which were open to the sky, and in two Turkish reservoirs, the one below the Parthenon, the other behind the Erechtheion. It is, of course, customary to keep Truth in a well, but to place Beauty in one is, perhaps, going somewhat too far. At the Propylæa, Pittakis had installed great wooden frames which he filled with inscriptions, with fragments of statues and bits of architecture stuck all together with plaster, "just as convicts were chained two and two to prevent them from running away." [1] As to order and classification, that was never thought of. But, to make amends, "a guard composed of pensioners, an ancient and solemn garrison, defended the Acropolis against the devouring hands of those collector-tourists, who travel with a hammer in their pockets, and who would grudge the money they spend, if they could not bring back home the nose of some statue with which to ornament their

[1] S. Reinach, *Revue des Musée et Bibliothèques* I.

mansion." [1] It is in allusion to this garrison that Michaëlis calls the *regime* of Pittakis "the period of the pensioners." Would to Heaven, however, that all the ruins scattered through the provinces, the little collections of antiquities organised in the schools or in the town halls, had had pensioners to protect them!

1837 is a memorable date in the history of "Greece rediscovered by the Greeks," for it was then that was founded the Archæological Society which has now for seventy years concentrated in itself all the work of exploration and a great part of that of the publication of the national antiquities. The initiative of this foundation belongs to the Minister of Education, James Rizos Neroulos, an orator and poet of merit. But the real working pivot of the Society was its general secretary, Alexander Rhizos Rhangavis (Rhangabé), born in 1810, who was to have a long and brilliant career as man of letters, archæologist, epigraphist and diplomat. The programme of the Society was a vast one: To propagate throughout the nation a taste for antiquities, to contribute, in concert with the State, to their preservation, reparation and discovery. But the limited means at its disposal—during the first period of its existence the annual receipts never exceeded 4000 drachmas, and often dropped to a lower sum than 500,—and the want of practical archæologists allowed the Society to carry out only a small part of this programme. Every year, in the month of May, on "the anniversary of the erection of the Parthenon,"

[1] Ed. About.

the Society held a solemn meeting on the Acropolis. There, the Minister delivered an eloquent discourse and the Secretary read a list full of generous ideas expressed in flowery language. The King, the Queen, the Court and Society were present at the ceremony; ices and refreshments were served. With the rest of the income a few antiquities were purchased, and now and again some little excavation was undertaken. During all this period the researches were carried on almost exclusively at Athens. In 1838 the Tower of the Winds and the Monument of Thrasyllus were uncovered; in 1839 the portico of the Agora; in 1848 the Odeon of Herod Atticus; in 1851 the Bouleuterion. The Society took part also (from 1841 onwards) in the "restoration" of the Parthenon. Its only work of any note outside of Athens was the uncovering of the Lion gateway at Mycenæ in 1840.

When in 1844 Neroulos was succeeded as Minister by Kolettis, who took no interest in archæology, the Society began to decline and the number of its subscribers to diminish. Rhangabé attempted to check its decline in 1848 by dividing the Society into two sections: the "subscribers," who only paid a yearly sum, and the "working members," who formed a small academy, and had the duty of composing and reading memoirs. But this innovation, which was the signal for an outbreak of personal jealousy and which did nothing but flatter the vanity of the incompetent, precipitated the catastrophe. Rhangabé, discouraged, resigned his office in 1851. Some of the members insisted on his withdrawing his resignation. Vambas was opposed

to this. "Who is he," he said, "who can boast i Greece of being a superior man when it is doubtful : there is one even in Europe?"[1] The successors c Rhangabé, amongst whom was Pittakis, did no bette than he: the political and economical crisis of th Crimean War, the frightful ravages of the cholera in 1854, ended by decimating the Society. It ceasec its practical work and, soon after, its meetings. From 1855 to 1858 there was a period of lethargy much like death. Thus the naïve and generous enthusiasm o the commencement, full of great ideas, was followed by deep discouragement, the fruit of disappointments which it had been only too easy to foresee.

But better times were coming. In 1858, on the initiative of Pittakis, now old, and of the Minister, Christopoulos, the Archæological Society was reconstituted on practically its original basis. It soon found more conspicuous favour in the eyes of the public. Its revenue rose to an annual average of 10,500 drachmas. In 1869, a "Committee of the Friends of Antiquity," which had got together, by means of a lottery, a fairly large capital for archæological work, was obliged to disband without having accomplished anything, and handed over its assets to the Society, which received, at the same time, a subsidy from the state. Henceforward its revenue amounted to 31,000 drachmas *per annum*.

The Society derived even greater assistance than this increase of revenue from the zeal and intelligence of two men who became at this epoch, and continued

[1] Cavvadias, *History of the Archæological Society*.

till their death, its guardian angels: Euthymios Kastorchis, who died in 1886, and Stephanos Koumanoudis who lived until 1894. They collaborated in the direction of learned reviews, the *Philhistor* and the *Athenaion*, in which they scattered numerous and interesting memoirs. They both contributed to the revival of the *Archæological Journal* to which they gave a new form. Kastorchis was the practical organiser; Koumanoudis an epigraphist of the first rank. His *Collection of Attic Funereal Inscriptions* (1871), in which he published and commented on more than 2800 unedited texts, being one of the bases of the German Corpus. The preface in which he sets forth the principles of Attic funereal architecture has kept a lasting value. The work had cost its author twenty-six years of toil and he published it at his own cost.

In connection with these two men we must name P. Evstratiadis, who succeeded Pittakis in 1863 as ephor-general and retired in 1884. One of his panegyrists has said of him: "He belonged to the heroic age of archæology in Greece, to the period when fine inscriptions still appeared in the daily press, when the *Ephemeris* was printed on sugar paper, when enthusiasm and faith made up for the lack of material resources. . . . He has published a large number of new and difficult inscriptions, and he organised the Museum of Patissia, the future National Museum, of which the construction was begun in 1886, on ground given by a Greek lady, Mme. Helena Tossizza, and at the expense of another Greek, M. Bernardakis. If he never encouraged foreigners to make researches in Greece, if

he more than once checked designs of theirs which wer by no means shady, that weakness came less from hi own character than from the prejudices of the times i which he had grown up." [1]

The appreciation is indulgent; but it is a fact tha archæological *misoxenia* was in the air; nor is it ye entirely dissipated. I may remind you that in 1846 thl foundation of the French school at Athens arouse protests in the Greek press, which attributed to tha institution a Machiavellian programme of political an religious propaganda. In 1873, when Germany offere to excavate, at her own cost, the Altis of Olympia leaving to Greece the entire product of the researches a whole year was necessary to obtain from the Gree Parliament the ratification of a treaty the unpre cedented disinterestedness of which scandalised th German Chamber! Such examples could easily b multiplied.

During the period which I am considering, fror 1858 to 1875, the Archæological Society employed it increased, yet still modest, resources partly in pur chasing antiquities—which were at first deposited in room at the University, then in the college called Var vakeïon (1865), and lastly in the Polytechnic (1881)— partly in excavations which, as in the preceding period took place chiefly at Athens; the Government bearing the expense of expropriation and the Society that o the actual digging. In 1858 it uncovered the Giant's Portico; in 1870 the Portico of Attalus; in 1862 the gymnasium known as the Diogeneion, with its thirty-

[1] S. Reinach, *Chroniques d'Orient.*

four busts of *cosmetai* worked into the wall of Valerian; in 1864 the Portico of Eumenes. But its two most fruitful campaigns at this date were that which reconquered the theatre of Dionysos, and that which disclosed the cemetery of the Dipylon.

Since 1840 efforts had been made to discover the theatre, whose position was almost certain, but the cuttings were badly directed and Rhangabé, in his report, declared despondently that the theatre no longer existed. Despite his pessimism, the works were begun afresh in 1858 and soon the higher part of the enclosure was encountered. A little while later, the German architect, Strack, obtained permission to search in his turn, and he discovered the highest tier of seats. Then the Society renewed its operations (1863), and completed them, after frequent interruptions, in 1879. These excavations have not only opened up the whole of the imposing *cavea* in which 15,000 spectators could be accommodated, but have once more brought to light the marvellous row of thrones destined for the use of distinguished visitors, and especially the chair of the priest of Dionysos, the curious "stage" of Phaidros with its Atlantes, and, lastly, several statues of which the most remarkable is the Apollo called Omphalian, a precursor of the masterpieces of Phidias.

As to the discovery of the cemetery of the Dipylon, that was the result of chance; some husbandmen, digging near the chapel of Holy Trinity, outside the town, struck against the tops of some ancient tombs. Systematic digging was at once begun (February 1870). The ground formed at that point a sort of enormous

mound of which the real origin still remains hidden in mystery. Thanks to this embankment, which is undoubtedly of great antiquity,[1] a whole line of tombs of the fourth century had been preserved intact, and amongst them some marvels, such as the touching stela of Hegeso, the horseman Dexileos, the stela of the two women, etc.—all anonymous works by obscure artisans, but, from that very fact, showing us how deeply art and the sense of the Beautiful had penetrated into the very marrow of that privileged race.

In the course of these works, the ancient enclosure of the town was finally reached and its principal gate, the Dipylon, laid bare with a famous milestone on which was the inscription "*Horos Kerameikou*—Boundary of the *Ceramic*."

It is to some Greek excavations of this period, though not to a regular one, that we owe those elegant and vivacious figurines which have become so celebrated under the name of "*Tanagras*." Accidental finds, statuettes turned up by the plough, had caused, it is said, the name of Skimatari (village of statuettes) to be given to the modern hamlet built on the ruins of the ancient Bœotian necropolis. But it is especially since 1870 that clandestine diggings, carried on by a Greek from Corfu, Barba Yorghi, and, after his example, by all the peasants of the district, have given an abundant harvest. Eight to ten thousand tombs were

[1] Some have suggested an *agger* (siege mound) raised by Sylla during the siege of Athens, in 87-86 B.C. But in the very detailed account given by Appian no mention is made of any such work, but only of a simple blockade.

opened; it was a regular pillage, without method or respect, without any plan being taken of the general arrangement of the necropolis, or of the architecture and contents of the tombs. When the agent of the Archæological Society presented himself, with his escort of gendarmes, they might have sung like the carabineers of Offenbach:

"By a most unlucky fate
We always arrive too late."

The Society, unable to arrest the pillage, resigned itself to claiming a share in the spoils; a share which was not the best, for the finest pieces had already departed abroad. Must we complain that it was so? Should we not rather be grateful to these graceful little messengers for having carried the good news afar, for having succeeded in attracting the interest of collectors and the snobbism of the West to the cause of Greek archæology? A poet who died young, that is to say who has became a highly applauded novelist and playwright,[1] once called the Tanagras "Praxiteleses for the show-case—Dresden ware of Antiquity." The first epithet is more correct than the second. The figurines of Tanagra, even those which had their origin in current industry, those which deal with familiar subjects, never sink into that somewhat too dainty frivolity in which the artisans of Dresden took delight; they ignore, too, the gay naturalism of Alexandrine art, at an epoch contemporary with them. These little dolls, some seven or eight inches in height, are still great ladies; although born in

[1] Abel Hermant.

Bœotia, they have the modest grace and sober elegance which marked the Athenian lady; although they date, for the most part, from the third century, they reflect the great art of the fourth. They are grand-daughters of the "Muses" of Praxiteles. No one has defined them better than that archæologist whose exquisite pen wrote one day:[1] "Suspended between the ideal and the real, many of these figurines, wear, as it were, an air of indecision which forms part of their charm. They are fragile and delicate things, which science must not handle too roughly, for fear of seeing them crumble beneath her fingers. In other words: Pass on, archæologists, do not insist!" . . . I pass on.

Another private excavation was that of the sanctuary of Dodona, in Epirus (1875-76).

A rich banker, later deputy and minister, Constantine Carapanos, identified the site, marked by a well-preserved theatre, an enclosure and a temple. The whole is placed in an Alpine valley where the winter is rigorous, in a district where the soil is hard and rugged, where the angry breath of Zeus still seems to blow amid the great thunder-torn oaks. The author of these excavations, either from discretion or from the want of a good architect, has not explained very clearly the topography and the architecture of this important sanctuary which will not reveal all its secrets until Greece *irredenta* again becomes part of the mother-country. Statues, pieces of gold work, or even large bronzes were out of the question. But an abundant harvest of smaller objects enriched first the show-cases of the rich

[1] Léon Heuzey.

collector and then those of the National Museum to which he generously bequeathed them. The most curious are the strips of lead on which those who consulted the oracle inscribed their questions, often indiscreet. The Zeus of Dodona had not only, like St Anthony of Padua, a lost property office: he had also a registrar's office at which researches as to birth and paternity could be made—witness the celebrated tablet: "Lysanias asks Zeus and Dione whether he or another is the father of the child that Annula bears in her womb?" The little offerings in terra-cotta and in bronze tell a long story, from the archaic *auletes* of the sixth century, covered in his *phorbeia*, down to the *hoplite* of the fifth in fighting posture, and the beautifully engraved plate of the fourth with an episode of a combat of heroes. The little animals, tripods, toilet objects and jewels are current models. Soon after, at Olympia and Delphi, many examples from the same shop were found. Greece, too, had its Rue St Sulpice.

I am making it a rule to speak only of Greek discoveries. So, if I make allusion to the memorable excavations at Mycenæ (1874-76), it is only to remind you that the principal director of that work had two Hellenic collaborators to whom an honourable share of praise must be assigned: the ephor, Panayotis Stamatakis, whose conscientious diary, still unpublished, has made amends, to some extent, to archæologists for the brevity and arbitrary handling of Schliemann; and Madame Schliemann herself, Greek by birth, to whom her husband has dedicated his book, "as a feeble token," he says, "of my admiration for her Homeric

studies, of my gratitude for her zeal and devotion and the energy with which she sustained my courage in the time of my greatest trials." I will add that while cleaning, in the Museum of Athens, the sword blades discovered by Schliemann, Athanasius Koumanoudis, the son of Stephanos, discovered those admirable incrustations in gold, silver and electron which show us half-clad warriors hunting the lion, and weasels fishing amongst the reeds—Egyptian subjects, executed probably by an artist of that race. The famous shield from the cave of Ida (another discovery made by a Greek, Pasparakis, and dating from 1884) is the counterpart of the daggers—an "Ægean" interpretation of Phœnician and Assyrian motifs.

Stimulated by the sensational discoveries of Schliemann, Greek archæologists swarmed to the attack of the Mycenæan burial-places, and as if the "Mycenæan" had only awaited the touch of the magic wand of the great grocer of Mecklenburg in order to come forth from the soil, there were found and examined on all sides most interesting cupolated tombs—at Sparta (1877), at Menidi (1880), at Vafio, near Sparta (1886). It is the latter which revealed to M. Tsountas the two marvellous gold goblets, with reliefs representing the hunting of wild bulls, which even after the Cretan finds of Evans and Halbherr, still remain the masterpieces of Ægean art.

Writers have often expressed their regret—none more strongly than Edmond About—that the Greeks waited so long before undertaking, or letting foreigners undertake, the archæological exploration on a large

scale of their territory. I cannot share these complaints, and I will explain to you why not.

First of all, as to those insidious proposals made to Greece, either by foreign Governments or by private individuals, "to undertake such works in return for a reasonable share in the results," Greece acted rightly in refusing all offers of the sort, which would have ended by completely despoiling her of her artistic inheritance, already sufficiently reduced. But, putting material interests on one side, it cannot be too often repeated that militant archæology, that of pick and shovel, is a business which must be learnt, or, better still, is a science which has its rules; and these rules have only been truly laid down after the middle of the last century, notably by Charles Newton. Excavations directed by archæologists who are novices, without the assistance of an experienced architect, without the careful observation, annotation and, as far as possible, conservation of the successive beds of soil, of the position of the discovered objects, and of all the data relative to the history across the ages of a site or a building—such excavations, whose sole object is to lay hands on and put in safe keeping all the movable goods and knick-knacks possible, have a remarkable resemblance to organised burglary. It is impossible to calculate the harm done to the cause of science by Vandalic operations of this sort, even when they have been disinterested. We all know, for example, that at Tiryns, Schliemann, in his anxiety to reach the tufa was about to destroy a precious Mycenæan pavement which he took for a Roman work, when Doerpfeld fortunately intervened

and stopped him. At Mycenæ and at Troy he committed like mistakes, unhappily irreparable.

Greece before 1875 had some good epigraphists and archæologists full of enthusiasm; but, as Bersot once said, enthusiasm even when backed up by an ability to read and write cannot replace competence; and men really competent to direct great excavations were wanting: they were somewhat wanting, we must add, everywhere. It was better, then, for Greece to abstain from enterprises which would have been hazardous because they were premature. After all, the earth which covers ruins is a good shield.

But when England, Germany and France were, at last, equipped and ready to make the necessary sacrifices and had given examples of excavations carried out with method and leading to veritable resurrections; when the marvellous discoveries of Schliemann, aided by quite American methods of advertisement, had brought archæology into fashion—then Greece could no longer hang back. At the critical moment she found the men and the money required for work on a large scale. As to the men, she had a whole band of young archæologists, sometimes, it must be admitted, lacking from the point of view of æsthetic feeling, but formed in Germany by good manuals and good methods. As to the money, by a decree, passed on the 19th of November 1874, on the proposal of Valassopoulos, Minister of Education and a personal friend of Kastorchis, the Archæological Society was authorised to put before the public an annual lottery which was, at once, a great success. The returns given by it were all the more

considerable after Tricoupis' law of December 30th 1887, which forbade all other lotteries in the kingdom. It is true that, since then, as a result of the unlucky war in Thessaly, the Society has had once more to share its monopoly with the work for the reconstitution of the Navy, but, on the other hand, it has at its head (since 1896) as perpetual president the Crown Prince, and this official support has brought it many new friends. To sum up, the average revenue of the Society has risen from 93,000 drachmas, about 1875, to 248,000, about 1895. The last balance-sheet (1905) still shows a sum of 206,000 drachmas as receipts. These are respectable figures and you will understand that, provided with such resources, the Society has at last been able to give serious attention to the programme of archæological research which was but vainly foreseen by those enthusiastic precursors of 1837.

The first important excavation which inaugurated this new period in the history of the Archæological Society was that of the Asclepieion at Athens (1876). Whilst clearing away the earth which had, little by little, slipped down along the south side of the Acropolis, to the west of the theatre, the workmen ran up against the complicated foundations of this sanctuary which comprised two temples—one ancient, the other modern —with a great altar and "portico-dormitories" grouped around a sacred spring. In the absence of a competent architect, the question of construction was not made sufficiently clear. On the other hand, a large number of precious bas-reliefs — votive offerings consecrated to Asclepios by grateful worshippers —

were collected. These reliefs, examined by Paul Girard, spread over the end of the fifth and all the fourth century. Besides their artistic interest, they constitute a very curious contribution to religious history. They might be entitled "History of the rise of a god." For on them may be followed, step by step, the progress in public veneration of this newcomer in Olympian circles: at first simply an hero-doctor, then a demi-god, rising finally to the rank of a veritable god—a kind of gentle, benevolent and charitable Zeus, a family and familiar Zeus, peacefully seated on his throne amidst wife, sons and daughters, and receiving the homage of his faithful worshippers.

The Asclepieion of Athens, founded in 420 B.C. was only a branch of the great Asclepieion of Epidaurus. After having examined the "daughter society," one naturally thought of giving attention to the "mother house"—to the *hieron*, or shrine, of Epidaurus, of which the general features had been fixed by the French mission to the Morea in 1829. This excavation, one of the most memorable of our times, was begun in 1881 under the direction of the Ephor Panayotis Cavvadias, who has carried it on since, at different times and at long intervals, with indefatigable activity, even after his brilliant success had gained him promotion to the rank of Chief Ephor (1885). He still carries it on at the present date, in his leisure moments. M. Cavvadias has not been satisfied with directing the uncovering of this sanctuary zealously and methodically, with arranging for its protection, and with organising a little

museum; he has published the results of his work and the interpretation of his inscriptions in a series of excellent articles and two noble volumes, one large and one small. I must add that he has always extended the freest and most hospitable welcome to the foreign archæologists and even to simple sight-seers who have visited his works.

Imagine something like an ancient Lourdes, but a Lourdes improved by the addition of hygienic establishments, of a theatre and a hippodrome—on the lines of Vichy or Aix-les-Bains—and you have the sanctuary of Epidaurus. The name, Epidaurus, is somewhat deceptive. No doubt the sanctuary was attached politically to the seaside town of Epidaurus, but to get there from that town you need a ride, on horse or mule, of three long hours, and the *hieron* is quite as near to Nauplia, whence one can easily reach it by a carriageable road. I have tried each way in turn. Though not equally convenient, they are both equally charming. Two gorges shut in by slopes green with tamarisk and sweet-scented bushes, and, in the distance, the tall outline and the bald head of the majestic Arachneon. The *hieron* itself covers the flat bottom of a healthy valley full of calm and silence. The approach to it is marked by handsome propylæa. The central portion—the *peribolus*—forms a rectangular enclosure shut in by a wall. There stand gathered together the temple of Asclepios, the lodgings of the priests, the great altar, the *Tholos*, the sacred dormitories. Quite near, but still *extra muros*, is the temple of Artemis.

The temple of Asclepios is a Doric construction of the first quarter of the fourth century. A long and precious inscription informs us, not only of the name of the architect, Theodotos, but also of that of the sculptor who made the models for the decorative groups, Timotheos—later one of the collaborators in the Mausoleum—of those of the workmen whom he had under his command, and even of the wages paid them for their work. For the finished statue they were paid about 700 to 1100 drachmas; for the models, only 900 drachmas. The sculptures of the pediments in Pentelican marble have been found on the ground in a bad state of mutilation; they represented, on the east, a combat of centaurs, on the west, a combat of Greeks and Amazons. The fragments collected and transported to the Museum of Athens are admirable for their delicate modelling and elegant draping. In this branch, Timotheos appears to have been an innovator: see, for instance, the Nereids which form the *acroteria* of the west frontal and the Amazon, wielding a double-headed axe, which was, perhaps, its central figure. The sculptures of the neighbouring Artemision are in the same style, and, perhaps, by the same master: the most noteworthy being a *Nika*, which also formed an *acroterion*, "a rejuvenated variation of the victory of Pæonios." [1]

As to the great image, which formed the object of worship in the temple—the Asclepios in ivory and gold by Thrasymedes of Paros, seated on a throne between his serpent and his dog—it has disappeared, never to return, but some excellent bas-reliefs found in the

[1] Max Collignon.

neighbourhood seem to have drawn a near inspiration from it. One of them, which would not have been out of place in the frieze of the Panathenæa, is the finest image we possess of this kindly god who forms a bond of union between Jupiter and Jesus. Other sculptures have been discovered in the neighbourhood of the temple. I will mention only the draped Aphrodite, a near relation to the Aphrodite of the Gardens (of Alcamene), but whose unexpected attributes—the lance and the sword—speak already of the Alexandrine epoch.

Not far from the temple rose a circular edifice which Pausanias calls the *Tholos;* an inscription, in which are preserved the accounts for the construction, speaks of it as the *Thymele*, that is to say, the place where sacrifices were offered. This rotunda—the most ancient perhaps in Greek architecture—was the celebrated work of a certain Polycletos, probably the grandson of the great sculptor of Argos. It was supported by a double ring of columns, Doric on the exterior and Corinthian (to the number of sixteen) on the interior. The scattered fragments allow of a reconstitution of the decoration of the entablature, with its lions' heads and flower-work, of incomparable delicacy, superior even to that of the Erechtheion. A delightful Corinthian capital, which has not been employed and of which the marble keeps all its freshness, is probably the very model furnished by Polycletos to his collaborators. Here we come upon the cradle, so to speak, of this order, at once refined and rich, which was to receive in the Hellenistic and Roman periods so great a develop-

ment. Little now remains of the ceiling, with its sunken panels brilliantly coloured; little of the walls with their plates of parti-coloured marbles; the famous painting by Pausias, "Drunkenness draining a Glass Cup" is now only a memory. But beneath the pavement, composed of black and white marble slabs, the pick-axe of the excavators has laid bare some curious foundations: three concentric walls carefully polished, joined together by transversal partitions, and pierced by openings arranged in quincunx, permitting of communication between corridor and corridor. What was the object of this peculiar labyrinth? Had it any other than to serve as support to the marble floor of the building and to allow of its solidity being tested? *Grammatici certant et adhuc sub judice lis est.* Lechat and Defrasse consider that there was here a sacred spring (but the holy well has been discovered at the other end of the *abaton*), Diehl thinks that in this cellar some mysterious rites were performed. The most original suggestion is that of M. Svoronos, who sees in it the lodging, or rather the tomb of Asclepios' serpent, whose spiral coils, he imagines, embraced, in wondrous fashion, the sinuosities of this subterranean maze.

The last noteworthy building in the sacred enclosure is the "Abaton," that is to say, the vast Ionian portico with here one and there two floors which leant against the northern wall of the *peribolus*. This portico served as a dormitory for the sick who came to consult the god. It was whilst they lay wrapped in sleep that the god came generally to visit them and impart his counsel.

After their cure, the priests took care to inscribe the history of the case on tablets, which were later copied and collected on great stelæ. These stelæ—sumptuous marble advertisements at which our Géraudels and Marianis might well grow pale with envy—were in the days of Pausanias six in number. M. Cavvadias has found two of them almost intact, especially the first. They rank, undoubtedly, among the most extraordinary documents for the history of ancient superstition which have come down to us. Nothing could be less like a rational system of medicine than the "treatment" followed in the sanctuaries of Asclepios. You may judge of this by a few extracts:

"Ambrosia of Athens, deprived of one eye. This woman came as a suppliant to the god; walking round the sacred enclosure, she made fun of several of the cures. 'It is,' said she, 'improbable, indeed impossible, that the lame should walk and the blind see, just because they have had a dream.' She fell asleep, and behold! she had a vision; it seemed to her that the god appeared before her and said, 'I will cure thee, but on condition that thou placest, in payment, a silver pig in my temple as a reminder of the stupidity thou hast exhibited.' Speaking thus, the god half opened the sick eye and poured into it a certain drug. When daylight came, she went forth, healed.

"Euphanes, child of Epidaurus. Suffering from gravel, he fell asleep. The god appeared to him and said, 'What wilt thou give me if I heal thee?' The child replied, 'Ten knuckle-bones.'[1] The god fell a-laughing and said that he would cure him. When day broke, he went forth healed.

"Heraieus of Mitylene had no hair on his head, although he had plenty on his cheeks. Ashamed at being the object of continual jests, he came and slept in the dormitory. The god rubbed his head with an ointment and his hair grew again."

[1] We should say now: "Ten marbles."

Let us quote, in conclusion, an extract from the second stela:

"Hermon of Thasos was blind, and the god cured him. Then, as he did not pay the price of his healing, the god made him blind again."

Have we not here the scene in *Le Médecin malgré lui?* Only Molière's hero, after having given back her speech to Lucile, apologises for not being able to take it away again; all he can do is to make the father deaf. Æsculapius had more resource than Sganarelle.

Outside the sacred precincts, the territory of Asclepios contained numerous buildings of different dates. Hotels, gymnasia, baths (due to the munificence of the Emperor Antoninus), a hippodrome, a stadium, etc. But the most interesting edifice is the theatre. Lodged in a fold of Mount Kynortion, that, too, was the work of Polycletos the Younger. By its beauty and size, it was, say the ancients, without a rival. The imposing *cavea* with its thirty-two rows of seats had already long been known. M. Cavvadias uncovered the orchestra—which revealed to us for the first time the circular design of the primitive orchestras, with the actor in the middle, and the stage wall with its statues, its *parodoi* and its side staircases. Was this stage wall of the fourth century, simply the back wall of the building or a gallery for the actors? This question has been sharply discussed and has become the starting-point of the famous theory to which Doerpfeld has attached his name. It has not yet been definitely solved, but, in their anxiety to solve it, the

archæologists of all lands have vied with one another in exploring the remains of Hellenic and Hellenistic theatres throughout Greece and Asia Minor, and, as Lessing said, the hunt is of more importance than the hare.

Another notable excavation carried out by the Archæological Society was that of the sanctuary of Eleusis, where were celebrated annually the mysteries of Demeter and the Kore—one of the greatest feasts, not only of Attica, but of the entire Hellenic world. Everything concerning these mysteries is, as is only right, mysterious. Not only have the ancients kept carefully the secret of the ceremonies, performed before none but the initiated, but Pausanias, our usual guide, deserts us just as he is about to describe the buildings of the *hieron*. Warned by a dream, he recollects that he is initiated himself and decides to remain silent. To reconstitute the sanctuary we must, then, have recourse to the monumental remains, discovered from 1882 to 1890 under the direction of Dimitrios Philios.

Here, as at Epidaurus, the sacred *peribolus* was enclosed by a wall which had been enlarged at different dates. The monumental gateway is of the Attic period; it is a somewhat dry copy of the Propylæa. Later, a friend of Cicero's, Appius Claudius Pulcher, caused exterior propylæa to be erected—an original construction in Hellenistic style, with five Corinthian capitals, three-faced, with opulent foliage and *acroteria* in the shape of griffins.

The sacred enclosure is supported on one side by a steep *acropolis*, and on the other it dips towards the

plain and the distant sea, on the shores of which the *mystai* led their torchlight dances. Remains of buildings of very varied ages are to be found there, some very old—walls of hollow brick buried at such an early date that they have defied the damp of centuries; others of the Roman period, like the Ploutonion, built on the threshold of a cave. There was discovered an admirable head of a young man, shady with thick locks. It was taken at first for an Antinoüs, but Benndorf and Furtwängler soon proposed to consider it as the god Eubouleus, a kind of Hades, or brother of Triptolemus. There exist in Italy several replicas of this head, known under the name of "Virgil." Moreover, the base of a terminal figure in the Vatican bears the inscription: *Eubouleus Praxitelous*. We have here then, possibly, an original by Praxiteles—a brother of the Hermes of Olympia. The highly studied arrangement of the hair, however, much more refined than that of the Hermes, leads one to believe that the Eubouleus is more recent than the statue of Olympia; some have even attributed it to one of the sons of Praxiteles.

Of the small temple of Demeter but little remains. The most important building of the *peribolus* is the *Telesterion*, the *mystikos sêkos*, or Palace of Initiation: something like the "Grand Lodge" of Greece! The earliest construction dates from the days of Pisistratus and was at first of very modest dimensions. After having been destroyed by the Medes, the *Telesterion* was enlarged to twice its former size by Cimon, then to four times (59 yards by nearly 57) in the days of Pericles, by Ictinos, the architect of the Parthenon. The

actual plan is square. Eight tiers of seats, interrupted by doors, rise against and are supported by each of the four walls. Over the interior space is scattered a forest of forty-two columns, which upheld the ceiling and must have been extremely annoying to the spectators looking on at the sacred drama. Large external staircases lead on either side to a gallery cut in the rock of the Acropolis and giving access to a higher floor, the *megaron*. Finally, before the principal façade, rises an imposing portico with columns, erected in 346 by the architect Philon.

The most celebrated of the excavations successfully carried out by the Archæological Society is that of the Acropolis of Athens. The Acropolis, which was bombarded by Morosini, despoiled by Elgin, restored and cleared, to the best of their ability, by Ross, Pittakis and Beulé; the Acropolis which Cimon banked up and levelled to serve as pedestal to the admirable monuments of Pericles and to all that forest of chapels, statues and shrines which, until the time of the Romans, multiplied upon it; in a word, the Acropolis of Phidias, which was summed up in the famous chryselephantine Pallas—that is the Acropolis which the whole world knew. But beneath this visible Acropolis there was another: an archaic Acropolis, dazzlingly coloured by Pisistratus and his sons, twice destroyed by fire, and sacked from top to bottom by the Persians in 480. The remains of this earlier Acropolis, mixed with added earth, formed the base, in places 11 yards deep, on which rose the buildings of the classic period. Rare witnesses to that " pre-Persian " Acropolis had arisen by hazard

and from time to time in the course of the nineteenth century. Here, it was a mutilated statue of Athena seated (perhaps the Athena of Endoios); there, the statue of the Calf-Porter or *Moschophoros*; and, again, the relief of the *Apobatus*, a helmed head of Athena. It was imagined that that was all, and in 1871 Michaelis, usually more circumspect, wrote that there was now nothing more to be found at the Acropolis. Events were soon to prove him wrong and to justify the paradoxical sentence of Rayet, that it is from the sites which have yielded the most that most is still to be expected.

In 1876, Schliemann gave the money necessary to pull down the Frankish tower (to the south of the Propylæa), which was the last subsisting relic of the mediæval Acropolis. Its disappearance excited a rather lively criticism from those who do not separate the cult of classical Greece from piety towards Christian Greece. On that occasion some soundings were attempted and gave good promise. In 1879, Lambert started digging to the west of the Erechtheion. But he stopped, or rather was stopped on a miserable pretext, at a few yards from the spot where, seven years later, the *Korai* were to come forth from the earth. In 1882, attention was turned to the high embankment on the east of the Parthenon; some female statues were at once discovered, a very archaic relief ("Athene and her worshippers"), and a little frontal in striped tufa ("Herakles and the Hydra"). Encouraged by these indications, Panayotis Stamatakis, who had become Ephor-General in 1884, decided to undertake the complete clearing of the Acropolis by making the circuit of

the rock from the Propylæa, on the east, and returning by the south side; no pause to be made till the tufa or the ancient foundations were reached. This radical programme was the only one that could be considered efficacious and truly scientific. The premature death of Stamatakis (1885) prevented him from carrying it out, but he found a worthy continuator of his work in Panayotis Cavvadias, now Ephor-General in his turn. The clearing of the Acropolis, carried out under the direction of these two energetic men (1884-90), assures to them an imperishable place in the gratitude of archæologists. By its dimensions, as well as by the importance of its results, it is an enterprise comparable in every way to the excavations at Olympia, at Delphi and at Pergamos. A volume would be necessary to tell the story, and M. Cavvadias is busy with the composition of that volume. I must be satisfied with a rapid allusion to the principal revelations.

From an architectural point of view the diggings have restored to us a great part of the Pelasgic wall, whose outline, so different from that of the wall of Cimon, adapted itself to all the windings of the rock. On the north (immediately to the east of the Erechtheion) was discovered a perfect conglomeration of archaic constructions—especially a palace flanked by a staircase as at Tiryns, evidently the ancient palace of the Kings of Athens, to whom the Erechtheion served as a chapel. Then, on the south-west of the Erechtheion there was found a great temple, dating from the sixth century. Composed at first of a simple *cella* of tufa and of a tripartite treasury, this temple was, in the time of

Pisistratus, surrounded by a colonnade into the decoration of which marble entered; it is the primitive *Hecatompedon.*

The sculptural booty is at present collected in the little museum of the Acropolis, and one can pass a delightful morning there, living over again, as one passes through these well-lighted and well-arranged rooms, the whole history, till then almost unknown, of the archaic sculpture of Athens. In the foundations of the "old temple" were discovered first, piece by piece, the remains of the primitive frontals, in tufa covered with lively colours, a work of art almost barbaric, but strangely agreeable and living. On one side some lions tearing a bull to pieces—a frequent subject on archaic coins—on the other, a group still undecided, but in which a three-headed monster (Typhon?) is included. One of these heads has earned for the monster the name of Blue Beard, but it is a Blue-Beard already tamed by Ariane. Struck by his good-humoured look and placid grin, Furtwängler, instead of the "God of the Tempest" proposes to consider him as one of those benevolent giants whom the Athenians venerated as their ancestors. Next come the frontals in marble of the temple that Pisistratus enlarged: the finest piece (in the east frontal) is an Athene striking down an armed giant (Enceladus?) And then, and, above all, there is the marvellous troop of women whom the Germans call disrespectfully "the aunts," and whom we will call, more decently, like the ancient Greeks themselves, "the girls" (Korai).

It was on the 5th of February 1886—a memorable

date in the annals of archæology—that the deep hiding-place (not far from the Erechtheion and quite close to the northern wall of the Acropolis) in which these elegant captives had been lying for so many centuries, was opened. One can now admire them at ease; they are arranged along one of the walls in a room at the museum of the Acropolis. But if you wish to enjoy all their intoxicating charm, you must imagine them fixed on their bases, forming a series of small columns with wide-spreading capitals, their heads covered with bronze screens which protected them against the impertinence of the birds, and ranged in picturesque confusion beneath the peristyle of the old temple glistening in its robe of colours. These statues, at first supposed to be the goddess Athene herself, then "priestesses," seem, as a matter of fact, to be nothing but images, at once real and ideal, of young Athenian maids bringing to the goddess their homage and the symbol of a perpetual offering—elder sisters of those whom, a hundred years later, Phidias and his disciples were to show us passing in chaste procession along the frieze of the renovated Parthenon.

At first sight nothing could be more closely similar than these figures: the same material in all, Parian marble; the same hieratic attitude, one arm close to the body, and holding the folds of the robe, the other bent forward and presenting a fruit; the same costume, the long tunic, the short crimped chemisette, the ample woollen shawl with cunningly draped folds; the same arrangement of the hair, with its symmetrical tresses, the curls rising tier on tier and fastened with gold pins;

the same discreet polychromy, giving life to the eye and golden colour to the hair, and tracing along the border of mantle and tunic delicate winding lines in red and green, originally perhaps red and blue. But if you examine them more closely, as M. Lechat has done in his two books *At the Museum of the Acropolis* and *Attic Sculpture before Phidias*, how different are the types and the techniques! How many nuances appear which, at first, passed unperceived! Here we have the *Kora* stiff and straight, squared out like an oak plank, a regular *xoanon* in marble, like the Delian Artemis, gift of Nicandra, discovered by M. Homolle. Next the smart and stylish girls of Chios, somewhat stilted and mincing, yet how seductive in the archaic roguishness of their smile and the thousand charming little affectations of their toilet! Then there are more or less successful copies due to the inexperienced chisel of native sculptors; for Athenian art *Ionised* under Pisistratus, just as French art Italianised under Francis I. But soon the national genius recovers itself; it combines, in the great statue of Antenor, its own native seriousness with the imported grace of over-seas, until the day, not far distant, when, under the influence of the bronzists of the Peloponnesus, a new type appears in which the eye opens, the costume becomes simpler, the Æginetan smile fades and makes way for the rebellious mouth with corners turned down: *facies non omnibus una, Nec diversa tamen qualis decet esse sororum.*

We would willingly linger in this marble seraglio, but time urges us on. I will simply add that the

excavations of the Acropolis have given us a small number of sculptures of later date than the Median invasion, for instance that puzzling Pallas, leaning on her lance, in which M. Lechat sees a maternal subject (Pallas looking at the cist in which Erichthonios is lying), and others a patriotic motif (Pallas reading the names of dead warriors inscribed on a stela). I will remind you also that the discoveries of M. Cavvadias have revolutionised the chronology of vase painting, obliging us to throw back by forty years the commencement of the style with red figures, that is to say, the emancipation of Attic painting. Here again painting was already pointing out the way to sculpture, just as sixty years later Polygnotus was to point it out to Phidias. Lastly, I will not leave the sacred rock without saying just one word of the consolidation of the Parthenon and the discreet restoration (by M. Balanos) of the north portico of the Erechtheion and of the wall (Roman, alas!), ornamented with half columns which joins it to the portico of the Caryatides.

I have dwelt at some length on the three great archæological explorations due to Greek initiative, zeal and science in the last years of the nineteenth century. I hasten to add that they do not stand alone. There is hardly a province of the Hellenic kingdom in which the Ephoria-general and the Archæological Society have not left a useful trace of their passage. Thus at Rhamnus, in Attica, the temple in which was placed the famous Nemesis of Argoracritus, a contemporary of Phidias, has been explored, and a few fine fragments of the reliefs

of the pedestal have reawakened our regret at the loss of this masterpiece.

The temple at Sunium, which loses some columns each century, has had its high stylobate uncovered and the dedication to Poseidon exactly determined.

The Amphiaraion of Oropos was explored from 1884 to 1887 by Leonardos, with its little temple in a secluded valley, its altar consecrated to five divinities and its theatre, so well preserved and so often discussed. The temple of Phigalia in the Peloponnesus has lost its sculptural adornment; but, at great cost, its *cella* has been restored and its architraves strengthened.

Not far from it, Lycosura in Arcadia, "the oldest town in the world," had a celebrated temple of "The Mistress" (*Despoina*), decorated by the sculptor Damophon of Messina. M. Cavvadias conducted a successful search here in 1889. You may see the handsome fragments of these colossal statues in the Museum at Athens; the touching head of Anytos, foster-father of the goddess, the marble mantle, finely broidered, of *Despoina*. And there you have the opportunity to pity "that poor little conjectural science," which is called archæology; for one is at present inclined to place these sculptures, attributed successively to the fourth century B.C. and to the period of Hadrian in the second century B.C.—at a date not far removed from the reliefs of the altar at Pergamos!

Thermon, the chief town of the Ætolian League, had a temple of Apollo; G. Sotiriadis (1897-1899) has uncovered it. There was found only one god and yet two collateral naves, and a colonnade carried on

across the *opisthodome*. The temple, entirely made of wood, has left no remains, except the outline of its foundations and a few curious *metopes* in terra-cotta, adorned with painted subjects which fitted in between *triglyphs* now lost: a novel and remarkable example of the equal value, from a decorative point of view, of painting and relief.

The Lion of Chaeronea, found by the English in 1818, lost during the War of Independence, and rediscovered in 1879, has been restored, piece by piece (1903), and replaced on a high pedestal, beside the great walled-in grave in which sleep, to the number of 254, the Theban dead of that great day which saw the end of republican Greece.

Let me add that the Ephoria does not say like Regnard: *Hic tandem stetimus nobis ubi defuit orbis*. It carries its curiosity and pursues its discoveries even to the depths of the sea. In 1900 some sponge-divers discovered near Cerigotto—a little island near to Cythera—the remains of some statues, all that was left of the cargo of a Roman vessel lost in that neighbourhood where, too, one of the ships loaded with Lord Elgin's booty (the *Mentor*) went down. The statues, mostly in bronze, fished up by the divers, have been patiently relieved of the incrustations of shells with which they were covered. If most of them remain shapeless, and, as it were, leprous, others have found again their human form and count amongst the good pieces of the National Museum. Let us mention a bearded head, a good copy of the *Tired Hercules* of Lysippus (model for the colossal *Farnese Hercules* in

marble, in the Museum of Naples, which formerly adorned the Thermæ of Caracalla)[1] and especially the *Youth Naked*, so well restored by M. André and whose oratorical gesture has been the object of so many discussions. Whether we have here a *Perseus*, as Svoronos believes, or a victorious athlete seizing a crown, or a young man holding a ball, this statue, in which Attic and Peloponnesian influences react one on the other, bears a strong resemblance to the *Apoxyomenos* lately discovered at Ephesus by the Austrian mission—a statue which has been recognised as probably the work of Dædalus, grandson of Polycletos.

The reign of Cavvadias has not been illustrious for its numerous and fruitful excavations only. We owe to him, also, the definite organisation of the National Museum. This spacious building, completed in 1889, well arranged and soberly decorated, has provided shelter for all the antiquities formerly scattered in the Theseion, the Portico of Hadrian, the Tower of the Winds, the Varvakeion and the Ephoria-general; it has received, too, the tombs of the Potting Works, the collection of terra-cottas from Asia Minor and Misthos, the results of recent excavations, the collections of the Polytechnikon—antiquities of Egypt and Mycenæ—the vases, Tanagras and bronzes of the Archæological Society.

Amongst Athenian antiquities only those which were found in the citadel have been lodged in the little

[1] This Hercules of Glycon is mentioned in a curious Latin papyrus of Geneva, lately published by M. Nicole and which seems to be a description of the Thermæ of Caracalla.

" Museum of the Acropolis," which, since the discoveries of 1885, has had to be doubled. Moreover, despite the often desperate resistance of local authorities, the most important antiquities deposed temporarily in the so-called provincial museums, have been transported to the central collection. Even Olympia has had to give up its bronzes, menaced by the damp; but it has kept the *Hermes* of Praxiteles which is sheltered, as are the sculptures of the temple of Zeus, in the handsome museum which Greece owes to the generosity of the banker Syngros. The same benefactor and, after his death, his widow have erected a more modest but well-lighted abode for the French finds at Delphi, in the front rank of which shines the famous *Charioteer*.

Here I stay my journey, which, though rapid and unavoidably superficial, has still been sufficient to justify the title of these pages: *Greece rediscovered by the Greeks*.

In endeavouring with pious care to draw from the earth the masterpieces of their ancestors and to preserve them from future harm, the Greeks have not only justified the confidence of Europe and acquitted towards their great past the debt of which I have already spoken: they have also continued in the most efficacious manner possible the task, ardently pursued since the days of Coray, of their intellectual regeneration. The old Klepht Kolokotronis, who did not know how to read, loved to follow the lessons of his son. One day he asked him, " Kolinos, which is, thinkest thou, the greatest house in our land? " The child replied: " It

is the king's palace." "No," said the father, "it is the University."

Had he said that to-day, he would have added "and the Museum." They are both, in equal measure, ardent centres of noble inspirations. By means of the University, the Greek nation has again come into touch with its ancient literature, that inexhaustible treasury of noble language and high moral truth. In the Museum, she admires the patient efforts, the unceasing climbing up towards the best, by which that people, more highly gifted than any other, has risen from the formless fumblings of its infancy to the sublime and immortal creations of its maturity.

I say then to our friends the Greeks: You are in the noble path—that is to say, in the right path. Do not cease your efforts; the secret of success is perseverance. And let me add that, besides and above the two great sources of study that you have in the Museum and in the University, there is a third, yet more fruitful, perhaps, and one that I strongly recommend to you. Study beautiful human forms; they are no more wanting at the present among the Greeks than they were two thousand years ago. Study that admirable nature which neither the ravages of the torrents nor the savagery of man has been able to destroy. For, majestic though the Parthenon be, there is something still more majestic yet. It is the outline of the mountains which form its frame; dazzling as may be the statues of Phidias, there is something yet more radiant; it is "Citheron floating in a sea of gold" on a fair summer's evening, and if the smile of Praxiteles'

Hermes be enchanting, there is an intoxication yet more subtle in what old Æschylus called "the innumerable smile of the ocean." *These* are the eternal fountains of poetic inspiration; there is the book which the Greek people must learn once more to read, if, not satisfied with having rediscovered, in a material sense, the Greece of days gone by, it wishes to saturate itself anew with her genius. Thus will modern Greece be able to give successors to those who have not only, as the phrase of the ancients had it, added a beauty to religion, but also a religion to beauty.

Théodore Reinach.

APPENDIX

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